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THE

FLAG SHIP

OR

A VOYAGE AROUND THE WORLD,

IN THE

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UNITED STATES FRIGATE COLUMBIA;

ATTENDED BY HER CONSORT

THE SLOOP OF WAR JOHN ADAMS,

AND BEARING THE BROAD PENNANT OF

COMMODORE GEORGE C. READ.

17 1116

BY

FITCH W. TAYLOR,

Chaplain to the Squadron.

VOL. I.

NEW-YORK:

D. APPLETON & CO., 200 BROADWAY.

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TO

Commodore George C. Read.

DEAR SIR:

The late East India Squadron, in its circuit of the world under your command, has done honour to our country and professional credit to yourself. No voyage of equal length in distance and in time can be made, without encountering many hazards and circumstances of frequent difficulty. These have been met by yourself—the cruise successfully completed—and the purposes of the government accomplished. Though it has not been my design to enter into all the details of the cruise of the East India Squadron, its action will be found sufficiently developed in the succeeding pages for the general reader. But it is as an acknowledgment of the invariable courtesy, which I have received from yourself during the voyage which has originated the following pages, that I beg you to accept these volumes, with the assurances of my great respect and esteem.

FITCH W. TAYLOR.

NEW-YORK, October 1840.

THE FLAG SHIP:

OR

A VOYAGE AROUND THE WORLD.

SECTION I.

The eve before sailing. View of the two ships from shore. A bright omen. Author's adieus. The Lieutenant and miniature of his boy. An officer's farewell to his wife. Social sacrifices on the part of the officers of the Navy. The ships in the Roads. Lines to Mrs. R. The sailing of the ships from the Roads. Ships at sea.

I SHALL never forget the sunset scene of the last evening I spent on shore. The sky had been lowering with April showers, and the sun stood yet on his declining course behind the fleecy clouds, but, occasionally, broke forth again through the opening vistas of their dark layers, as if to assure us that life, even the most shaded, has its smiles as well as tears. The mild air, at this hour, touched the cheek as blandly as rests the head of lady on the down of velvet; and since the slight peals of thunder, which had rolled far-off and high above the city, the clouds had parted; and now, here and there, the blue distance beyond them was seen, in its deepness and beauty.

I went to call upon my friends. It was the last evening I could hope to meet them, before our ships would take their long course to distant seas. Besides, I had been thinking of other friends, and dearer kindred, whom I had

already left to the chances of a world of change, until another three years, perhaps, should permit us again to meet.

It is at such a moment, when the reality nears us, we feel that there is sorrow in the parting of friends. Some foreboding thought, with its dark wing, will sail across the imagination, and leave the heart deeply sensible of the shadow it has cast. We may have much in our anticipations of onward pleasure; we may be looking forward to opportunities for observation, in our extended associations with men and things, and promise to curselves improvement as we shall read foreign manners, and commune with foreign intellects, and compare foreign institutions and homes with the government and society and peaceful dwellings of our own native land; but, as we think that a few hours more, and each day, for months and years, we shall be receding yet farther and still farther from those we love, and, *perhaps*, meet them no more; it is then the heart, that can ever feel, wakes its deepest flowing sympathies. Such moments of deep feeling, doubtless, come over all who travel, on the eve of their leaving their native land. Before this hour, they may have been busy in their preparations; or, the time of their departure may have been unfixed, as to the day; and various things contributed to dissipate the thoughts, and to conceal, from the full perception of the mind, the reality of one's leaving, it may be for ever, those hearts to whom his is most devoted. But the calm hour that precedes his departure has now come. The moment is fixed, and he is to bid adieu, for years, to the objects he holds dearest of earth.

My own moveables had been sent on board the Columbia. We were to sail the next day. This evening I met the welcome of my friends. With two of them I walked

to the edge of the stream, on the bosom of which the two ships were now so gently reposing, still half enveloped in the fog that weighed on the still surface of the stream. But it soon lifted, while we yet lingered on the green bank and heard the music beat the call, as the sun went down in its glory behind the pillars of the dark clouds, piled like Alps on Alps above each other, as the sunbeams threw upon their castellated peaks the last gleams of its departing and indescribable glories. Here we still lingered, to watch the tints of gold, and crimson, and emerald green, as they melted away into the dun of earliest twilight; when, as if by magic, the still lingering stratum of vapour, which hung around the two ships, rolled back, and left every cord of the beautiful frigate and her consort lined on the distant horizon beyond them; while the crescent of the new moon, from the point where we were standing, seemed fixed, in its momentary rest, on the main-truck of the beautiful Columbia. Surely, if I could ever have believed in omens, I should have interpreted this as a bright one, as I carried on my thoughts to the lands whither that dark courser was soon to speed, and heard at the same moment the roll, as the few beats of the drum came over the water, only to render doubly more still the breathless silence of this enchanting scene.

We slowly paced our way back to the circle which we had left, and soon, my last land-adieu was spoken; and the next morning, at sunrise, I was on board our gallant ship. In another half-hour our anchors were aweigh, and we dropped, with a fair wind, down to the Roads, some fifteen miles from Norfolk, with the John Adams, our consort, following our motions.

While our new ship was gliding, like enchantment, through the waters from Norfolk to the Roads, to the de-

light of all the officers, who were solicitous to mark her first movements, and were trimming the yards, and directing as to the different sails, there was one officer, whose epaulet (usually worn when on duty) rested not upon his shoulder. He stood upon the horse-block, as the side-steps of the ship are called, his elbow resting upon the hammock-nettings, and sometimes his temples rested upon his hand. I know not what were his thoughts, but he had been unwell, and was yet off duty, and had now parted with a loved and lovely wife, and a cherished boy, who is his "only and beautiful." He did not long remain on deck, but returned to the wardroom; and there, soon after, he showed me, as I went below and found him contemplating it, a beautiful picture and striking resemblance of his child, which the mother had caused to be taken for the father, that it might go with him on the seas.

Another officer said to me last evening, as he was walking in Norfolk with some rapidity in the edge of the evening to say adieu to his wife before he went on board, "Death were a blessing to me rather than this farewell!"

There is much in the world which casts its mists, and shadows, and darkness over its brightest views. But there are those feelings constantly being developed before us, which make us look with a kind and melted heart, if not with a melting eye, on those with whom we associate. And nowhere more than in the service of the navy are the social feelings called on to pour out those bitter currents, which flow when hearts that are bound together by the ties of hallowed love are severed. And surely, some consideration should be awarded to those men, who not only brave the seas, and dare pestiferous climes for the protection of our commerce and for the tranquillity and defence of our homes and nation, but also leave the sweets of their

own domestic circles and the bosoms of attached friends for a home upon the wild-wave, and the precarious course of the wanderers on the world's wide ocean.

Our ships, for one week, lay at anchor in Hampton Roads. There was a daily communication with Norfolk by the steamer, which ran from Old Point to the city. Many parting mementoes from friends were thus received by the gentlemen of the wardroom, during our week's stay; and an occasional visiter from town was found upon our decks. Among other acceptable attentions, to be acknowledged on my own part, was the reception of a fine loaf of plumb-cake, jars of pickles, and, daily, rich bouquets of flowers "to deck my tiny room," which were unsurpassed for their beauty and fragrance by any collection that could have been made, even from that island of flowers for which we were first to sail. And then, more acceptable than all, were letters, "to be opened when at sea."

Commodore Read's lady had spent the week on board the Columbia; and by her courteous, accomplished, and benevolent manners, won the high consideration and assured esteem of the officers of the ship. We were to sail, by light, on Sunday morning, for Rio de Janeiro, touching first at the island of Madeira, should the wind favour our wishes. On Saturday evening Mrs. R., who had been waited upon by Major M.'s family, then stationed at Old Point, accompanied them to the shore. The incident of her leaving on the eve of our sailing, under the broad pennant of her husband, will render an apology unnecessary for the introduction of the following lines, addressed to her at such a moment, and with the felt interest they express:

TO MRS. R.

On the eve of the sailing of the East India Squadron, under the command of Commodore George C. Read.

Lady, calmly rides our bark
On the green wave of the bay,
But like a charger soon will take
Her fleet and distant way.
Proudly waves her pennant now
From main-top to the breeze,
And soon in graceful curve she'll bow,
And course for Indian seas.

Music of the sea-surge oft
Hath met thy lady-ear,
And firm as fearless men aloft
The sea-moan thou didst hear.
Beauty of the witching calm
Hath held thy gaze at sea,
As in its stilly ocean-sheen
The blue-deep smiled for thee.

And song, they say, once could charm
The Nereids of the deep,
Then sure thy notes had spells for them
As ocean lulled to sleep.
Would that now that gifted hand
Upon our course might come,
And while we wept beneath its wand,
In tears we'd think of home:

Home! where oft a sister's tone
In sweetest melody,
Hath on the heart its cadence thrown,
And broke it tearfully;—
Home! where truest hearts of love
For each their feelings mete,
And we but smile, or sigh, or move,
And kindred bosoms beat.

But, fair lady, not again
The wild-wave thou dost dare,
Though with thy lord we plough the main,
And his broad pennant bear;

Still thy night-dreams and of day
Will paint their visions true,
And trace us to yon lands and sea
Where suns first loom to view.

And O! thou wilt pray for him
Who guides our gallant fleet,
And never woman's prayer hath been
By heaven unanswered yet.
Then we'll trust us on our course,
And think of those who pray,
And as our thoughts on them repose,
For them a prayer we'll say.

But adieu we now must speak,
And storms of ocean dare;
And on the crested billow's peak
Is home that we must share;
But for thee we've asked a sky
Calm as the breath of even,
And bright as gleams the loveliest ray
On home, in smiles, from heaven.

On the 6th of May, 1838, at day break, all hands were piped to unmoor ship, and a bright sun let fall his earliest beam on our white sails, as we were standing by the long granite line of threatening fortification at Old Point. Another hour and we had passed Cape Henry, and with a fair breeze stood on our course upon the blue deep, while the John Adams came on in our wake, as a thing of animation, graceful as she was fleet, and like a nettled steed, unwilling to be parted from his associate, she put forth her strength and regained the side of her companion.

Beautiful ships! how are ye now the objects of the thoughts, and the prayers, and the tears, of tender hearts and floating eyes, from whom ye are now bearing the choicest of their earthly treasures above the fickle wave to foreign climes, through dangers known and unknown,

with the chances that ye yourselves may be dashed upon the rock and the coral reef, or wrecked in storm and hurricane, as a sacrifice to the yet uncompleted millions, who are to find their burial in the insatiable bosom of the eternal ocean. But ye list not while we would tell ye, that there are mothers' prayers that attend you, that there are sighs of sisters, whose young hearts have yet known no deeper love than that for brothers; and tears, and sighs, and prayers of others, whose hearts in their devotion and companionship, they say, are yet dearer than the love of mother and sister, follow you. Be gentle then, beautiful ships, be gentle with the choice band, who have trusted you for their long course of ocean, and bear back to the renewed gush of love, the bosoms who have confided in your stanch and faithful properties, to bear them safe and true in their circuit of the world.

I had now placed myself on the side-steps of the frigate, and gazed, for the last time, I could not tell for how long a period it would be, on the land of my home fast receding in the distance. The heart has its private musings at such a moment, and communes too sacredly with itself for development to the eye of an unsympathizing world. But there were friends who had more than one sigh, as the distant shore sunk lower, and lower still, in the dim, dim distance.

The blue surge, in its sea-roll, now quite concealed the land of our western homes, as our ships, heartless rovers of the deep, stood on their foaming course to the east. I sought the retirement of my state-room, for the melancholy pleasure of perusing the letters addressed to me, on board "The Frigate Columbia, at Sea."

SECTION II.

Sailors' debts paid with the main-top-sail. Broad pennant saluted. System of signals. How to shoot an Indian. An acting appointment. Religious service at sea. Marine hymn. Dinner party at sea. Parting with the John Adams. The middle watch. Speaking a ship. Phosphorescent track of the Columbia at night. Music. Sunset. A seaman falling from aloft. Burial at sea. Its effect on a young Midshipman. A ship short of provisions, supplied. The John Adams again in company. The high peaks of Madeira descried. Distant view of the island on the eve of the squadron's arrival.

"THANK heaven!" said a messmate, as the capes were disappearing, "our debts are all paid, at least, for two years to come." "Yes," added another, "paid with our *main-top-sail.*" True it is, our sails are bearing us fast alike from creditor and debtor, from enemy, friend, and home.

As the broad blue pennant was run up, after we had left the last point of land low in the west, the John Adams fired a salute. The Commodore, by signals, directed our consort to take her position on our larboard quarter. As she came down to us, she exhibited a beautiful movement, gracefully gliding on her course, bowing, and courtesying, and coquetting, like a beauty aware of her charms, and knowing herself the object of admiration. She luffed up, as she laid her bows obliquely across our wake. Our first Lieutenant, with the trumpet in his hand, stood upon the tafferel of the ship, and as the Adams reached her nearest point, he spoke through the sounding tube:

"The Commodore will send a boat aboard of you, sir."

"Ay, ay, sir," was the sententious response of the officer, from the deck of the Adams. The two ships came so nearly together, that the officers recognised each other, and touched their caps in acknowledgment of each other's courtesy.

It is not an uninteresting sight to witness two ships, while tossed on the surges of the ocean, and beyond speaking distance, conversing with each other by means of signals.

Every nation has its private signals. In war and in peace, the signal book is held sacred, and the signals are supposed to be known only to the commander of each vessel. In case of war, if a national vessel happen to be captured, the signal book is at once thrown overboard, before the victor can gain possession of it. Otherwise he might decoy into his power, by a knowledge of these private signs, other ships of the nation with which he is at war.

The system of signals has never yet been brought to any great perfection, in practice, by any maritime power. Since the introduction of numbers into telegraphic language, however, the communication by signals has been extended and facilitated; and it has created a language that may be made use of as a more general means of communication between ships at sea, and from ships with the shore.

Ten separate flags, with different devices in figure and colours, are used, as 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0; the number of each being known by its device. The flags are read from the top downwards. Thus, if it is desired to make the number 15 to a distant ship, which however is sufficiently near to make out, with her glass, the emblems by which the numbers of the signal are known, the two

flags which stand for No. 1 and No. 5 are set, at the gaff or other part of the ship, where the signal can most readily be made out by the distant vessel. If the No. 152 is to be communicated, the flag representing No. 2 will be set beneath the two flags already mentioned.

The signal book contains numbers from one to one thousand, more or less, and opposite each number is some nautical phrase, sentence, name of place, latitude, longitude, or other expressions, and sufficiently numerous and varied for most purposes. Therefore, when the number is made out by the distant vessel, a reference to the signal book will give the expression opposite to it, which it is the wish of one party to communicate to the other. Suppose, then, No. 15 of the signal book has opposite to it the word "yes;" No. 16, the words "if wind and weather permit;" No. 17, "Sunday;" No. 18, "2 o'clock;" No. 19, "Will you dine with us?" With these numbers we may illustrate the subject by a case which has already occurred on board our ship. The Commodore, desiring to invite the Commander of the John Adams to take dinner with him, directs the flag-officer to have the signal No. 19 made, which is done by setting the two flags which stand for the numbers one and nine. This being read on board the Adams, an answering pennant, which means, "We have made out the number," is run up and again hauled down. The number of the first signal having been read, the second or No. 18, in like manner with the first, is made by the two flags representing one and eight. This answered, as being understood on board the other vessel, No. 17 is made by the flags No. 1 and No. 7. No further signals following from the Columbia, the Commander of the Adams, by referring to the signal book, finds it to read,

"No. 19. Will you dine with us?"

"No. 18. Sunday."

"No. 17. 2 o'clock."

The Commander of the Adams, accepting the invitation, replies by making the numbers 16 and 15, which will read, "Yes, if wind and weather permit."

Signals, in the night-time, are often made by lights of different colours, and by adjusting them in different positions, at various angles; by rockets and by fires.

The signal book of the navy has attached to it a heavy piece of lead, which would immediately sink it if thrown overboard.

I quote, at random, the following numbers from the "American Signal Book," which is generally used in the American merchant service:

"219. What are you about?"

"313. A mutiny on board."

"716. If we have not immediate assistance."

"962. All's lost."

"718. We will send assistance."

"188. Heave all aback."

"332. Mutiny is quelled."

"40. All's well."

"327. Adieu."

"I tell you what," says Lieutenant W. (the subject of shooting the aborigines of our land being under discussion,) if you would kill an Indian, you must proceed somewhat after the manner of cooking a dolphin." "How is that?" "Why, catch him first."

It is not unusual for the young gentlemen of the ship to avail themselves of any innocent occasion for creating a smile at the expense of one of their messmates. As we left the Roads without the usual number of Lieutenants, it was presumed that some of the passed Midshipmen would

receive acting appointments. By consequence, these young gentlemen were on tiptoe expectation for the announcement of their acceptable good fortune. One of the Lieutenants, a young gentleman of wit and worth, caught a pen at my desk, and scribbled an acting appointment for one of these expectants, for whom there was no doubt but that an acting appointment had been made out by the Commodore, who yet, for the present, retained the paper. Having finished the fictitious appointment, it was regularly enclosed within the official fawn-coloured envelope, and conveyed to the Master (who is a passed Midshipman) by the orderly, who generally bears the particularly official messages from the Commodore. The orderly knocked at the door of the Master, who was in his room, busily making out the reckonings of the day's sailing. "Come in, sir," echoed a voice from within, while the Lieutenant and some others were standing at a distance without to witness the effect. The Master's door was opened. The fawn-coloured envelope acted like a spell. The Master dropped his figuring utensils, and hopped into "the country" of the ward room, as its open space is called, holding up his fawn-coloured envelope and exclaiming in abundant exultation, in the possession of an acting Lieutenancy, "I writes no more of these Master's figurations, gentlemen," shaking the fawn-coloured, with three significant configurations above his head, and at the same time opening the seal, read as follows:

"U. S. Frigate Columbia, May 1st, 1838.

"Sir,—You are hereby appointed acting *Jemmy Ducks* of this ship until it shall please the Hon. the Secretary of the Navy, to confirm the appointment.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"'CORINTHIAN TOM,'

"Commander in chief of all the U. S. poultry in the China seas.

"To —— &c. &c."

The joke went off with a round peal of laughter from Corinthian Tom; and the same evening the acceptable appointments were distributed to the young gentlemen, *so worthily deserving them*, in view of the arduous duties which lay before them on a long and critical voyage.

"What olden poet," it was asked at the mess-table to-day, while an antique chicken was under both discussion and dissection, "does one think of when masticating the drum-stick of a tough one?" "I have it," said another, as he gave the experimental answer, with a delicate morsel of the antique gentleman between his teeth. "Chauser," was the reply, as the chewer took breath, to save him from premature exhaustion.

If these are trifles, they yet show that trifles are not always excluded from shipboard, any more than from the society of triflers on land. And they further show that men, thrown together within the narrow compass of a ward-room, with dispositions and tastes perhaps alike in no two instances, can yet make themselves agreeable and become true and lasting friends.

The weather being fair on Sunday, we had divine service on the upper deck. Such a service on board a man-of-war is characteristic and interesting.

At half-past ten o'clock, the decks of the ship having been cleared, as usual, and the men having been inspected at their quarters, they are piped, on Sunday morning, in their best dresses, to muster.

A frigate's company, in all, generally consists of five hundred persons. At the call to muster the men take their position on the quarter-deck. In warm weather, they are generally dressed in white duck trousers, white shirts, with blue collars and bosoms. The broad blue collar is turned down, with a star upon each corner, and the blue bosom exposes three stripes of narrow white tape, edging the

inserted blue. A black silk neck-cloth, beneath the overturned collar, is knotted on the bosom, or tied with a piece of white tape, leaving the neck open and exposed. A blue jacket, unbuttoned, polished shoes, with tarpaulin hat, or a lighter straw one in warm weather, complete the uniform and characteristic dress of an American seaman. The whole appearance of the sailors on this day is expected to be such as to pass the particular examination by the officers—an inspection which they invariably go through on this day, after the religious services are over—their names being called, one by one, as they pass from their positions in review directly before the officers, who still retain their places until the muster-roll is finished. Should the shoes of any one of the men be found unpolished, or any portion of the dress be characteristic of negligence, the man is directed to stop at the mainmast. It is known that such an offence incurs a penalty of half a dozen lashes at the gangway, and most frequently it is inflicted. This tends to render the appearance of the whole crew strikingly neat on the Sabbath, in their uniform sailor-dresses. And this requisite, as to particularity in dress, extends to the officers, who are expected to appear in their uniform, and with as great a care to neatness as is required of the men.

The sailors thus placed upon the quarter deck, the marines, about sixty in number, are next drawn up, in double file, in full dress, on the laboard side of the ship, with the right of the division resting near the sailors on the quarter-deck, and stand, with their polished guns, at rest.

On the starboard side, opposite the marines, is the position of the officers of the ship; and between them, with the officers on his left, and the marines on his right, and the sailors directly in front, on the quarter-deck, the chaplain takes his position at the capstan, both as his desk

and pulpit. The capstan in itself is an object of ornament on board a frigate, standing abaft the mainmast, and is generally inlaid with different devices of stars and other figures of brass, and always kept brightly polished. Over the top of the capstan, which is some four feet in diameter, a flag is thrown, in preparation for the expected service, and the platform on which the chaplain stands is also covered with bunting. When the chaplain is in his position, the commanding officer stands near his left, with the other officers but a small distance still farther at the left of the chief officer.

The deck is generally in this attitude when the chaplain ascends the hatchway from his room, and takes his position at the capstan. The Commodore taking a book from the number, which are upon the capstan and before the chaplain, the others are distributed among the officers; when the chaplain begins the religious services according to the ritual of the Episcopal church.

Surely no one can, for the first time, contemplate such a scene on the deck of a man-of-war, without interest—nearly five hundred souls, their persons attired in their neatest dresses, often deemed a rough people, but now exhibiting a beautiful aspect of propriety and neatness, and profoundest stillness, gathered for solemn worship on the decks of a majestic frigate, bounding yet fleetly on her way of ocean, yet, as if conscious of the solemn hour and the solemn scene upon her deck, scarcely once careening or pitching so perceptibly as to inconvenience the worshippers. Around spreads the far blue deep, and above the fair blue sky; and God is seen in the majesty and the beauty of both. The chaplain commences the profound worship of the Eternal—it is continued—it ends.

The service on these occasions is generally and pro-

perly abbreviated, and the sermon, it is expected, will be comparatively brief, as the officers and crew are standing throughout the service, uncovered, but beneath a spread awning, shading the entire deck when the weather is warm.

Our services to day, with little variations to meet the circumstances of the ship, now but eight days at sea, were thus conducted.

MARINE HYMN.

O God, the suns were made by thee,
And stars that arch the deep blue sea;
We course the waves beneath their light,
And trace thy hand by day and night.

We hear the roar of ocean-surge,
And know, for thee, the gale will urge;
And on the sea when rests the calm,
The stilly breeze sleeps in thy palm.

And when our ships ride on the deep,
And waters only round us sweep,
The heart then feels thy throne is high,
And on the sailor rests thine eye.

Then hear our worship, O thou God,
Who gemmed the heavens and seas laid broad;
Before thee now our hearts we lay,
And in our sea-home temple, pray.

The day was fine. The John Adams was seen on our larboard quarter, nearly within the sound of the chaplain's voice. The sermon was delivered without interruption, save now and then a single flap of the wing of a sail was heard, and once, a suppressed order from the officer of the deck to the captain of the mizen-top.

Captain Wyman, of the John Adams, was invited on board the Columbia, the succeeding day, to dine, together with the Commodore, with the ward-room mess.

It would be interesting to a landsman, to see one of the boats of a man-of-war, with all the confidence of security, passing from one ship to another, in mid ocean. Our ships, however, in this instance, are within a mile of each other, and the invitation to the commander of the Adams, was given by signal. Nor less a matter of surprise, perhaps, would it appear to some of our friends, could they peep into our spacious ward-room, and mark the degree of neatness and taste with which a table is arranged for a dinner-party, on board our frigate. The manner of serving up a dinner in the ward-room, would in no way do discredit to a dining-hall on shore. The polished covers, the pure French china, the silver forks, the napkins and the damask table-cloths, covering a well polished mahogany table, all show no inconsiderable degree of elegance; and under the management of Dr. H., our tasteful caterer, presented, on this occasion, an appearance that would be respectable in any private parlour. And then the different dishes, got up by French cooks, (heaven bless the French genius, when variety is desired,) are quite sufficient to satisfy the taste as well as the appetite. And fruits are always kept by the mess, and pastries are made per order of the caterer. In truth, one would hardly remember that he was not in the private dining-hall of a friend, if one happens to have his friends around him, the motion of the frigate not being sufficient to create any inconvenience, as may be supposed, so far as the present occasion was concerned, as the tables were unlashed, and no article of the dishes moved from their position, otherwise than they would have been from the table of an unrocked dwelling of one 's land-home.

After a beautiful sunset last evening, May 14th, the sun clouded in, and the rain descended, at times, in tor-

rents. It was so thick, that nothing could be seen five lengths of the frigate, ahead of her. The weather, as usual in the gulf-stream, has been more or less rainy, but more favourable than is generally found to attend a passage across it.

At a half-hour by sun, a signal was made to the John Adams, for tacking ship. The Columbia changed her course gracefully, as the Adams still stood on her way, apparently directly by us, lining her beautiful form in distinct relief on the glorious sky, then illumined by the golden sunset behind her. But soon, when on our larboard quarter, she came up into the wind, and tacked with grace; and the two coursers together, stood again on their equal and common track. We were still together during the middle watch. But, this morning, the Adams is not to be seen. She can be descried nowhere upon the ocean, and probably will take good care not to get into our company again, if she can avoid it, until we shall reach Madeira. It is generally deemed a pardonable offence, for one vessel sailing in company with another, and having a common rendezvous, to make her escape, if a plausible excuse can be rendered to the flag-ship.

The mists and squalls of last night, were quite too good an opportunity for the Adams not to get out of sight. And doubtless they are in high glee this morning, at their good fortune, in being at liberty to trace their own way, without following the motions, in making and shortening sail, in mimic suit of the Columbia, to whose movements she has to accommodate herself. "By heavens," says an interesting small gentleman, on board the Adams, as he takes his seat at the mess-table this morning, "I managed it, gentlemen, last night, any how, ay?" with a small flourish or two of his finger, as he edges a little nearer

the table, to commence a very short description of the movement and other things.

The John Adams had orders to stand for Madeira, if we parted company; and having watered and taken in all necessary supplies, to stand on her way again, for Rio de Janeiro, unless the Columbia should be at Funchal, the capital of the island of Madeira, at the time of her reaching there.

As I sought the deck, to-night, I saluted the officer of the watch, by touching my hat, as the usual ceremony of respect to the deck-officer, adding,

"O Pilot, 'tis a fearful night,
There 's danger on the deep;
I 'll come and pace the deck with thee,
I do not dare to sleep."

"Come," said the Lieutenant, "at the middle-watch, that is the hour we have for gentle memories."

It was a lovely night, and not such as the poetry quoted would lead one to suppose, but such as might awaken poetry in sentiment, in one who yet might never have made rhymes.

"And then," I said, "it is not with you, as the sailors say, that salt water washes away the recollections of home?"

"No," continued the officer of the deck. "Were I a young lady with a lover, I would command him to go to sea. I am sure his affections would be deepened in the long and deep memories which awake while he paces the deck in the hours of the middle-watch."

"And how is it with you, Doctor?" I asked, as the fleet surgeon joined our promenade. "Do you find that the briny mist washes away your soft musings of home, and wife, and the little ones?"

"Ah, sir," returned the surgeon, "I find it like a mordaunt of the chemist and the dyer, one ingredient of which is salt, and which they use to fix indelibly their colours. And yet I shut my eyes as much as possible to the visions which come up before me, in their every hue of love and home-associations."

"For myself," I added, "there was sufficient of the nausea about me, for four or five days, to make me think only of my uninteresting self; but I now cast my look over the waste of waters between me and those I love, and feast sadly but happily on the memories which winds and waves cannot bear from me."

The watches of the ship are divided into eight, each Lieutenant, in turn, keeping the deck during one watch. He is called, for the time being, the officer of the deck; and through him, all orders are issued, and to him the care of the sailing of the ship is committed. The watches at night are from 8 till 12, called the first watch; from 12 till 4, called the mid-watch; from 4 till 8, called the morning watch. During these hours, if the wind is fair, the Lieutenant has much time for thinking, as may be the train of his feelings, in happy or in sorrowful musings. And I can imagine how often the memories of home come up to the mind of the young Lieutenant, as he paces the deck, with the trumpet in his hand, alone; occasionally casting up his eye to mark the trim of the sails, and issues, one moment, an order to give a pull upon a brace, which serves to break in upon the train of his deepening memories. But he soon again renews his monotonous step, and the gentle recollections come over him, which transport him to those he loves, while he almost thinks himself in their embraces, in happy commune, until a sudden sigh comes from some sudden consciousness that it

is but a dream; and he wakes to the reality, that he is yet stemming on his long course, still away and away from the land of his home, the young companion of his bosom, and friends less near than she, but still dear in his delightful and welcome loves.

On the morning of the 18th, a barque from Havre, bound to Baltimore, came down upon us, with most of her sails set, as we bore a little out of our course to meet her, that we might forward letters to our friends in the United States. A letter bag was soon prepared, and a boat lowered. Lieut. Turner and Mid. Sincler boarded the barque, as she lay off from us, with her sails aback, exhibiting a fine model of an American ship.

It was a beautiful sight as the two ships lay aback, and a moment lingered on their separate courses, while the frigate's boat bounded on the surge, to bear our tokens of remembrances to friends and to communicate with a ship from a foreign land.

As soon as our boat had left the barque, on her return to the frigate, a fog came up suddenly over the ocean, with a change of the wind to the west. The barque filled away, and in a few moments was lost in the mists that swept over the sea; and had our boat been delayed fifteen minutes longer, she might have been shut in by the fog; while, however, in this instance, there would have been no danger, as she was within the hearing of our ship's bell. The scene was an interesting exhibition, recalling to the mind occurrences which often take place at sea when a boat has been despatched from the ship. The instances are many of a fog unexpectedly overtaking a boat, when, in the absence of a compass, the course becomes unknown. In such a case, the ship, having the bearing of the point from which the boat is expected, stands for her

accordingly, and in most cases, by the discharge of guns and the sounding of the bell, the boat is recovered.

To-night, now after ten o'clock, our frigate presents a magnificent exhibition, while cutting her *way of light* through the dark ocean. Clouds hang thick above us, veiling star and moon from the sight; and the fresh breeze drives our gallant vessel twelve knots the hour on her course. She leaves in her wake a stream of light, which blazes forth in its mellow and spreading trail, like the tail of a comet lined on the blue heavens; and before her the phosphorescent billow curves around her bow a mighty crest of ever rolling and flashing light. Beyond us, the illumined peaks of the waves, as they break, sail down in their silver sheets, to mingle their sheen of phosphorescence in the flood of glory, which the ship carries before her. How grand! how beautiful! I went far out upon the bowsprit to get a fairer view of her stem, buried, as it is, in its halo of glory, and throwing up its cascades of corruscating light. What is she like as she careers on her way, a giant in her prowess, and yet, in her graceful make, a fit personification of the genius of America? And she is the genius of our own, our native land. Her name, too, is Columbia, and she is driving onward, to bear proud credentials of her origin and of the glory of the land she owns, to far and wilder nations, and older but not prouder dominions and people than the land from which she sails. God speed thee, good ship. Thou art freighted with some choice spirits, and with honourable designs. Thy way, to-night, is one of light and glory. May it be brightly ominous of thy good reception; and emblem forth thine honourable offices and untarnished bearing, while on thy mission of courtesy and reciprocated good will of the younger West to the olden East.

The Mahonese, Mr. C., has occasionally favoured us with music, playing on the guitar, and accompanied to-night by one of the ward-room officers, on the flute. Our First Lieutenant sang a sweet little air with taste and feeling. How it comes over the soul, that sweet strain of symphony! *Music*, I love thee ever! Thou art to me an inspirer—a soother—and yet thou sometimes breakest my heart, and I weep! Oh, are they not happy thoughts which thou awakest, as thou bearest me over the vast waters to those I love—as I seem anew to hear the dulcet strains, which the voices of loved ones have poured upon my ear in days that are gone! I find myself more and more susceptible to the influence of sweet harmonies. And yet, it is sometimes difficult to analyze the spell of enchantment which comes over me. But it intoxicates like the *papaver* of the opium-eater. Still I wish to pour out these feelings in lonely commune with myself. They are all too hallowed emotions for the sympathy of others. Sweet music, I will love thee ever, for thy power is always kind. Thou takest me anew along the woodland acclivities and deep ravines, and shaded and meadow-plains of my own grounds. Thou recallest the moon-lit nights, when I have paced the avenues with a sister leaning on my arm, and we have paused and gazed together on the bright bosom of the river, sleeping in its flood of moon-beams. And thou tellest me when together we have sat on the embowered bench, and not a bird was awake, and moist eve had perfumed the balmy air, and for me the guitar was struck—was struck *for me*—and we loved more kindly, and our hearts were more blessed. And when, farther off, sweet music hath awakened, I have leaned upon my elbow, and gazed from the lattice of my country-home, and contemplated the deep shade beneath the fruit-trees

and the forest clusters, and read the bright stars above when seen through the shady vistas, and when the romance of nature was weaving her mystic and fairy and enchanted visions of days yet to come, when all would be well—when all would be happy—when all would be bliss. Ah! those days I hoped for, where are ye? But it was happiness thus to muse—thus to despond—thus to hope—thus, in imagination, to realize in fancied possession, more than the glowing reality. Music, I will love thee ever!

The monotony of ship-board would be fatiguing, were there not various things at sea to relieve the prevailing sameness. The sunset scenes are often magnificent, and various as are the courses of the evening clouds, and the latitude and longitude through which we sail. The sunset scene to-night, in longitude 32°. 48′ W., would be indescribable, if the description were expected to meet the reality. But there is such a thing as employing general terms to awaken the beautiful in emotion, which, if sufficiently distinct in the picture they define, will convey to another's bosom some of the delightful emotions one's self has felt, when gazing at an object addressed to our perceptions, of the glorious, the beautiful, and the sublime. Such was the sunset scene of this evening. Its beauty consisted in the different layers of clouds, horizontally placed one above the other, some extending farther, some not so far—broken here and united there—while intervening strata of the deeper back ground were seen to divide these several layers, and varying in its hue, from the palest light to the faintest blue; and then to the lightest, brightest, and deepest green, so as to present the back expanse, in its various changes, now like an ocean of emerald-green water, unrippled, and throwing back its flood of mellowed and green light, while the island-clouds, with their edges fringed with

light, became less bright and more dark in their colours as the eye receded from their scallopped and illumined edges to their centres. And then, far up and far off, as the sun just now entered a broken bank of clouds, were seen other piles of the airy voyagers in their various hues of light, and dark, and dun, yet everywhere in their velvet mellowness, soft as a

"Sun-beam gone astray,"
or,
"Plume in crest of knight;"
or,
"Cloud in sombre gray,"
seen
"Far and low at night."

But when you combined the whole picture—the golden cloud-islands in the emerald-green sea—and the straggling islands, which shown in their more solitary and brilliant and lighter beauty, higher up and farther off, it was then, indeed, you felt the calm emotion of the beautiful gather through all your bosom, as you gazed in happy and gentle and lonely musing. But scarcely an interval had passed, when all this beautiful was illumined with intensely more brilliant hues, as the full orb fell quite beneath the horizon; and the soft and mellow scene glowed in the vivid colours of new floods of glory, thrown on this emerald-green ocean of a thousand golden isles. You gazed on it a happy and entranced beholder. The beautiful now had changed to the sublime. And as you let your thoughts lead on in their involuntary train of association, you mused with admiration and worship, as you thought in silence on the attributes of the Eternal, veiled in his pavilion of glory.

A moment since, one bell, first watch, a man fell from the main-top-gallant yard. He was heard to cry, "O my

God!" as he passed the maintop; and the next moment he struck, head foremost, upon the first cutter, stowed amidships alongside the lanch, and bounded into the gangway. The surgeon was called, and when he reached the spot the poor tar had ceased to breathe. His skull was fractured, and in a moment, without having spoken, after striking the deck, he passed from full strength and active life to the motionless corpse and the solemn stillness of death.

The dangers and the toils of seamen are great and severe, and thanks seldom greet them. I was on deck a few moments after this melancholy incident had occurred. It was dark, and the men were still furling sails. I stood by the after hatchway, and heard more than one sigh from those rough men as they passed me, while still pulling upon the halliards. A squall appeared to be gathering in the west, and the men were furling the top-gallant-sails at the time this unfortunate man fell.

After quarters, the succeeding morning, "all hands" were piped "to bury the dead." The sailor, who fell last night from the main-top-gallant yard, was to be given to the deep. He had been laid out, as usual in such cases, by his messmates, on the half-deck, with the flag of his nation thrown over him. His messmates were his watchers during the night, and now, at the hour of his burial, they bore him to the leeward gangway of the frigate.

The lanch and the first cutter, two large boats of the ship, upon one of which he had first struck, are stowed amidships. Within these the clothes-bags of the crew are generally piled, rising high above the gunwale of the boats, and forming an elevation in the central part of the ship. Upon these a large number of the crew had now placed themselves, to witness the ceremony, new to many of them, while others were standing upon the deck adja-

cent to the gangway, from which the relics of the departed tar were to be given to the deep. The officers stood nearer the quarter-deck. In full view of these, nearly five hundred gazers, rested the plank upon the upper step of the gangway, on which the unconscious sleeper, sewed in his hammock, with thirty-two pound shots at his feet, was reposing, with the stars and stripes wreathing his rough bier, as his honourable pall. Six of his messmates, as his bearers, held the plank in its horizontal position, ready to launch their brother of the ocean into the blue sea. And nearest them, stood the Commodore. The chaplain advanced to his side, commencing the services, as all, uncovered and with the silence of the dead, listened to the affecting ritual: "Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up, and is cut down like a flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay. In the midst of life we are in death. Of whom may we seek for succour but of thee, O Lord, who for our sins art justly displeased. Yet, O Lord God most holy, O Lord most mighty, O holy and most merciful Saviour, deliver us not into the bitter pains of eternal death!" The chaplain advanced yet nearer to the sad object that concentrated the solemn interest of the moment, and continued: "Forasmuch as it has pleased Almighty God, in his wise providence, to take out of this world the soul of our deceased brother, we therefore commit his body to the deep!" And in the breathless stillness of the momentary pause, the solemn plunge was heard, which spoke louder than the thunder of ordnance to the heart, as the dead man was sinking to deeper and yet deeper fathoms, until the eloquent silence was again broken by the chaplain's voice, as he added, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; looking for the general resurrection in

the last day, and the life of the world to come through our Lord Jesus Christ; at whose second coming in glorious majesty to judge the world, the earth and the sea shall give up their dead, and the corruptible bodies of those who sleep in him shall be changed, and made like unto his own glorious body; according to the mighty working whereby he is able to subdue all things unto himself."

The services ended—the crew were again piped to their places—and then we were on our course again, to other lands. But no one would tell the story of him whom we had now left to drift in the low deep, and among the far-down currents of the recordless ocean. O! it is a solemn thing to die. It is a solemn thing to "lie down in the dust," in the bosom of our mother earth; but to sink down, and down, and down in the deeper, darker, desolate waters—this thrills even the bosom of the way-worn and brazen-featured mariner, as his thoughts for a moment are arrested, and he follows his messmate to the deeps below!

But, all willingly turn from the scene, and again we stand on our way; and our ship seems little less unconscious than ourselves, that one of her inmates has been left, in mid-ocean—his name to be no more spoken—his memory to be unwept—his story for ever untold. But go on thy bounding course, thou glorious courser, still go on; and

> "God speed thee, good ship, on thy pathway of foam,
> The sea is thy country, the billow thy home."

The night succeeding the burial, young H. (a boy in years but a man in mind) was very singularly affected. I heard him scream aloud. His hammock being near the ward-room, two of the gentlemen rushed to quiet him. For a moment, he seemed quite beside himself. "Don't you know me," asked Mr. M'C. "Yes, sir," said young

H. "Yes, sir—*Mr. Mahogany;*" and then screamed yet louder, "A man overboard—throw me a rope—throw me a rope!" This little incident is not unworthy of narrating, in connection with the burial of the morning, which must have left such an impression on the mind of the youthful midshipman, as to produce the singular phenomenon of his dream. The lost sailor belonged to the Commodore's gig; and young H. generally went with the boat, and thus particularly knew the man, as one of his boat's picked crew.

A few moments after we had buried the dead, a brig came down upon our starboard bow. We spoke her, and learned that she was from Palermo, fifty days out, and short of provisions. She lay too for our letter-bag, and the Captain desired us to send him a barrel of beef, and a bag of bread, if we could spare it. It was sent, to the full amount the Captain desired, and his receipt taken, as the only acknowledgment of the favour.

This incident shows the beautiful utility of our navy, as the strong and encouraging arm of a protecting government. It is one of the specific duties of our government ships, to relieve, without charge, our merchant vessels. A receipt, mentioning the name of the owners of the vessel relieved, is taken, to prevent imposition. This receipt is forwarded to the Department at Washington, and if the vessels of the same owners should be found frequently to have sought such aid, the Government would charge them for the stores their vessels had received, otherwise not.

Here, then, was one of our own countrymen on the wide ocean, fifty days from land, with a three weeks' run yet to make, and perhaps, by accident unforeseen, twice that time, short of provisions and out of bread. Our noble frigate, standing on her course, is espied by the distressed merchantman, who has been to distant lands and tempted

perilous seas for our luxury and pleasure. With glowing feelings he sees the distant object, first looming to his view, her royals only seen in the horizon, rising higher and higher, until top-gallant-sails and top-sails and courses appear; and at last, a noble ship, with all her sails set, comes nearer and nearer; when, at last, she is made out to be one of our own majestic frigates, powerful to defend, courteous to compliment, generous to relieve. The merchantman gazes with renewed pride on the gallant warship, and feels that there is majesty, might, and magnanimity in the arm that protects him; and with still greater love, he thinks on the land of his home.

Such, doubtless, were the feelings of the trader, whom we met and relieved. He was unbounded in his enthusiasm, when speaking of the beauty of our frigate, as he gazed upon her, while the two vessels were aback, and for a moment resting on their different ways, for the purposes of friendship and mercy. The Captain was but one of the hardy men who fill the seas from the east, but he could see, and could feel the beauties and the sublimities of the scene, and go on his way, yet more and more loving his country and western home.

This morning, May 26th, a large ship loomed up in the horizon, at the northwest of us; and ere long, our suspicions were confirmed. It proved to be the John Adams, our consort, who parted with us some two weeks since; and now she has come down, in answer to our signals, and taken her former position on our larboard quarter. The incident is a beautiful illustration of the accuracy of nautical science. Here we again meet on the ocean, after having been lost to each other for fourteen days, and just at the moment when we are expecting to make the high lands of Madeira.

At the present hour it is squally, and we are now shortening sail, and probably shall not venture to near the land, after dark, unless we make it before sunset. The sea, at this moment, is high, and a sail, not far off, to the windward of us, standing on an opposite course to ourselves, is taking in her royals and reefing. We are rolling more than we have before done since we weighed our anchors in Hampton Roads, twenty days since. We hope to lie at moorings, in Funchal Bay, to-morrow; and then, *beautiful Madeira* will be the agreeable object of our visit and observation, after a passage of twenty-one days.

Off the High Peaks of Madeira, May 26th, P. M.

Never did the call to quarters roll its beat more sweetly through our ship, than at this soft hour of evening. I have been gazing at the wedge-shape bluff of the west end of the island of Madeira, now wrapped in fog, which, however, at this moment, is lifting sufficiently for the curved outline of the island to trace itself visibly on the misty back ground of the horizon. And there it stands, the island of Madeira, famed and far known, in mid-ocean, raising its huge and sable elevations, at this hour, like some dark monster of the deep, in his unconcern and deep repose; with its far-up and shaded sides lost in the mists, which now wreath their mystic-sheet around its elevated peaks.

As we glide nearer in towards its abrupt shores and along its deep-green sides, we discover here and there a hamlet; while far above the mists, which curl around the highest acclivities, and sail along the midway elevations, the denser clouds are seen to roll back, and leave to our view a deep blue sky, such as they say arches above the land of Italy.

The John Adams is standing in behind us. The blue deep, far out, is restless, and the heavy swell heaves the careening ships at this moment, more furiously than at any other time since we have been coursing our way to this island of vines and flowers. Long slopes of verdure, and deep and green ravines, reach our view as we gaze; and the imagination easily embowers the hill-sides in orange groves, and citron trees, and pomegranates, and bananas, and figs, and the trellised grape. But more in description when we shall have gained a nearer view, on a fairer evening, and a brighter day.

"All hands to reef topsails, ahoy!" sounds through the ship. It is deemed too late for us to run into the bay of Funchal, the capital of Madeira; and the purpose of the Commodore is, to stand off and on, under reefed topsails, during the night, and to anchor in Funchal bay early in the morning.

The island now lies some four miles in the distance. The sun has just gone down; and the dark island, wreathed in its vapour-sheet, exhibits an interesting scene of the mystic and the sublime. The outlines of the dark pile are distinctly marked on the horizon, rising some eight thousand feet from the bosom of the deep, and now crowned with masses of cumuli-clouds, with their round caps tinged with the purest pink and darker crimson, as the rays of the fallen sun send far up, in their slant, their beams in profusion and glory; while the lower layers of the clouds, on which these illumined cones are resting, sleep in their solemn gray and dun. At the southwest of us, the lashed sea is still raging; but the clouds above its dark bosom rest peacefully in their hundred evening hues, which the sun, in atonement for his day's absence, now loans to these airy voyagers.

But, it was as we tacked ships, to stand off from the land, amid this exhibition of the mystic in our north, and beauty in our west, that an omen gleamed above us, fair and bright as the one which shown in the heavens, on the eve of our departure from our first anchorage-ground, in our western land. Directly above our main, in the zenith of his glory,

"The bright Arcturus, fairest of the stars,"

looked benignantly from out his azure hall upon us. The sky, over our heads, was blue, deep, and clear; and no other brilliant was seen in the high heavens; while the moon, in her path of peerless loveliness, this night, was throwing the soft beams of her first quarter over our right shoulders. The air was balmy to the cheek; and we were happy as we paced the deck, and talked of things associated with the Madeiras, and friends, and home.

SECTION III.

Madeira. Funchal, capital of Madeira. Quintas. Fortresses. Santa Clara convent. Shrubbery and vines. Olden associations. The influence of beautiful nature. Visit to the shore. Breakfast with the American Consul. Invitation to visit Santa Clara convent. Ride to the Nossa Senhora de Monte, or the Church of our Lady of the Mount. Visit Mr. Blandy's Quinta. Avenues of geraniums and roses. View from the terrace-house. Miracles of our Lady of the Mount. Portuguese seamen pledge their top-sail to this patron saint to propitiate her favour in danger. Priest and his present of eggs. The Catholic system. A pile of human bones. Portuguese bury in their churches. New cemetery. Visit to Santa Clara convent. English burial ground. Portuguese funeral. The daughter of the deceased, visiting England. Ride to the Curral. Scenes on the road. Peasantry. The grounds of Count Carvalhal. Ramble through the grounds of Palmyra. Mr. and Miss O. Miss O.'s opinion of Abbot's Works. The Til. Moving by torch light through the streets at night. Palanquin. Easy manners of the Portuguese. English yacht commanded by a lady. Legend of the Madeiras. Cultivation of the grape and process of making wine. Tinto. Malmsey. Quantity of wine produced. Last eve on shore, and good-night to Madeira.

We have come to anchor, in full view of one of nature's most beautiful landscapes. Funchal, the capital of Madeira, is about two miles from our frigate; and the southern exposure of the island lies, in its enchantment, before us. Think of a fairy isle, raising its high peaks abruptly 8,000 feet above the bosom of the blue deep, and tracing its waved outline indistinctly among the mystic and dark clouds, which hang, like spirit-shapes, on its high and misty cones; while, everywhere else, around and farther yet above the cloud-capt peaks, the sky is blue

and clear; and the soft breeze and the mimic-gale from the sea strike balmy, like an eastern atmosphere, upon the cheek. And then, think of the elevated acclivities, and deep ravine, broken into thousand crests, throwing their every shaped shadows over their own mountainous and cragged and unique landscape; and every peak, and every slope, and every ravine, covered with vineyard and garden, and ever-green-tree and shrub and flower, varying from the palest gold of harvest time to the deepest and prevailing verdure of the freshest meadow; and then the villas, or country residences of the English merchants and the wealthier Portuguese, which are here called *quintas*, of all dimensions, with red-tiled tops, and piazza and balcony and corridors for promenade and look-outs, and trellised terraces for the embowering vines; and then, the antique cathedral and the ancient fortress, and the sacred convent; and then, the mountain, capped with an eternal cloud, and the far-surrounding ocean, in eternal blue, and you will have some of the outlines, which go to make up one of the most glowing pictures of the beautiful I ever saw. It is almost perfect as a specimen of rural scenery of its kind. It only needs a few castles on some of the high peaks of the elevated positions, to render it quite so.

The houses of Funchal rise one above the other, from the edge of the sea, which rolls, in its breakers, incessantly upon the narrow and dark pebbled beach. The Loo fort is seen on the right of the city, constructed on the top of a rectangular rock of basalt, encrusted with the outer honeycomb layer of lava; and rises from out the sea a few yards from the main beach.

Another fortress is situated near the sea, and is still garrisoned. Between the two lie the pile of buildings, occupied by the Franciscan monks before their expulsion

from the island, but now possessed as barracks for the Governor's guards. Farther up, the convent of Santa Clara, with its dusky and rectangular walls, appears above city spire and city dwellings. Ascending still higher the steep acclivity, rising like an amphitheatre before you, the beautiful quintas of the English merchants and the Portuguese, are seen, every way, studding the elevated points, and lay before the enchanted eye embowered in nature's freshest green, amid shrubs, and orange trees, and figs, and citrons, and bananas, the coffee tree, and the pomegranate; with every other point, unoccupied by shrub and tree, covered with spacious areas of trellissed vines, in their richest foliage, the whole together exhibiting one blended scene of rural loveliness, too distant to enable one to particularize the different kind of shrub and tree, and flower, but delighting the beholder with the blended beauties of one of nature's own amphitheatres, where she has poured out, with the munificence of her tropical hand, the gorgeous magnificence of a perennial green-house. And still above all this beauty of vine, and shrub, and tree, and folia of fig and orange and pomegranate, and the beautiful quintas, and the imposing turret, and fortress, and convent, stands in lovely and bold relief, the Nossa Senhora do Monte, or the Church of our Lady of the Mount. It is the highest building seen, and rivets the eye of the stranger. Its proportions are in keeping, and its two turrets, rising on either side of the front, give the picturesque edifice the loveliest appearance, as it rests, in its quiet repose, and high-up retirement. Its white walls are beautifully relieved by one extended curtain of green, which rises still farther above its white walls to meet the clouds in their ever undulating volumes. And from the commanding front of this solitary building, you gaze on all this beauty

below, in its blended grandeur and loveliness; on the vast ocean, from whose blue bosom the green isle awakes; and now upon our own sleeping war-ships, as they ride, in their security and distance, like mimic models of their own beautiful reality, on the edge of the broad expanse of the boundless main. But still farther up from the nestling place of our Lady of the Mount, the green mountain steeps are coated in verdant shrub and tear grass, and flowering broom, and heath, and sweet balm, until the veil of the dark spirit of the mountain-heights, forbids the eye to penetrate her loftier and clouded home. Surely the Fairy-Queen poet dreamed not of a lovelier scene than this, wherever his vision was bearing him in the following lines:

It was a chosen spot of blooming land,
Amongst wide waves, set like a little nest,
As if it had by nature's cunning hand
Been choicely picked out from all the rest,
And laid forth as example of the best.
No daintie herb, or flower, that glows on ground,
No arboreth with painted blossoms drest,
And smiling sweet, but there it might be found,
To bud out fair, and her sweet fragrance throw around.

And all this I gaze upon, as I stand, lost in delightful reverie, on the deck of our own beautiful Columbia, sleeping calmly, and confident in her own prowess, on these waters, in full view of this enchanting landscape. And the eye tires not, as one's thoughts, in connection with the olden story of this sunny isle and summer beauty, come over the memory, in recollected legend or truer history. Here has been revolution on revolution. Here the prince to-day has been embarked in an hour and in secret, for his distant exile. And here the priest has ridden, in his ghostly power, and with undisputed dictate, a superstitious and submissive people; and again, the people have aroused to a sense of their

degradation and the imposition of the Franciscan hoards, and expelled them from their isle. And here the nun, for years the inmate of the cloister, and doomed no more to look abroad upon the world, save through a double grating or convent lattice, in the tide of revolutions has been set free, and walked again in liberty and light. But again the restrictions are placed upon her, and she is re-enclosed within the halls of her ancient home.

I indulged myself, for hours, in delightful contemplation of the beautiful scene before me, as seen from the quarter deck of our frigate. Nothing could more calmly sooth the heart, whatever may have been its musings of sadness or of joy, in retracing the past, or in sorrowful or happy anticipation of the future. There are some scenes which we love to treasure among the fadeless things, in the arcana of our choicest memories, to which we recur, when things around, and men more than things, become insipid. I felt assured that the scene before me was one of these. I find myself daily more and more susceptible to the influence of beautiful nature; while she often communes with me, as one who has sympathies kindred to my own. She never upbraids the confiding heart—she never looks with cold suspicion—she has about her nothing that is mean, or low, or unrefined; but hers is an open brow—a warm, and pure, and noble heart—and she has thoughts that are holier than earth elsewhere knows, which she will give, with generous and cordial liberality, to that spirit, which lets the eye rest on her mellowed beauties, with a melting and gushing heart. Commend me then to her loveliness and proffered sympathies, when the heart feels alone, in its deep and young desolation.

I had fixed the lovely picture of Madeira's green acclivities in my mind, and dwelled upon it with increased

and increasing emotion and delight. And thus I felt prepared for my first visit on shore, while I only feared that a nearer view might dissipate the fairy vision, which lay so willingly and distinct among those remembrances which fail not. Our time at the island would be short, and much, it was said, existed on shore to interest the stranger, and was worthy of his observation. I went early the morning succeeding our arrival, and breakfasted, by invitation, with the American consul. This gentleman, ever attentive to the officers of the ship, introduced me to Mr. B., who is said to have large possessions on the island, and to whose courteous and gentlemanly manners I am happy here to bear testimony, in the remembrance of our agreeable visit to Madeira. By Mr. B. I was accompanied to the Reading Rooms; and afterwards, through his kindness, was introduced to another of the English residents, who is supposed to have considerable influence with the Catholic inhabitants of the island. Mr. P., the name of this gentleman, had received an invitation to dine with the Vicar-General, or Bishop of Madeira, at Santa Clara Convent, where the Bishop was to visit, during the day. Mr. P. had induced the vicar to allow him, on this occasion, to introduce some of his friends into the convent, and politely extended his invitation to myself. Four o'clock in the afternoon was the hour appointed for our introduction into the enclosures within the convent walls.

In the mean time I took a ride to the church, high up on the green slant, previously alluded to as Nossa Senhora do Monte, our Lady of the Mount. We procured our horses and attendants. Every thing around us appeared unique, and the mode of our conveyance was quite in character with our circumstances. The road to the mount church, in its ascent of the mountain, is incredibly steep, and as far

as the Nossa Senhora do Monte, is paved with the blue pebbles of the beach, and basalt from the mountain. The angle of ascent is frequently twenty degrees. We mounted our horses, and at our side stood our burroqueros, or foot-boys, in their picturesque costume of the island peasantry, and each with his wooden staff, six or seven feet in length. "Nossa Senhora do Monte," we said, and dashed off in full spring as the burroquero swept his staff against the flanks of the horse, and seized the animal by the tail, to be borne along in company with the cavalcade; and every now and then, again riving the sides of the horse, and particularly at the steepest parts of the road, up which fearful acclivities the horses sprung in full canter, with their hoofs clattering over the paved way, with the riders upon their back and the attendants at their tails. I suffered my companions to advance, while I held in my spirited horse, and to my unbounded amusement contemplated the comical exhibition of the riders in full speed before me, with their burroqueros at their horses' tails, all on the full jump, ascending the fearful steeps which, in our own land, would have been deemed almost, if not quite, inaccessible. While we thus rushed up the aslant, the clatter of our horses' hoofs often drew the Portuguese brunet to the terraces, ever above us, as the quintas, with their elevated walls and embowered terraces, lined our narrow way, two thirds the distance to the Church of the Mount. Over these walls, in truant festoons falling from the terrace, and filling every crevice in the walls, hung the luxuriant geraniums and multifloras, and rose of every kind, and other flowers, and vines in profusion, trailing down their branches and making our ascending way a path of blossom, and perfume, and flowery beauty.

When we had reached some distance up the mountain-

ascent, with quintas on each side of the narrow way, we paused at the country seat of Mr. Blandy, who had invited me, during the morning, to visit his quinta, as I rode to the mount.

We turned in from the road to the left, through a gateway, which opened into his grounds, and found ourselves at once among winding avenues of geraniums, and roses, and other flowering shrubs, which, in America, are cherished as choice plants, in flower-pots, and preserved in green-houses. It is this particularity which delights and surprises the eye. As we turned to the left, we pursued one of these hedged avenues of geraniums, which I took to be of that beautiful species called the princess Caroline, bearing a large flower, and here, in its luxuriance, growing five feet high, and inlocking its branches so as to form a thick hedge on either side of the pathway. The avenue extended along the high terrace, overlooking the roadside, until it reached the front part of the garden, at which point it commanded the city and harbour and the blended beauties of the glowing scene below. Owing to the steep ascent of the mountain, it becomes necessary to raise high walls for gaining a level for the buildings, and the pleasure grounds around them. The terraces thus formed are numerous, in different parts of the grounds of the quintas, forming levels of made soil for flower-enamelled paths, and trellises for the vine, and for fruit trees, and ornamental shrubs, which nature here, with the soil of volcanic ruins, and an atmosphere ever revivifying to produce and sustain in greatest perfection, has lavished, with a luxuriant hand, on this green isle of the sea. We walked through the grounds, every avenue being lined either with geraniums or roses, or other flowering shrubs. The japonica was seen to rise from ten to fifteen feet in height, and spread

in like proportion—the hydcranger, in its luxuriance, spreading its branches to a circumference of twenty to thirty feet. All is luxuriance. We marked the coffee tree, now beginning to be successfully cultivated in the island—the pomegranate, decked with its scarlet blossoms —the fig, in its green luxuriance—the banana, raising high its long and fan-like leaves. A hundred ornamental flowering trees, high and spreading, decked the grounds; and in this rich season of flowers one tree, of forest height attracted and held my admiration. It was wreathed in multifloras, so as to exhibit one complete layer of these clustered roses over every part of the stem and boughs of the tree, exhibiting a rose tower in its magnificence and beauty.

The walk which we first entered extended along the terrace, which rose high above the road, and terminated abruptly in a rectangular summer-house on the terrace. From this, one contemplates the beauties of the scene before and beneath him, with the ranges of the green hills on either side, and the vineyards, and embowered houses, together with the blue bosom of the harbour, dotted by the vessels of varied and fairy forms, that repose upon its surface, or seen sailing in the offing.

Here I could have lingered, and mused, and thought, delighted, on crowding subjects, which this fair isle of the Madeiras awakes, and on dearer objects of the land of my home. But we were yet to visit the Nossa Senhora do Monte, and return to the city in time to meet our engagement at four o'clock, that we might not lose the pleasure of our contemplated visit to the convent of Santa Clara. We therefore remounted our horses, and left this lovely quinta for the Church of the Mount, with a secret purpose of again threading the beautiful avenues of Mr. B.'s country seat, which, to-day, was unoccupied by his family.

It will strike the visiter to the Madeiras as a peculiarity, that the country residences here are not found by riding some distance into the interior. On the contrary, all the advantages of country air, and of an escape from the heat of city-walls, is secured by ascending the heights of the mountain, until the temperature desired is gained. Thus a delightful and salubrious atmosphere is found by a half hour's climbing up the steep roads, to these beautiful eyries, where lovers might nestle in their ever-green bowers and flower-enamelled paths; and philosophers become poets; and poets philosophize and be happy. The proprietors of these quintas, while residing in the city, during the cooler parts of the seasons, not unfrequently retire to their mountain seats, when they would invite a party of their friends to partake of the sociability of their free and elegant hospitality, their farthest seats being within a half hour's ride from the points of their business and city houses.

When we had ascended still higher up, to reach the Church of the Mount, we alighted at a flight of steps leading to the artificial level, on which the edifice of the church of Our Lady is situated. We found a number of the younger officers of the Columbia already at the church, but having satisfied their curiosity were soon on their descent of the mountain.

The sexton was ready to exhibit every thing which could gratify our observation or interest our curiosity.

Our Lady of the Mount is represented by a small figure about two feet in height; and as the patron saint of the island, she is preserved with great care within a glass case upon the principal altar of the church. She is decorated with a wax wig and tinselled robes; and formerly displayed about her person chains of gold, and gems yet

more precious, as gifts of her devotees. The revolution of time and sentiment has left her sanctuary, as well as herself, with only imitations of what once was.

We were unable, from personal observation, to know how sacredly this saint of the island is now venerated, but many stories are related, or rather, observed scenes are recorded, to show the high esteem with which the Nossa Senhora of the mount has been held. And the superstitions of the lower orders at least, are slow to be removed from their credulous minds; nor are they easily restrained from ceremonies long cherished and practised in their religious devotions.

In 1803, owing to the profusion of rain from the condensation of the clouds upon the mountains, the swelling streams which rush down the ravines almost flooded the city, so as to destroy a large number of houses, to the sacrifice of many lives. This period of inundation from the mountains, is even now spoken of, almost as a dating epoch. "Such a thing having occurred before or since the flood," meaning the inundation of 1803. After this devastation of waters had ceased, the image of this patron saint was conveyed, in solemn procession, from her home of the mount to the city, where the greatest pomp and ceremony attended her; the clergy, and the military, and the civil authorities appearing in their gaudiest exhibition, with the impression that her presence could stay any succeeding inundation. After the public ceremonies and processions of the streets were over, and due honours paid, the Lady Patroness was placed for some months on the altar of the cathedral in the city; but afterwards she was returned to her own altar at her proper mountain home, with demonstrations of respect and veneration, as the church of the mount was built, according to the legend of the island, on

the spot where the saint was originally found, soon after the first discovery of the island.

One of her well accredited miracles (if we believe the credulous testimony of her attached devotees) will suffice to be narrated here, as a specimen of the many and extraordinary performances of our Lady of the Mount. The incident occurred during the American revolutionary war, when a great and threatening scarcity prevailed at the island of Madeira, in consequence of the British cruisers preventing the American vessels from conveying to the island the usual supply of bread stuff. In this state of distress, supplication was made to the Lady of the Mount, that her influence might be secured, and by her intercession that the calamity might be removed, and the general distress be relieved. This ceremony was attended by a public procession, and accompanied by various devotional rites. At daybreak on the following morning, it is said, a ship appeared in the offing, which afterwards was found to be laden with wheat, from Portugal. The inhabitants on repairing to the mount church, found the lady-saint's clothes *dripping wet with salt-water*, which was interpreted by the Priests to be conclusive evidence that the patroness had taken a trip to sea during the night, to hasten the vessel which had so unexpectedly been descried in the offing. The crew of the vessel, on their reaching land, were greatly astonished when the circumstances of the miracle were told them; and, on recollection, it occurred to them that they had been becalmed some distance off the island just at sunset, the preceding evening, when they saw something white rising from the waves, which hovered about the vessel, and ere long they were impelled to Funchal. This narrative of the crew confirmed the miracle; and the miraculous interference of the Lady of the Mount,

on this occasion, it is said, remains an article in the faith of the devoted worshippers at the altar of the Nossa Senhora do Monte, until the present time.

There is a custom among the Portuguese seamen, in case of danger or difficulties at sea, to devote, with a solemn vow, their topsail, or some other article, to the Lady of the Mount. On their reaching their home in safety, they go in procession to her altar, bearing their devoted canvass, but they redeem the trophy, by paying, in money, the amount of its value, as affixed by the priest.

But the glory and the power of this patron saint, I should judge, when contrasting her present appearance with her affirmed splendour of other days, has passed, in no inconsiderable degree, if not for ever, away, while the ceremonies, and the public processions yet continue. And the peasantry are geatly fond of these festivals and public processions. They gather from their mountain recesses on the occasion, and give themselves to the enjoyment of the holidays. We regretted that we should leave the island on Saturday evening, which would prevent us from witnessing the various ceremonies of one of their most interesting seasons, the succeeding Sunday being Whit-Sunday. On Saturday evening, however, we saw, from the frigate, the bonfires on many a peak, and the church of the mount sent forth the brilliant rays of her taper-lights far over the blue deep, from her high and beautiful eminence.

We indulged ourselves by walking through the main edifice and the various rooms, where the laced robes of the priests are kept, some of which had been rich in their day, and are still gaudy and imposing to the peasant's eye, though thread-worn to the curious. The pictures were generally indifferently executed, some of them even caricatures. I was struck with one, however, in connection

with an anecdote narrated at the time, by the gentleman who accompanied me to the mount. This painting represented the presentation of *eggs*, with various other things, to the infant Saviour, who was resting in the lap of his virgin mother; certainly no impolitic design to encourage the donations from the peasantry to the Franciscans, who, by the tenets of their order, possess no property, save a place to lodge in, while they live on the gifts of the people. Before the expulsion of the Franciscans, the scene of a friar with his bag, collecting eggs and bread and other eatables, was a common and hourly scene, and met the encouragement from their devoted admirers. And as we stood before the picture, my friend instanced a case of one of the priests, who, when delivering his discourse, spoke to the people in the following frank language: "My flock, you may make me presents if you choose, or not, as it may please you; but if you make me presents, no humbugs, if you please; bring me no rotten eggs, good ones, if any thing." While the Franciscans have been expelled from their ancient home on the island, a small number of priests of the college have been retained; and the nuns still possess their enclosures, with the rents derived from the convent grounds and entails. The salaries of the priests, however, are less than formerly; and the bishop now receives only $2000, while his former income amounted to £4000 with perquisites, which, together, often reached the sum of twenty thousand dollars and upwards. So passes the glory of the popish world, in her olden possessions.

I have no heart to upbraid the Roman Catholic. It is always an emotion of solemn pity, that comes over me, when I pace their dismantled cathedrals, and decaying halls, or listen to their venerated, but superstitious, and, as a Protestant, I think, very often, puerile worship. But, I

well know that the heart is the secret place which the eye of Omnipotence penetrates, and I firmly believe he often finds in the Catholic worshipper great sincerity. But, I also hold, that the whole system of the Roman Catholic rituals, and monkish celibacy, and many worse than foolish accompaniments of their worship, tend to great corruption in a community purely Roman Catholic, and to the great perversion of the simple and true worship of the Deity. It is in vain for the advocates of Papacy to deny the corruptions which have existed, or the severities which have sprung from a system which has had its triumphs, and in the advance of intelligence and purer systems, we think, must have its downfall. Spain and Portugal, and their dependencies give a story which has been recorded on the page of history with a pen of blood. And O! how devoted have millions been, in the execution of the misguided plans of infuriated zealots, and in the support of erroneous tenets. But the age in which crime, in the support of the church, was deemed a virtue, and intolerance believed to be furthering the cause of the cross, existed when men had not learned the correct principles of Christian ethics, and the world deemed that their several religions were to be propagated even at the point of the sword. If our charities were a little more enlightened by a knowledge of the spirit of ages past, and we judged of the actions of men in connection with the spirit which ruled the times in which they existed, we should be more lenient in our estimate of their motives when criticising their actions. And we should regret rather than upbraid, when we perceive that the circumstances of the period in which they lived, did not embrace, in its elements of religion, a philosophy, so far as systems were concerned, which inculcated mutual forbearance, and heaven-born charity. *Toleration*,

either by Catholic or Protestant, was unknown until the seventeenth century. And the Catholics will have to live through years yet onward, before they will come to appreciate the errors of their system, and the unscriptural and intolerant inculcations of their creed. But the ball of revolution has been set in motion. The power of the Papal hierarchy has been paralyzed by the advance of more enlightened public sentiment, and truer philosophy than that of earlier ages. It must still go on. We see already the mouldering relics of the ancient system. And while we walk through her antique aisles, of cathedral and abbey, and convent, we rejoice in the assurance that there is a breaking up of olden foundations, for the laying of a basis of a more beautiful superstructure in morals. Yet as we reflect on the past and the present, we pity—we sigh—we hope, while a cloud yet veils the onward prospect, as it looms up, how darkly! in the coming future.

We had gone through the building, no way remarkable for its superstructure, but a convenient edifice, and once, doubtless, imposing in its decorations. But now it exhibits little else than gilded altars and an occasional silver cross, defaced paintings, and two indifferent and even offensive statues, as they are robed in their canonicals.

My friend asked our cicerone to show us the place where he deposited the bones, when they were taken from the common vault. We passed over the pavements, which form the great terrace of the church, and reached a door in a wall which rises some feet on the outer edge of the level on which the church stands. The sexton applied his key, and the door opened, when a sight addressed the eye, which would have pained a less susceptible heart than my own. A pile of human bones lay beneath us, within an unwalled rectangular space; and as my eye ran

over the mass, I counted fifty-one skulls. Probably in the same pile, there were thousands, with the attendant skeletons, which it would have taken a number of men a number of days to remove.

It is the custom of the Portuguese to bury the dead in their churches. They inter the bodies within the same vault, or rather they dig the grave for the body which is to be interred, among the bones and dust of those who have already been buried. That the body may be more rapidly consumed, they mingle quicklime with the earth that covers the inhumed relics. The earth of the consecrated enclosure is deemed holy ground. But where the soil is so shallow as in most places on the island, and particularly at the point where the church of the mount is located, the excavation can be but a few feet deep, and extending but a few feet in width. And within this space the peasantry of the surrounding situations are interred. But seldom habituated to think for themselves, and ever ready to believe in the miraculous, they dream not that the bones of their forefathers rest not where they are consigning their own contemporary friends, and where, ere long, they hope they may themselves be interred. They, nevertheless, do not rest there. At intervals the bones of the mingled bodies are removed, to make room for the ever unanswered demands of the stern arbiter, whom nothing will propitiate—whose heart nothing will make relent. And while this necessity exists for the removal of the bones of the bodies which are here buried, one upon the other, it yet seemed to me to be an unjustifiable imposition, if it be one, that the mass of the people should be ignorant of the disinhuming of the relics of the dead, while they dream that they are mouldering where they hope that they themselves, when they shall be called hence, shall also moulder, in kindred dust,

within the bosom of their own and popular patron saint, the Nossa Senhora do Monte.

It is a laudable object of the city authority, at the present moment, to encourage among the Portuguese the burial of the dead in an open ground. They are now preparing a *père la chaise* on the bank of the west side of the city, near the water, commanding a lovely view of the sea. It must eventually become popular, even with the Portuguese, as a place for burial. As yet, however, it is unfinished, though tastefully inwalled; and the ground is nearly prepared. The portal entrance is very respectable, and the whole, altogether, a worthy and commendable project.

We now took our last view of the lovely scene, presented from the front terrace of the Church of the Mount. The city was far, far down; and between the city and ourselves, on the right and on the left, slept the lovely quintas, embowered in their luxuriance of vine and flowers, and fruit trees, and ornamental shrubbery, with the rippling streams from the mountains always passing through the premises to water the grounds at the pleasure of the proprietors, or to replenish their ponds or jets of water. And then, beyond quinta, and city, and fortress, and shore, our eye, for a moment, lingered on our own sea-home dwellings, which had brought us safely from the lands of our western homes; and we blessed them for their staunch properties, and admired them for their beautiful proportions, and felt willing again to trust us to the safety of their keeping. But we could linger no longer, and we remounted our horses and dashed down the steep declivities, with the velocity with which we had ascended. And yet our horses tripped not; and what elsewhere would have seemed inevitable destruction, here, from the confi-

dence we had in the surefooted beasts, was regarded but pleasing excitement, as we dared the steep and fearful slant, at the speed of a full trot.

VISIT TO SANTA CLARA CONVENT.

The convents of Madeira, in connection with other objects of interest, had been the subject of frequent con-

versation, during our passage to the island. One of the inmates of Santa Clara Convent, too, from romantic incident being associated with her involuntary entrance within the convent-walls, and also her acknowledged beauty and strikingly interesting manners, had elicited the curiosity of the stranger. An English bard had sung her praises, and others alluded to her interest of person, and romantic story; and one of our own countrymen, in the romance and benevolence of his heart, had conceived a plan for the rescue of the "beautiful nun," from the convent of Santa Clara, where, it was supposed, she was retained, an unwilling prisoner, through the caprice of ill judging parents, and intriguing priests. All these circumstances contributed to give to this interesting inmate of the convent an eclat, unenviable, perhaps, to one of the order of the recluse, but flattering to that love of admiration, to which the young and beautiful are said ever to be given. We therefore were much gratified, in the morning, by the invitation of Mr. P., who had secured from his friend, the Vicar General, the privilege of introducing some of his friends into the convent. Such an incident had never before been known. And we had only dreamed of the possibility of gaining a sight of the nuns through the double gratings, while we should be purchasing, for their interest, and as mementoes of our visit to the island, some artificial flowers, being the exquisite handiwork of the inmates of the convent. But the Bishop is said to be something of a liberal; and at any rate, on this occasion, extended to the considerations of friendship, a favour, of which we were the participants.

We had returned from the mount church in time to prepare for our visit to the convent of Santa Clara; and at a little past four o'clock, agreeably to our appointment,

we entered the outer-walls of the convent grounds. The doors, which opened from the court into the sacred enclosures, were closed; and four or five persons, apparently on the same unusual errand with ourselves, were standing at the massive doors, awaiting their opening. My friend, who had accompanied me to the mount, announced in Portuguese our names, at the whispering window, as the friends of Mr. P., and was answered that the Senhor was within, and we should have immediate admittance. We walked towards the large doors, which opened into a spacious and covered area, from which the passage-ways led to other parts of the buildings; and, as the doors turned back on their heavy hinges, we found ourselves at once in the presence of ten or twelve nuns, in their holiday and dark habiliments, some giving us a very polite welcome, and others talking with their friends who had preceded us. My friend was immediately at my side, after greeting some of his acquaintances who were within, and added,

"Here is Donna Clementina now, of whom you have spoken—allow me to introduce you to her."

I walked with him into the presence of a beautiful young nun, dressed in her glossy black *habito*, with her veil falling gracefully over her shoulders from her silk head-dress, which was so adjusted as to cover the top of the head, and terminate in a graceful point upon the forehead, without concealing the beautiful blond of her hair, or the open expression of her brow.

Various circumstances had been recited to me, before I had left the frigate, which contributed considerably to diminish my interest in the character of Maria Clementina, the name of the beautiful nun alluded to. And it was supposed, that, at this time, she must be, at least, thirty years of age. I should not have been disappointed, there-

fore, if I had found an ordinary looking nun, once celebrated for her beauty, but whose charms of person had been painted in the colouring, gaining its tints from the intenser hues of the imagination of her admirers, who only had seen her through double gratings, and with sympathies which did them honour, while it deceived their discrimination. But before me now, there was greater youth, and a taller and more symmetrical figure, and a graceful manner, which at once pleased me, and made me disposed to censure some criticisms which dissented from the general admiration; and some free remarks which I had heard, detracting from the personal character of the beautiful Maria Clementina. I was agreeably assured, as I stood before her, that she was a just object of one's admiration.

I said, I was happy to meet with one, of whom I had heard some of her friends speak with much interest; and besides I had for her the good wishes of an American lady, from whom I knew she would be pleased to hear.

"Ah!" said the pretty Clementina, "I remember Mrs. R., and hope she is well."

I assured her that she was; and that an olden friend of hers was lately arrived at the island. The frigate and corvette which lay in the offing were American ships, commanded by Commodore Read, and were just from the United States.

"Indeed," again continued the interesting nun, "I had not heard it."

I replied that it might not be surprising, as the interesting inmates of these fair grounds were not always, I supposed, *the first* to gain the news of the world.

What were the musings of the young nun, at this moment, I know not; but I could not myself perceive that her eye kindled with that interest, which I had anticipated

would be the case on my informing her of the welfare of those, whom I had known to feel an interest in her welfare, when they had visited the island some few years before this; and for whom, from various circumstances, I had presumed Maria Clementina cherished a very partial friendship.

Others were now crowding about the nun, when my friend touched my arm; and accompanied by a number of other nuns, we rambled through the piazzas, extending along the buildings and overlooking the gardens; and threaded the different halls and rooms of the nunery.

"Did you deliver your message?" asked my friend, with a smile slightly playing upon his lip.

Yes, I told him; and Clementina is certainly prettier, and more youthful in her appearance than I anticipated to find her. And yet she did not seem so much interested in my communication as I had expected she would be.

In my own mind, I had already accounted for the want of animation, which I had expected to witness in Maria Clementina at the moment of my communicating to her the intelligence, which I had presumed would be greatly gratifying to her. The interesting recluse, doubtless, I thought, might be the object of the watchful care of her elder sisters, as she would be the centre of attraction on this occasion, which I now perceived had been made an opportunity for introducing into these sacred enclosures a larger number of friends than I previously anticipated to meet there.

"Why," said my friend, with another smile, "I told you, on our way to the convent, that Maria Clementina did not speak English, and I supposed you would, at once, discover the deception."

"And then you are deceiving me, ay, mon cher? And the greatest deception is, that you would make me now

believe that the real Clementina is not Clementina's self."

"No, by no means, I assure you. I will point out to you the real Maria Clementina when we find her."

My friend himself had not seen Clementina, for two years past, and never only through the speaking grates, and had but lately returned from America. My own impressions now were, that for some reason, it was a policy in the inmates of the convent, knowing that a number of strangers were to be introduced this afternoon, to have one of their younger nuns assume the character of Maria Clementina, and the real one to be missing; for I did not know otherwise how to interpret the movements of my friend, and had, at this time, no conception, that the occasion would admit of any thing more nearly bordering on a masquerade.

We proceeded on our walk, through the halls and different rooms, all perfectly neat. This was the bed-chamber of one of the nuns; this, of another; this, of Genoveva Caroleta; and this, in which I was willing longest to linger, overlooked the far extending ocean, our two ships at anchor, reposing like some spirit-shapes on the bosom of the blue deep; and directly beneath, was the English church, with its loveliest garden of flowers surrounding it, and trees embowered in flowers, and I thought that there was poetry in all this, and that there ought to be religion in the bosom that dwelled here; and the soft tear of love and gratitude should fall from the eye that gazed over the enchanting scene, to the delight of a devout mind, which could appreciate the loveliness of the character of that Being, who made all these beauties, that they might delight and win our hearts to him. But we turned our gaze, from this lovely point, and left the room so delightfully situated, and which like most of the others was hung around with

pictures; and upon each bed was *one tiny pillow*, white and edged with ruffle, which we would have thought most suitable for the toilet table rather than the fair cheek of the sleeping nun.

"And where is Maria Clementina?" asked my friend, as we entered other rooms from another hall, where two or three friends, who had been introduced into the buildings, like ourselves, were seated in conversation with some of the nuns.

"I will send for her," said one of the dark-clad ladies, who, with others, was accompanying us, and as we stepped into yet another room.

A little time only had passed, and I had said to my friend, You are not designing again to deceive me?

"Most certainly not," was his reply, which now seemed most sincere; when, the next moment, the nun who had volunteered to thread a number of the passage-ways to find Clementina, returned again, and, to my utter astonishment, and I have reason to suppose, to the no little confusion of my friend, introduced me to the young and fair Clementina, to whom he had made me acquainted, on my first entrance into the convent.

I could only advance, and repeat the assurances of my own interest, and that of our mutual friends, and adding an apology for the desire of renewing the introduction, as my friend here, who must take the responsibility of the occasion, assured me that I was not originally introduced to Maria Clementina. We chatted again for a little time, about our American friends, whom *she had seen*, and which now yet more confirmed me that I was, in reality, with the nun, who well answered the description which I had read of her, during the morning; and now we passed through yet other circuitous passages, and, at length, joined

the crowd on the piazza, which lead quite along the side of the spacious buildings which front the inwalled gardens of the convent. A number of nuns and their friends had gathered here, into a small bastion room, which opened from two of its sides into the piazza, which, at this point, made an angle. This room contained an altar, and was hung with pictures, and studded with the blazen candlesticks, and guilded images, characteristic of the religion of the Catholics. A piano-forte also occupied a position near the altar; and the nuns, some of them were standing, and others sitting upon the carpet, all at perfect ease with their company; while others of the company, in considerable numbers were gathered on the piazzas, near the two doors of the small room. A harp, also, stood at the end of the piano-forte; and now a lady in full and rather gaudy dress, but tasteful, advanced to the harp, and music was expected. A young nun was seated at the piano-forte, who seemed to me more youthful still than the Clementina, to whom I had been introduced. I asked Mr. P., through whose politeness I had been introduced into the convent, to whom we were to be indebted for our music on the harp?

"It was his wife."

"And I am sure, then, you should be a musical and happy man, sir."

The music soon awoke, the harp and the piano-forte. It was a sweet quadrille, vibrating on the soft air of Madeira, and within the sacred enclosures of the convent of Santa Clara—the orange tree, and the citron, and the rose, and the geranium, and the jasmine, giving forth their rich perfume to the gentle breath of evening, which was borne in zephyr-breeze along the flower enamelled piazza, alike to meet the cheek of the English belle, the brunet beauty

of the Portuguese, and the now laughing lip of the happy nun, clad in her cloistered and flowing habiliments, and delighted to greet within their own enclosures the friends with whom, in other days, she had only conversed through the cold barriers of unsocial and double gratings.

A number of voluntaries and variations were played, in good taste. A young Portuguese sung a laughing melody; and his Portuguese laugh I shall never forget. It will haunt me over the waters, but the recollection will not be disagreeable among remembered symphonies, as some spell of darker spirit, which mingled unearthly things with sweet harmonies that melted, while its own and single notes thrilled with the awe of superstitious forebodings.

And as I stood beside one of the doors of the small room, now principally occupied by the ladies, listening to the music, I addressed a Portuguese gentleman at my side, in the absence of my friend, and asked, (for I was not yet fully satisfied as to my having seen the real Maria Clementina,) who was the young nun, sitting in front of a gentleman, whom I now designated.

"Nun, Senhor!" said the Portuguese, "I do not see any nun in that direction."

"It strikes me," I replied, "that she very much resembles the other young nun at the piano-forte, with blond hair and a more rosy cheek."

"Oh, sir," said the Portuguese, looking me kindly in the face, "that young lady, at the piano-forte, is Miss P., the daughter of the lady at the harp, and sister to the young lady you take for a nun beside the gentleman. There is a still younger daughter near us. They have only put on the habito and the veil of the nuns for this occasion."

I said no more, and at once comprehended the scene and my own circumstances. I held up my finger rather

menacingly to my friend, who, however, had already assured me that we had been a second time deceived; and he had pointed out one of the nuns, as she had quickly passed us, as the real Maria Clementina. I advanced to Miss P., and assured her that she was no less interesting in her own proper person than as Donna Clementina; and I did not know but a second apology was due her for my almost inexcusable blunders.

The young lady replied that she was Clementina here, and Miss P. at home. She had once had the pleasure of meeting my friend Mrs. R., when she was at the island of Madeira, and therefore was glad to hear from her; and supposed, when I spoke of her, that I was aware of their slight acquaintance.

Some moments afterwards, my fair and interesting friend, who graced the habito and the veo do fummo of the Santa Clara nuns, approached me, and said they were about to engage in a little dance, and would I join them?

I excused myself, by saying that I had ceased, for some years, to dance, and she must pardon me. Indeed, I felt that I was certainly subjecting myself to the imputation of the want of proper gallantry when adhering to what I deemed—though it be a dissent from some of the clergy of the English church—in my own case to be propriety. The dance did not take place; and I thought I must attribute the failure in some little degree to the fact, that I did not consent to join it. It certainly would have exhibited an interesting scene—and rather an unique one to an American—nuns and priests, and the gay lip and the bright eye of young and happy hearts, mingling in the dance within the supposed-to-be impenetrable and sacred enclosures of a religious convent.

The music was repeated before we left. And while I

was conversing with a group of Portuguese gentlemen on the piazza, a gentleman approached me and desired to know if I were from the United States. I replied that I was. He had lately returned from America, he said, by the way of Europe. There was an American lady present, to whom he would introduce me if I would allow him.

I was happy indeed to learn, that Mrs. Abrêo, the young wife of the gentleman who was addressing me, had just reached the island in company with him, by the way of London. She is a niece of Judge Van N., a family of Washington, at whose house I had dined, and with some members of whose family I had formed a slight acquaintance. I met in Mrs. A. a young and pretty woman, and was justly happy that America would have so interesting a representative of the sex from the land of my home.

During my interview with Mrs. Abrêo, I told her of my adventure with Clementina, the young and interesting Miss P. She smiled and asked if I had become acquainted with the real Maria Clementina. Her husband, she added, was particularly acquainted with her, and had known her from her youth, and would introduce me to her. He did so.

There was now no longer any doubt that I saw the interesting person who had awakened so much interest in other days—whose story has been repeated in both hemispheres for its romance; and herself deemed the queen of all that was lovely in person, and delicate and elegant in manners; and she had not yet ceased to attract the interest and consideration of the stranger, and the continued courtesies of older friends. When I mentioned the name of my own fair countrywoman, who had left a just impres-

sion of her accomplishments and goodness of heart in the island, the nun's eye lighted up with a brilliancy which must have been equal to her fame when she was some years younger. She talks with great vivacity, and seems yet to be the favourite of those who visit the convent. She speaks French, but understands little English; and yet she seemed to comprehend, with almost the quickness of intuition, an English sentence, if given to be interpreted to her in Portuguese. Her manners were easy and lady-like —far more soft and delicate than I had been led to judge, from the description of one who had seen her during the revolution, which, for a period, opened the doors of the convents of the island. Her person is slighter than most of her sisters-recluse, and I should think taller; her figure and features partaking of the more graceful form, (as we think it,) and thinner, classic visage of an American lady. She spoke of our ships; of the great kindness of Mrs. R., and inquired, by name, after some of the Americans with whom she had met.

When I parted with her, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Abrêo, at the large doors opening into the court without, from the large covered area into which we were first introduced—Mr. and Mrs. A. having invited me to accompany them to the residence of their friends, where they were to meet a small collection of their connections—I said to the nun, that I had made a collection of artificial flowers, which Genoveva Caroleta had in her care forme: would she add a bouquet of natural ones from the garden from which I might press a few to take with me to America? and should I see her again if I called at the convent?

She replied that she would meet me at the speaking parlour, if I should call again. I knew that there

would be no other opportunity of entering within the inner walls of the convent.

And should I inquire for Santa Maria Clementina? I added.

"No—no"—she said, as she cast a melancholy look into the face of Mrs. A., on whose arm she was now leaning. It was the melancholy of a Portuguese eye, which laughs and melts in floating light when it is not sad; and then she added, "I am not *yet* a saint—inquire for Maria Clementina." I sought not to interpret that look of sadness and gentle smile of feature, that seemed to say that the heart wept.

The next day I sent for my flowers, and among them was another artificial bouquet, more beautiful than any which I had selected, with the signature, in her own fair handwriting, tastefully affixed to it, "Maria Clementina."

My visit to the Convent of Santa Clara had been highly gratifying. The general appearance of the nuns was happy. In their persons they were very generally inclined to *embonpoint*, with but a very few exceptions out of the fifty-four nuns who are now in the convent of Santa Clara. Maria Clementina is an interesting exception. Genoveva Caroleta I should think the youngest nun in the convent, and is quite pretty. Her person and features are more à la mode of the Portuguese, than her farther famed sister of the convent. She, also, has been distinguished for her beauty, and merits admiration. Her eye (few nations can equal the Portuguese in the general beauty of this feature of their women) is sweet beyond expression, and national. The Portuguese eye languishes in its smiles of light, and yet has nothing of the glare of the dark French eye. It is soft, melting, floating, and the light that beams from its contrast of dark and purest white, greets you in

vivacity, and sympathy, and sentiment, as the conversations may awaken the different classes of emotions. You would think it easy for such to weep, while the tear would leave the eye yet undimmed, and when brushed away, its smiling light would greet you as before. It is said, and I have thought it true, that dark eyes have only one expression, though always bright. It is not so with the Portuguese eye. Genoveva's is large, soft, laughing, and sentimental, and more beautiful as a single feature, perhaps, than the eye of her fair sister, and her other features, with the exception of her double chin, are interesting. She is more purely a Portuguese beauty than Maria Clementina, who, with her more symmetrical features, possesses also a more engaging and graceful person.

The Santa Clara convent, I understand, is well endowed. But no accessions can be made to the number of its inmates, and when the present nuns shall have died, the property entailed to the convent reverts to the Government.

The Curral, an object of great interest to the stranger who visits the island, being a deep ravine of the mountains, and which, on its sides and its valley is cultivated by the peasantry, belongs to the convent of Santa Clara.

At the convent, on the afternoon of our visit, I saw but one priest besides the bishop or vicar-general. The bishop was clad in usual European dress, with the exception of red cuffs to his coat, and scarlet stockings, worn with short clothes. He is a partisan of the present powers. The favourer of Don Miguel was exiled, in haste, during the last revolution, in which Don Pedro gained the supremacy.

The day succeeding my visit to the convent of Santa Clara, I spent in company with a gentleman of the island

and one of our officers, visiting different objects of interest in Funchal.

The English burial ground was one of these objects of interest. Although the ground is small, and hemmed in on all sides by buildings, in the midst of the city, it is filled with flowers; and many of the graves, as we saw them, were marked only by one unbroken cluster of fresh and beautiful rose-heads, so trimmed and arranged as to form the shape of a monumental mound. The avenues were here, as in almost all the gardens, lined on either side with hedges of geraniums. But it was an emotion of deep sadness which awoke, as I walked along the flowery paths of this lovely little cemetery. It was youth and beauty, and young life from other lands, which had come here to prolong its career, but found in this isle of flowers an early grave. The great majority of the stranger-sleepers are under the age of twenty-five.

"The good die first;
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust,
Burn to the socket."

I paused at a monument in relievo in the wall, with a lovely design in marble. It represented, in classic chasteness, a female figure reclining, in contemplative sadness, with her arms resting in abstracted grief around an urn. It marked the resting spot of a lovely girl of 16 years of age, from Liverpool, England. She sought health, like many others, but returned not to the land of her fathers. Her name was "Frances," and, as the monument said,

"She sleeps in Jesus. Far from thee,
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep."

"Whom the gods love die early," is an ancient apho-

rism, that recurred to my memory as I turned from this to a neighbouring monument, with the following inscription:

"GEO. FARISH."
"Qu. et Trin. Coll. Cam."

This young man was engaged to the daughter of Legh Richmond. They were married but a few days before they sailed together for the island of Madeira, where she left him entombed among the roses, which die, and bloom again when spring comes; but the sear of the blighted heart that has felt the frost of the cold hand that has laid its dearer half in the tomb, knows not again the freshness of its young verdure. If aught, however, can render soft the heart of grief, surely it must murmur its faintest and soft moan, while winding through these profusions of flowers, geranium-hedges, and rose-embowered monuments.

Nearly opposite, a few steps from the entrance to this repository of the young and the loved and the beautiful, is the ground, called "The Strangers' Burial Place." It is the old place of interment, and smaller than the new ground. There was a time, when Papacy reigned in its greatest superstition and power, that the Protestant stranger could find, in the island, no place for the repose of his dust. His body was thrown into the sea. Since 1770, the uncharitable and cruel prohibition has been removed. Within this ground is the trunk of a large orange-tree, which still gives forth its few branches. It is some twelve or more inches in diameter, and has been long standing, to contemplate the solemn advance of procession after procession to deposit, in deep and lone sleep, friend after friend; and has seen the tear fall from the eye of kindred, and heard the low moan and suppressed sigh of widow and orphan, and of hearts that loved with sisters' and brothers' love; and gave to them all the most impressive of all

sympathy, its silence. After this burial ground was opened for the interment of strangers, and Madeira had become the resort of invalids, it was a common saying among the Portuguese, when observing one of these sorrowful seekers for renewed health, to say,

"He is going to the orange-tree."

We all, in this life of change, have our private sorrows and tearful remembrances, which the association of place or time or circumstance brings up to the mind's review and re-saddens the heart. As we walked among these graves, doubtless our thoughts took their separate course, with some private reference to the memories of each one's kindred dead. I envy not the man who can walk through the grave-yard with a bosom that wakes no sigh, and with a heart that never declared its emotion by the tribute of a tear. And there are moments while others surround us, in which we were never more alone. The friend that was with me I saw stand at the flowery mound which marked the resting place of his early companion. For myself, the scene around me had in it much to recall past hours, when the currents of deep wo had coursed through a heart which had been bereft of a brother next older than myself, and a sister next younger; and with the insinuating and insidious disease which had borne most of these from earth to a world where life ends not. I thought, too, how I had stood beside the grave of that brother, who, like some of these, had gone far from his home to southern latitudes, in search of health, but returned no more to the embrace of doting friends. Who can know the anguish of that heart that ceases its last beat among strangers, but him who has left the home he loves to die in other climes! And who but such can realize the beauty of the eastern

blessing, "*May you die among your kindred!*" But the lone hour when I saw a brother's grave filling, far from kindred and home, claimed not now the tenderest thoughts, as I walked through the home of these young consumptives. It was at midnight, when I last stood beside a *sister's* grave. How do I remember it! It was but the last night before I left my home for wanderings; where, only a few days before, that sister had rested in my arms as she breathed her last; and almost with her last breath, conveyed from her lips her farewell kiss. It was a wintry grave; and over it, unlike the flowers that covered these, the snow had thrown its robe of white, which I then thought so emblematical of the purity of her beautiful character and lovely piety. Who can tell the hallowedness of a sister's love, until he feels its absence? Who ever shed a holier tear, than falls upon a sister's grave?

The same friend who accompanied us to the English burial ground, was kind enough to call upon me the last day I was on shore, to say, that the funeral obsequies of Donna Senhora Cabral were to be attended that afternoon, and he would accompany me to witness a Portuguese burial. This lady was a cousin of Count Carvalhal, lately deceased himself, who was deemed the wealthiest fidalgo on the island, if not the richest subject of the king. I gladly availed myself of the invitation; but by mistaking the church, we were belated, so that we did not reach the cathedral in time to witness the ceremony, though we saw the interment of the body.

The ceremony of a Portuguese funeral, however, is described to be (or, at least, formerly was) much as follows. The body is interred, as soon as twenty-four hours after the decease. It is borne on an open bier to the place where it is finally to be deposited, with the face and arms

exposed, and attended by priest and friar, chanting a funeral dirge. The friends of the deceased follow next, and the line of the procession is closed by a motley company of beggars, bearing torch lights. With the body a quantity of vinegar and lime is thrown into the grave, to cause a quicker decay, that room may be made for others. Their churches are the only places where the Catholics inter their dead, and, by consequence, the space for these purposes must be small. The relatives of the deceased never follow the departed to the interment. It would be deemed, in the sentiment of a Portuguese, as highly improper, and the widow of the departed, in the higher circles, is said not to leave her house for twelve months after the loss of her husband.

The grave-men were adjusting the coffin in its place of sculls when we reached the cathedral, and persons who had attended the ceremonies were all retired from the building. The excavation had been made beneath the floor of one of the small rooms or chapels, which form recesses from the main part of the church, and contain an altar. There are some three or four of these private altars or chapels with their altars, in this collegiate church of Saint Peter, where the remains of this lady were interred.

The place of interment was indeed "the place of sculls," for, in digging the grave, there had been thrown out with the earth more than a dozen sculls and more than a bushel of bones, which we perceived lying upon the consecrated dust, now placed in its heap upon the floor of the recess of the altar. And as we looked within the grave, we saw that its sides were nearly lined with similar emblems of our mortality and decay, jutting from the uneven walls of the excavation. How many slept there in their commingled dust!

Knowing that the body was generally exposed before its interment, and finding ourselves too late to witness the manner of its attire, my friend, in Portuguese, asked the persons who were yet adjusting the coffin in its place, if it were admissible to open it. We were given to understand, that if we would give them money it should be done; and they immediately laid the lid open, which was divided lengthwise in the centre, so as to form a folding lid, on hinges. The sleeping Donna, unconscious of the eyes which gazed not irreverently, but with pity and sorrow, lay before us, robed in a black silk dress, and lace cap and veil, and shoes and stockings. The coffin was of common materials, as usual, lined inside with white, and outside with black. We were satisfied when we had lingered a moment over this sad exhibition of the last end of mortality; when, instead of immediately reclosing the folding lid, the sexton placed the veil doubly over the face of the sleeping Donna, and shovelled the consecrated dust, mingled with the dust of her ancestry, around and over her face and body, as she lay within the coffin. This seemed like cruelty to me, but my friend assured me that it was a greater honour to the dead, thus to fill the coffin with the hallowed dust. The grave-men then reclosed the lid and half filled the grave, when they took the sculls and many bones and replaced them in the excavation, and completed the task before them, where the mingled dust of the new comer would rest, until another claimant for a place among these deep reposers shall again lay open this crowded home of the dead.

As the sexton was throwing the earth into the coffin, it was asked if it would be deemed sacrilege to take the piece of satin riband, attached to the head dress of the unconscious Donna. The answer was immediately given to the

question by one of the men, as he severed the ribbon from the dress, upon which my friend, as he folded it, inscribed with his pencil,

"Donna Senhora Cabral, died and interred June 2d, 1838;" and passed it to me as a memento of a scene so peculiar and solemn.

We left the grave and wandered through the church, a guide being at my elbow, and admitting me into every recess. As I was about leaving the church, with my two companions, I perceived a priest with his assistant, (the latter of whom was standing near the place of interment while we were witnessing the covering of the relics,) in one of the lesser rooms of the cathedral. The low bow of the priest invited an interview while my friends were lingering on the steps of the cathedral. The priest was exceedingly urbane and invited me to his house. Among other things he remarked that he had been imprisoned by Don Miguel, in Lisbon, but under the present regime, he was the first collegiate priest of the church of St. Peter. He gave me his name as I left him, much regretting that I should not be able to meet him again that I might gain various information, which I felt assured he would readily have communicated, and which, to myself, at least, would have been highly interesting. He wrote his name and titles in a neat and legible hand on a paper, which he handed me in exchange for my card.

An interesting daughter of the lady, whose funeral obsequies we attended, is now in England. There is interest connected with her story. In her association with some of her English friends, her mind became interested on the subject of the Protestant creed. She saw that some things in her own faith were greatly erroneous. But if she became a Protestant, she would lose her cast; and the trial

of one placed in her circumstances, probably, can only be known by those who have been similarly situated. Her English friends (how judiciously I do not pretend to judge, but with Protestants there is sometimes need of more charity than they exercise) insisted that it was her duty, at once, to give up her Catholic creed and embrace theirs. And in her state of agitation, still believing the truth of much that was the hereditary religion of her family, and yet perceiving that other things were untenable, and, perhaps, injudiciously pressed by her Protestant associates, she became much excited, and for a period, her mind lost its balance in the delirium of her emotions, through ill-judged and contrary counsels of friends. She however regained her reason; and for the improvement of her health, or for the sake of accompanying some of her English friends, she is now visiting England. It was said to me, by the friend who narrated these circumstances, that the mother, who now sleeps so low and lorn, has been much solicitous for her daughter; and that this anxiety of mind, doubtless, has contributed to hasten the sad termination of the mother's life. And the daughter—may the intelligence be borne gently to thine ear, and the support, which heaven, in its sympathy, alone can give, yield thee the consolations needed for early orphanage. Nought but thy God can meet the necessities for such an hour; and his friendship will suffice for the deepest wo.

The Curral.

There are a number of interesting mountain rides out of Funchal. The Curral is considered one of the chief lions of Madeira, and a ride to this deep ravine, so designated, is a matter of course to all who visit the island. It

is distant about five miles from the city, and by a circuitous and winding ascent. On the morning fixed upon for the excursion from the ship, seven of our officers, including myself, took their places in one of the ship's cutters, and were early conveyed to the landing at the Loo fort. Here we found horses in waiting, from which the gentlemen selected each his trusty steed, while I despatched a man for the sure-footed animal which I had, on several occasions, ridden, and now preferred for his known speed, ease, and safety. The officers had mounted and were on their ascending way, with the exception of Professor Belcher, who delayed a few moments to accompany myself, knowing that we should soon overhaul the cavalcade, which had struck forward in full speed, and with loud tramp of their horses' hoofs over the paved and narrow passage that led to the mountain through the suburbs of the city, and occasionally by a quinta situated on the western side of the city. But a few moments had passed, when Antonio, the Portuguese, dashed down the descent to the level of the fort; and with his amiable smile, which the expectation of a good day's bargain rendered even more amiable, led forward his horse for me to mount, and at the same time smoothing his hand upon the well-groomed neck of the animal, added with great confidence, "Caval American mointebom"—a very fine American horse—which I had already proved to be true. We were but a moment behind our friends, but we found them in the midst of a shower of mists, which had reached them before ourselves, and in which we now, together, advanced along the mountain-way. The principal excitement along the road arose from the narrowness of the track, which led along the mountain, and winding around jutting peaks, which looked down hundreds of feet into the deep below; to the bottom

of which, in many places, both horse and rider would pitch, if the animal should make a single false step.

The day which we had selected for our visit to this deep ravine among the mountains was very unfavourable; but it was the only one we could expect to have. It is often the case, and was thus every day while we were lying off Funchal, that the mountain is capped with clouds which roll half way down the aslant, while the sun is shining within the city. But our purpose remained unchanged, although the greatest part of our ride to the mountain's highest peaks, was through showers of rain. Occasionally the sky would light up, as the mists would break away, or be seen sailing in horizontal strata along the high sides of the deep ravines far above us; while we were winding along the narrow path, which had been made on the steep aslants. These appearances of the clouds themselves were an object of curiosity, occasionally opening above us and exhibiting a deep-blue vault, through the fleecy vista, while beneath us lay vast chasms, on the sides of which our passage was now leading to the mightiest of these mighty openings, which exist everywhere throughout the island.

As our ride was early, we met many of the peasantry descending from their mountain-homes, with various articles upon their heads, which they were bearing to the city, as the fruits of their toil and the means for gaining, in exchange, a string of fish or bag of minto, or other article of food or little luxury. Again we would catch, in picturesque relief on some far-off peak, three or four peasants, winding along their private paths, their diminutive forms describing themselves in outline on the light beyond them. And in some still other and lower positions, with a chasm between us, we now and ever descried the shepherd boys and girls,

with their crook, guarding their flocks of goats, or more generally their stock of a small and beautiful breed of cattle, feeding on the green herbage that coated the steep acclivities everywhere. The constant care of the peasant is needed for his flock, to prevent their wandering down declivities, up which they could not again ascend; and to keep them within the range which shall enable them to direct their way back to their mountain-shantees before night; for every step here, when the deep shades of the ravines have spread themselves, would be the step of death, as it launched the bewildered straggler thousands of feet below.

Having urged on our course by the narrow path, that wound along the sides and projecting peaks of the ravines, leading up, and still up, the steep acclivities at angles of ascent, sometimes so great as to make it appear impossible to rise them, and which the horses only accomplished by starting upon the full spring before they reached the steepest aslants, we finally came, and suddenly, upon the full view of the deep ravine, which constitutes the famous Curral of the island of Madeira. It is 1600 feet deep from the point at which we were standing; and the dark sides of the ravine raise their sublime bulwarks until they are lost in the clouds yet above us. At the bottom of the ravine runs a blue foaming current, dashing on its way, and no wider, as seen from the elevated position at which we stood, than the ribbon on a lady's hat. A chapel, occupied by a solitary monk, is situated on the flats below; and the day after our visit, two officers who sought the same position, spied the "pilgrim's flag" flying from its walls, as an invitation for the strangers to descend to the bottom of the ravine. It was my intention to have done this on the day of my visit, but the road was slippery,

and no persuasion nor money would tempt my Antonio to allow his horse to proceed. We therefore ascended on foot to a high peak, which gave a better view of the deep below, and of the length of the ravine. This deep hollow in the centre of the island is deemed to be an extinct crater of a volcano. We gazed into it, and marked the vine-yards that occupied the cultivated grounds around the solitary church and the vine-clad peaks, and everywhere on the sides of the ravine. The blue-deep was seen at the west, rolling its high surges far off at sea; and as I gazed from this elevated point, no sound was heard around, nor life, to day, could be seen, and nature slept in her sublime solitude. A single bird, true, I should not forget, was sailing over the far-down depths, careless of the fearful vacancy of the chasm beneath him; and higher and still higher he edged up his flight, by the graceful slant of his wide spread wing, until he scaled above us, and hung in mid-air, over our right, when he was finally lost in the clouds that rolled their mists above us. It was the Manto; but I thought of our own bird of our own republic, that looks with an undimmed eye on the sun; and decks with the emblem of elevated bearing, the proud flag that waves over America's fair land of the brave and the free. It takes but trifles to bear back to one's native land the heart that loves its home. The manto's wing, or the canary's song, or music from the guitar's string can call us away from foreign loves; and with an instant spell transport us from isle and over ocean, to the land and the home most dear.

Our caterer, who accompanied us, mindful of the effect of a ramble and a ride on the appetite of healthy men, had amply provided for its calls in the contents of a pouch, which one of our burroqueros, with the assistance of the

tail of the horse to which he clung on our steepest ascents, bore to the Curral. We lunched; and remounting our horses, were on our return again; with more solicitude in descending the declivities than we had experienced when rising their steeps. But we kept on our way, often with great speed, and to the no little excitement of some of the party with variable nerves. The rains had rendered the path slippery; and when we were half way on our return, and descending one of the clayey steeps, my eye suddenly rested on a horse prostrate in the path, and his rider, Lieutenant W., quite composedly, on foot, pursuing his way, ahead of him. The horse, which had fallen, and which I had supposed already dead from the position in which he lay, with his head downwards, soon rose again, with the burroquero at his side. Had the horse fallen thus at some other points of the road, both himself and the rider must have launched a thousand feet into the deep below. Instances of horses pitching from the narrow path have frequently been known, but the riders most generally have managed to escape, before the horses have taken their plunge. A gentleman assured me, that a friend of his, on the same route, had been thrown off a precipice, of fifteen feet in height; but the ravine bulging out at this point below the path, saved horse and rider from the fearful destruction that would otherwise have met them in their tumble of a thousand feet in perpendicular descent. When the burroquero, however, had regained the path, he seemed to insist upon the reinstatement of the spirited steed to the good opinion of his rider, by saying, with the greatest assurance, "Very good horse, master, *Mointebom*, killed only two men." This last expression may be a little like "*romancing*," to use an expression of one of our young gentlemen, who greatly dislikes over colouring in descrip-

tion; but the danger is not inconsiderable, to any one who rides over this passage of the mountain, to the Curral; and in one instance, my Antonio seized the reins of my horse, and on another occasion seemed to deem me too adventurous. I thought of the remark, that the oldest sailors are generally the most timid navigators, as they are aware of the real dangers that may be encountered. And here, Antonio loved his caval American mointebom, and was aware of the danger to which his very good American horse was exposed.

We had now descended to the foot of one of the lesser ravines, on our return. The other officers had advanced some distance, while I lingered a moment behind them, as they passed a group of peasants, beside a mountain-stream. The young women were more than usually neat in their attire, and seemed as pleased with the costume of the officers as the officers were interested in theirs. I asked the peasants if they could give me a drink from the pure stream, which was gurgling most refreshingly over the pebbles and through the green yam-leaves, at this hour, when the sun again made his appearance with his uncomfortable heat, as we were reaching the lower positions of the mountain. These mountain-nymphs seemed in somewhat of a dilemma at first, as to the manner in which they should meet my request; but a woman for ever, when a dilemma is to be relieved. One of the peasant girls flew up a path, to a small patch of yams, and plucked a large leaf, and in a moment was at the little streamlet again; and with a twist of the leaf formed a leaf-cup. Dipping it in the stream, she presented it to my lip, to the very considerable amusement of herself and the laughing group, while I sipped the limpid water from the extempore cup of the yam-leaf. I knew that a Portuguese peasant was ever ready

to receive a compensation for every little favour, and I dropped a silver piece into her hand, and started my horse again on his way; but the sight of the money gave motion to the whole group after me. As a matter of amusement, I scattered my small pieces of coin along the path, desiring to observe the peculiarities of these mountaineers; and in a few moments more, although I kept my horse in a trot, the group of boys and girls was every half minute augmented, until I had quite a small squadron crying after me in most persuasive tones of voice, and putting forth the utmost strength of limb to reach me, as I occasionally taughtened the rein of my horse and suffered the augmenting troop to reach me. "Por sua suade," exclaimed the foremost boy, who had already gotten his portion, and had advanced as near as my threatening stick would allow him, "for the sake of your salvation," with his hands in the most entreating attitude; and soon the rest would come up for an additional supply. Importunate from the encouragement they had already met with, as I attempted to increase the speed of my horse, the largest boy succeeded in seizing the reins of the animal, and one further retrograde step would have landed myself and horse in the deep below. I raised my whip and the boy dropped the reins; and I avoided another pause until I had reached a part of the path where there was a wider space, when I once more suffered the still increasing number to come up with me, and scattered among them all the small change I possessed, and soon regained my associates in the advance.

Throughout the city of Funchal, and along every road, the children of the lower classes, almost without exception, ask you, "por sua suade," for alms; and if you pass them, and a group be near, a general smile awakes upon their young faces, which are sad, and only then fictitiously,

when they seek for a donation. Formerly, before the Franciscans were exiled, there were a vast number of beggars in the island. Now very few are seen, and only among the children. But there seems to be not the least sense of shame or degradation connected with their petition for alms.

The peasantry of the island appear to be, comparatively, a happy people. They cultivate the land, and give the proprietor one half the produce, liberally dividing the various articles they raise, even to the head of a cabbage. From the mountains they also gather billets of wood, and bundles of flowering broom, which, when dry, answers for oven wood. They receive from nine to eighteen cents for the quantity they can carry upon their heads. One half of this goes to the proprietor, from whose land the material is gathered. The same division takes place in the grapes, vegetables, poultry, and the flocks of goats and sheep, and herds of cattle. The peasant who occupies the land on these conditions, leaves his title to his children, who cultivate the soil on the same condition as the father before them.

We returned in safety to the ship, regretting that the day had not been more favourable for our ride and observation, and particularly, that we could not descend to the bottom of the Curral. But the passage along the ravines, ascending to the point where we gazed into this deepest chasm of the mountains, and the grand scenery beneath, and above, and around us—of high peak and fearful slant—of far off and blue ocean—of cloud, sailing but half way up the sublime mountain-sides—here, deep green and clad in vines, and there, dark brown in its rough pumice-stone or basalt, and jets of water spouting from its wide area, and lining its way, like a silver stream floating on a dark

ground to the bottom of the crater, or to mingle its bright line in the Ribeiro do Curral—all, with the peasantry in their mountain fastnesses, constitute elements of the beautiful and the sublime, the rural, the picturesque, and the novel, which, in their combination, produce a picture that will ever appear unique for its singularity, grand for the prevalence of the vast, and pleasingly exciting for the blending of so much beauty with the fearful.

The grounds of Count Carvalhal, lately deceased, the rich fidalgo of the island, and deemed one of the richest subjects of the Portuguese king, are deemed an object of curiosity to the visiter of Funchal. His situation, called Palherio, is on the east of the city. We rode to it in the afternoon. The late proprietor left his large estates involved in dispute among his heirs. He is spoken of as having been a man of great interest of character in his liberal contributions for every public improvement; and his own grounds exhibit him to have been a man of taste. His domain is set out with forest trees, forming wide avenues of oaks, firs, chestnut, in imitation of an English park. The double camillia grows here in rich perfection, and exists in immense hedges. The tree reaches six to eight feet in height, and the flower, in its white and red, more nearly becomes the rival of the rose, than any other shrub of which the queen of flowers could be jealous. The perfume of the rose is wanting, but the ever-green leaf of the tree, with its polished luxuriance, has altogether its superiority over the rose. We regretted that the shrub was not in blossom.

In a ramble which I took alone and at random, the evening preceding the one we were to leave the island, I entered the grounds of Palmyra, regarded as one of the most beautiful quintas on the island. It is a lovely spot.

The courtesy of Mr. O. invited me to the house, after having with much politeness accompanied me through the grounds. The interview with himself and sister is remembered with pleasure. Miss O. spoke of the works of the Abbotts with interest; and her taste made her commendation of these American productions a matter of gratification to myself. Mr. O., a genteel young gentleman, visited our ship the next day, and I was pleased with the opportunity of reciprocating his courtesy.

At the Til, another quinta, we looked with interest upon a large bath in the centre of the buildings, supplied with water from the mountains, as being the reservoir in which Captain Canning of the Royal Navy, son of the late Prime Minister of England, was drowned. He had proposed to bathe previous to breakfast, and delaying longer than was expected, was sent for. His clothes lying by the side of the bath, and his person being unseen, declared the melancholy catastrophe.

Having spent the evening with Mr. A., at his friend's, I left at a late hour their residence for the American Consul's. It was quite dark in the narrow streets of Funchal, through several of which I was to pass. The servant was furnished with torches, formed of pitch and broom, which quite lighted up the narrow street, and made our course through the dark passes striking and characteristic. As we were thus seeking the residence of the Consul, we passed a lady borne in a palanquin. The two men who moved forward with this comfortable conveyance, also bore their lighted torches. The vivid glare of the meeting lights rendered each party distinct to the view of the other; and with a salutation, we each continued our glaring way through the dark streets, over which night, with her sablest wing, seemed at this hour to hover.

The palanquin is a kind of sedan, attached by cords, at each end, to a long pole, which rests on the shoulders of two athletic Portuguese peasants. The lady places herself on a seat, or reclines as she chooses; and if she please, draws a curtain, which is thrown over the pole, so that it may entirely conceal the person within, or only partially, so as to defend from the sun or rain, while the passers-by and the lady may recognise each other. When crossing the mountains or performing any distance from Funchal, a hammock is slung to the pole instead of the palanquin, being more convenient both for the person carried, and those who bear the traveller. The facility and strength which the peasantry manifest in ascending the mountains with such a burden, is surprising. The peasantry are a hardy race, and perfectly courteous. Their ease in saluting the stranger would do credit to men who pride themselves on much better breeding. They wear a small cap upon their head, terminating in a peak. Their trousers are gathered tight below the knee, leaving the calf of the leg and foot bare, unless a boot of goat-skin decorates the lower part of the limb. A jacket and shirt complete the dress. The peasant women wear a short petticoat, a bodice, and a shawl, with a cap of blue broadcloth lined with red, similar to the men's. The cloth from which they usually make their garments, is a homespun linen. The frock or petticoat of the women is sometimes a striped material of yellow and red. The peasants invariably salute the stranger, by raising the cap, and the men never pass a peasant woman of their own class, without doing the same. On our way to the Curral, we passed not a single peasant who did not make this courteous demonstration of his polite and easy manners.

The stranger will be struck and pleased with the mark-

ed ease and courtesy of the Portuguese at Madeira, in its society of every grade. The higher orders of the Portuguese and English society are a good deal distinct. I know not that there are any jealousies existing between them. But I should attribute the circumstance to the fact, that the English families are sufficient in number to form a society of their own, and but few Portuguese women speak the English with ease; nor are there but few English women who readily converse in the Portuguese language. The gentlemen, however, more generally, speak the two languages of the island.

On our arrival at Madeira, among other vessels we found an English yacht. It has excited some interest from the circumstance that a lady commands it, who is thus seeking her health upon the billow. She is the wife of Col. H. Her story, as given by herself, is, that her husband had purchased and fitted up the boat, with the intention of accompanying his wife to sea. But on the eve of their sailing, he was promoted to a command in the guards, which was deemed a matter of so much interest to the husband, that he concluded not to accompany his lady on the proposed voyage. The alternative was, that his wife must remain at home, or consult her health by entering on her course, unattended by her husband, to the latitudes recommended. She did not hesitate, however singular it might be deemed by the world, to give her health the first consideration, according to their original plan. With her servant, pilot and crew, she has consequently been pursuing her track on the ocean. She dares

"The wild raging sea,"

with all the composure of a rear-admiral, and daily unfolds her sails to the evening breeze, and dashes out into the

offing over the blue surges, in her beautiful little bark, bounding upon the sea-billow like a swan, rippled on the waves of a home-stream.

She passed under the stern of the Columbia this evening, while her band was playing "Yankee-doodle," and her crew, composed of some seven or eight in number, were dancing on the deck, in tip-toe glee, to our national air. Mrs. H. was sitting in her usual place on the quarter-deck, with a young friend lounging comfortably near her, and her pilot standing near the steersman to guide the bark. Our officer of the deck touched his cap as the yacht passed; and laughingly said, as he took his seat at the tea-table a few moments since, "I was about to call you to witness *a scene*, but was rather too busy just at the moment." The particulars above we knew, having heard the music of the yacht as she passed. The Lieutenant continued, "I thought our band was rather too small in its numerical constitution to return the compliment, and being just ready to send down the royal yards, the music beat the call, and down came the pennant, ensign, and royal yards; and as the yacht rounded about the frigate's bow, we rolled off in fine style." A very clever thing, was the response, with a simultaneous peal of approbation from the mess.

A Legend of the Madeiras.

There is a pretty legend connected with the first discovery of Madeira, if I may so call a romantic narrative, which has been embodied, as dignified history, in the writings of Cadeyro, who is considered by the Portuguese one of their historians of the first rank. The incident is laid in the times of Edward III. of England and Don John the First of Portugal.

An English gentleman by the name of Robert Machin became attached to a young lady of noble family, by the name of Anna D'Arfet. Her beauty, accomplishments, and endowments, of course, were equal to her birth, and her fortune large. She reciprocated the attachment of Machin; but on account of the superiority of the lady's family, the parents forbade the union of the two lovers. To prevent the consummation of the desires of Anna D'Arfet and Robert Machin—as the young heroine thought virtue and noble qualities of more value than antiquity or elevation of family—the parents compelled their daughter to accept the offers of a nobleman of distinction, who was, however, the object of her great aversion. And to render the wishes of the parents and the noble lord more certain of accomplishment, a warrant was obtained from the king, on some pretext, by which Machin was retained in prison until the celebration of the nuptials between Anna D'Arfet and the noble suitor. The bride was immediately conveyed, by her husband, to one of his country estates, near Bristol, where she became the inmate of a strong castle. It being supposed that the lady was now successfully secured from forming a connection, which her friends deemed would have been dishonourable to the dignity of their family, Machin was suffered to leave his prison. But the lover, on hearing the intelligence of the marriage, first gave himself up to despair; then, impelled by rage and revenge, he determined, if possible, to rescue the object of his love from a position he had every reason to believe to be a state of extreme wretchedness to her, to which she had been reduced by acts of the greatest cruelty. He had his friends, who all pledged their devotion in executing his plans. He sought her castle—communicated, by stratagem, his presence and purposes, if she would consent to

accompany him—and having a small vessel already manned, he gained her consent; and the lovers were soon together in their bark, making their way, as they supposed, successfully to the coast of France. But the winds arising, they were driven far out to sea; and bewildered, as they had no experienced pilot on board, they missed their intended port; and when nearly exhausted and hopeless, after being thirteen days at sea, they descried a dark object looming in the distance, which, as the sun broke clearly upon it in their nearer approach, they discovered, to their inexpressible relief, to be land. As they neared the high bluffs, they presented their beautiful appearance of green luxuriance; and birds, with white and yellow plumage, lighted upon their vessel. And yet, while I was on the island, a single canary and a solitary manto, were the only two birds which met my eye, in my different rides and rambles. But the age of which we are speaking, of Anna D'Arfet and Robert Machin, were days of adventure, and love, and beautiful birds. The sea was tranquil, as they came still nearer the island, and before them was exhibited a scene of enchantment.

The boat was launched, and the party examined the point which had attracted their attention for its beauty. The report of the boat's crew was so favourable as to lead the distressed lovers to hope that they had, at least for a time, obtained a haven of repose, refreshment, and security. Fruits of various kinds, indigenous to the island, met their eye, and gratified their taste; and the honey found in the crevices of the rocks possessed the flavour of violets. The trees were immense; and the forests, undisturbed in the quiet of unrecorded years, displayed their verdant and massive canopies of foliage. This may not be improbable, though the island now is almost entirely des-

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titute of forest trees. I saw the trunk of one of the old monarchs of the isle, measuring more than thirty feet in circumference, which still lingered in its leafless dignity, in the grounds of the Til.

Machin and Anna D'Arfet, with some of their followers, left the ship, and landed at the spot which had attracted their gaze for its loveliness, and where they were anticipating that they should enjoy the delights of security, as they calmed their minds, after the perils of the tempestuous voyage. But their peace was destined not long to continue. A storm was borne over the ocean; and the ill-anchored vessel, which, under any circumstances of mooring, could hardly have withstood the rolling of the open roadstead, was forced to put to sea, while nothing of necessity or accommodation had been conveyed from the vessel to the shore. The vessel, at length, was lost to the anxious gazers on the shore. The shock of this new calamity overpowered the already prostrated system of the young sufferer, and her form sunk beneath the pressure of her dejected spirits and their increasing misfortunes. The spirit of the lovely Anna D'Arfet could no longer support the multiplied distresses of her situation, and in a few days she expired, in the arms of her devoted and distracted lover.

Aware that he could but a little while survive the loss, which had thus overwhelmed him and made life to him of no longer desire, Machin spent the few succeeding days in erecting a memorial, to perpetuate the story of the fidelity, the affection, and the misfortunes of their loves. And as he was breathing almost his last respiration, he entreated his followers, that his own remains might be interred in the bosom of the same grave with his beloved Anna. The request of Machin was religiously complied with, and

the bodies of the lovers slept together at the foot of an erected altar, beneath the overhanging boughs of a wide spreading tree, against the stupendous stem of which a cedar cross was placed, which seems to have been venerated in the changes of time, as it yet occupies its original position, to awaken the sympathy of the passer-by, while he reads the story of Robert Machin and Anna D'Arfet. Thus terminated the sad story of these two unfortunate lovers. And thus, and

"Far from their own, their native land they slept;
No pitying kindred o'er their relics wept!
Madeira's earth enshrined the hapless pair,
The first who lived, who loved, who perished there."

On the memorial, however, which Machin had left to perpetuate the affecting tale of his own and his loved one's fate, was a request that if, at any future period, a colony should be planted upon the island by Christians, they would erect on the spot a church, to be consecrated to the Redeemer of mankind. The pious request of the dying lover has been complied with; and a church, dedicated as desired, now occupies the memorable spot.

After the death of their leader, the distressed followers of Machin left the island, whether in the boat which they had preserved, or in a larger craft which they constructed for the purpose, is not said; and they made the African coast, which lies about three hundred miles from the island of Madeira. They were captured by the Barbary powers and carried to Morocco, where they fell in with their old companions, who had been driven on the same shores and lost their vessel. While they were all confined in slavery, the topic of their adventures was often the subject of their conversation, all of which Juan de Morales, a Spaniard, was particular in observing, and treasuring in his memory. He questioned them about the island, and all particulars

which he deemed of interest as to its locality and beauty and worth. With this information he was soon afterwards ransomed, by the particular intervention of the king of Spain; but while returning to his own country, he was taken prisoner and carried into Lisbon by Joao Gonsalves Zarco, a Portuguese navigator, to whom he narrated the particulars, which he had gained from the party of English, who had been his fellow prisoners at Morocco.

Zarco, imbued with the spirit of adventure, communicated the intelligence which he had gained from the Spaniard to the Infant Henry of Portugal, whose mother was the daughter of Edward III. of England. The Prince Henry submitted the information to his brother, Don John, the king of Portugal, who immediately ordered a ship to be gotten in readiness for Zarco, who undertook, without delay, to make the discovery of the island of which they had gained this account. He sailed on the first of June, 1419, and reached Porto Santo, which had been discovered a few years before, and was held by the Portuguese. He made a short stay. The inhabitants informed him that off at the westward, a dark stupendous object was always seen, which loomed up in the distance, but which they had never approached from its dismal appearance, and which, with the superstitious apprehensions of the age, they regarded as the haunt of demons and evil spirits. The adventurous navigator having seen too many dangers to be alarmed by this representation of the supposed residence of evil genii, set off on his course, and soon made the island for which he steered; and as he gained a nearer view of the dark object as it first presented itself to the sight, he thought the lightsome beauty of its green sides more nearly than any other known land realized the fancy of a region of fairies, and a scene of the golden age.

At the bay they first entered, Zarco sent one of his followers on shore to make what discoveries might present themselves. He landed at the very spot which the English voyagers had but lately occupied. They soon traced their way to the place where the unfortunate lovers were interred. The altar and the cross with the inscription were soon discovered, and the spot, in commemoration of the misfortunes of the unhappy Machin, received the name of Machico, which it still retains.

The company having returned to the ship with their interesting report to Zarco, he, accompanied by two priests, went on shore, and on the same day, the 2d of July, 1419, made a pious visit to the tomb of the two lovers. The ceremonial of thanksgiving for the discovery of the island was performed, and formal possession of the same, in the name of the king of Portugal, was taken, to whose dominions the island has ever since been attached. The service for the dead, according to the Roman ritual, was then said at the sepulchre, and the ceremonies concluded by laying the first corner-stone of the church, which, according to the request of Machin, was dedicated to the Redeemer of the world, and subsequently the edifice was completed, by the materials from the tree that sheltered, during their residence on the island, the followers of the devoted Machin and Anna D'Arfet. The pavement of the choir was intersected with the bones of the unfortunate lovers, whose story has served to add romance to this green isle of the ocean, and which history has dignified by repeating, with how much truth we stop not to inquire, and care not particularly to know. But we do know, that nowhere else could the unfortunate Machin and the lovely Anna D'Arfet have found a sweeter spot to repose their

mingled dust, until it awake again for the ever green youth of ever blooming years.

Zarco found the island so thickly coated with immense forest trees, that he gave it the name of Madeira, or *Mattera*, which signifies THE ISLE OF WOOD. Proceeding still farther along to the west he came to an open bay, which he deemed to be the most favourable site for the capital of the island. As the spot was remarkable for its large quantities of fennel, which is *Funchal* in the Portuguese language, he gave this name to the location, from this botanical association, which has been retained up to the present time.

Zarco transmitted his favourable reports to the king, and Madeira having become a part of the Portuguese dominions, Joao Gonsalves Zarco was justly appointed to the government of the island. The king also dignified Zarco with the rank of nobility. And that he might add importance to these his newly acquired possessions, Don John sent three young noblemen from his palace to espouse the three daughters of Zarco, whom the king had endowed with large tracts of land in the island; and from these, it is said, the principal families of Madeira are descended.

The island of Madeira has been known to Americans principally for its wines; and in former years, on account of the quantities of bread-stuffs which were imported into the island from the United States. In later years the number of vessels arriving here from the United States has diminished; while it is still a matter of some interest in our commerce.

The principal part of the trade is in the hands of the English merchants, who have their permanent residences on the island, with their families.

The following particulars in connection with the cultivation of the vine and the manner of securing its product, may not be uninteresting, as given, in substance, in a sketch by Mr. Bowditch. The best kind of grapes for making wine are the Bual, Sercial, Verdelho, Negro Molle, and Malvasia. They are said not to be palatable, as eating fruit. The vines are propagated by cuttings, which are planted in trenches. The usual mode of training the vines is on trellises, made of common cane, and from two to three feet above the ground. The commencement of gathering the grapes for pressing is early in September. The grapes are first trodden by the feet, in a trough made of wood, or excavated in the rocks; and the first juice, thus expressed, is distinguished as the *vinho da flor*. The bruised grapes are then collected within the coils of a thick rope, made of the twisted shoots of the vine, and repeatedly subjected to the press for the second quality, called *must*. This is mixed, usually, with the *vinho da flor*, and transferred the same day into casks to ferment. The rapidity of the fermentation depends partly on the warmth of the weather, and also on the perfect maturity of the grape. The more violent action commonly ceases in about a month or six weeks; but a certain degree of fermentation continues to go on, particularly in the richer qualities of vines. The liquors are clarified by a kind of gipsum, brought chiefly from Spain. This is the last process of the operation. Near the beginning of the year the wine is racked from the lees.

In the case of the Tinto wine made of the black grapes (negro molle) the grapes undergo only one pressure from the lever, and are afterwards drained through a sieve, which allows the husks and seeds to pass, the stalks only remaining behind. The whole is put into a vat open at

the top and strained three or four times during the day, until the fermentation has ceased. Then it is racked off into casks.

In making the white wines, the different kinds of grapes are commonly mixed together, except the Malvasia or Malmsey, and the Sercial. The Malmsey grapes are suffered to ripen for a month later than any other, until the skin begins to shrivel. The Malmsey grape is produced only on a few spots, enjoying a peculiar warmth of exposure. The grape does not always produce a sweet wine. Indeed it only does so in one or two situations. In other cases sugar, burnt by a particular wood, is thrown in.

The Sercial also will succeed only in particular spots. The quantity produced scarcely equals fifty pipes a year.

A quantity of brandy, from two gallons a pipe and upwards, is generally thrown into the wines intended for exportation, with the exception, it is said, of the Tinto. In the war time, when, from the great demand, the merchants were unable to keep a great stock on hand, it was usual to ripen the wines by the use of stoves, raising the heat gradually from 60 to 100 degrees; and it is still the practice to subject a certain portion of the vintage to the operation of this artificial temperature. The mellowness of the wine is, no doubt, thus accelerated, but at some expense of the delicacy of its flavour.

The average quantity of the produce throughout the island is one pipe to the acre, though in some instances four pipes have been obtained.

The wine from the north of the island is generally inferior in quality. It is nearly all consumed on the island, or converted into brandy. There are about twelve distilleries. Three pipes of wine make one of brandy.

The quantity of wine produced during the five preced-

ing years, according to a statement furnished me by the American Consul, is as follows:

In 1834,	15,000	pipes.
In 1835,	15,500	"
In 1836,	29,000	"
In 1837,	2,900*	"

As I descended the gangway to the deck, on the last evening of our stay at Madeira, the First Lieutenant, with his usual and always amiable smile, exclaimed, "Why, Mr. T., you like to have been left—we only wait for the departure of some gentlemen who have been dining with the Commodore, before we weigh anchors." An hour afterwards, and all hands were called to unmoor ship.

The frigate's last boat had left the shore at sunset, but as I saw no movement on board either of the two ships, I ventured to delay a half-hour, with the design of being pushed off in a shore-boat. I was on my way for a ramble through the buildings occupied by the Franciscans, before they were banished from the island. By their tenets, this order of monks exclude themselves from all participation in other possessions than houses for their lodgings; acting literally on the precept, "provide neither gold nor silver;"

* The Malmsey wine has been known formerly as forming a luxuriant beverage of the more opulent classes in England. It is frequently mentioned by Shakspeare, and is seen in all the accounts of ancient feasts, and in the household books of the nobility of former times. The Duke of Clarence, according to English historians, was drowned in a butt of it; and whether from any particularly inspiring property it possesses, we do not pretend to say, but a certain portion of this sweet wine is allowed, as the annual stipend of the poet laureat. It was formerly brought to England from Malvisia, a town on the east coast of the Morea, from whence it derived its name. And from the grape, originally transplanted from Malvisia to Madeira, as is supposed, the modern Malmsey is produced.

they were to beg for their living, and to pursue the course of profoundest humility, in the externals of dress, food, and their general intercourse with men, as well as in their private communion with their God. But after the death of St. Francis, their founder, succeeding generals of their order encouraged a mitigation of the strict rules of St. Francis, while the fraternity yet remained mendicants, but enjoyed, from various Popes, certain privileges which yielded them revenues for their comfortable living. Formerly, there were three branches of the general institution in Funchal. Their convent, to which I was directing my way, formerly exhibited, in its spacious building, one small chamber, displaying a peculiar furniture. Its ceilings and walls were covered with human sculls and thigh-bones, so arranged as to form a triangle with sculls at each point. A figure of St. Francis was balancing the representation of a saint and a sinner, to ascertain which was the heavier of the two. A lamp suspended from the ceiling threw its dim light on the skeleton scene, which it were better should have been veiled by a curtain of darkness. The number of bones in this collection was deemed more than three thousand. But with the banishment of this order of friars from the island, this chamber of skeletons no longer remains a relic of Franciscan taste, although nothing has surprised me more than the collection of sculls and their associate bones, which have met my eye within the few days of my visit to the island. The phrenologist might have made a collection of any amount of these sad relics, to deck the shelves of his lecture-room.

I did not reach the point of the walk which I had proposed to myself. Mr. B., a friend, met me, and repeated inquiries which the interesting Clementina, whom I first saw in her assumed character of nun, at the convent, had

made. I left for her cordial assurances of interest, which the incidents of the convent would render permanent, among my acceptable recollections of the green isle of Madeira. I regretted that the ship's boat, by which I was to visit the shore for the last time, was on the eve of leaving the ship at the moment of her visiting the frigate during the morning, with her father. It is a strange fatality, which seems often to guide our steps. By strange coincidences we meet. As strangers, we are surprised at the interest which a passing interview with the stranger has awakened. The golden chain of sympathy has wound yet another coil around the heart. And when we hope again to meet, some fatality has forbidden; and then comes the passing salutation; and then, the wave, the surge, the ocean, bear us on our separate courses, like divergent rays of light, each moment of their flight farther and still farther apart.

Some of the stragglers from the John Adams were hastening to their boat, expecting every moment to see her sails fall. With an admonition to another idler from the Columbia, who proposed delaying until nine o'clock, to finish his notes on shore, I placed myself in a shore-boat, yet dry upon the pebbled beach. Two athletic oarsmen were in their seats, when four other of their associates watched the movement of the in-rolling breaker, and as it was returning to the sea, launched our light bark on the mimic billow, which bore us to the unbroken water from off the beach. A pull of a half hour brought us within the hail of the sentry, in the chains of the good Columbia.

Descending to the ward-room, I found the Consul taking tea with the gentlemen of the mess.

"Well, Mr. T.," said the Consul, as he rose to welcome me, "I was just devising how I should entertain the chaplain if you had chanced to be left."

"Sat cito si sat tuto," I replied—soon enough if safe enough. He had my thanks for the entertainment he had already so politely extended, and here (I held up a beautiful handful of flowers) was a magnificent bunch of geraniums from his grounds, which would remind me of the Consulate when the green isle had sunk far in the distance.

The gentlemen from shore soon after left the ship, and "all hands to up anchor, ahoy," was piped along the decks; and soon the music, to which the men walked around with the capstan, was heard mingling with the occasional clank of the coming in of the iron cable.

And now we leave thee, sweet Madeira, with all thy flower-enamelled hills, and geranium avenues, and hedges of roses, and terraces of ever-green and ever-blooming shrubs, and trellises of vines, and embowered quintas, with balcony and turret. But not all of thee shall we leave; for we have treasured up thoughts that may not die. Yet fare thee well, thou green isle! Henceforth thou shalt lie, as a beautiful thing, in my memory. And the names of some who dwell among thy garden-flowers are treasured, where they are not to be forgotten. The shades of evening have shut in, and only the lights that gleam from thy balconies tell me where lie thy beautiful parterres. But the clear blue sky spreads its canopy of early eve above thy shaded isle. And I have now given to ye all my last look, and seek my room. Then,

> Good night, good night! one star is o'er you peering,
> As 'cross the wave our gallant bark is steering;
> Good night, good night! ye 'll calmly seek your pillow,
> While we, afar, are toss'd upon the billow.

SECTION IV.

Ships stand south. Sunday exercises. Meeting of friends in another world. A grasshopper visits the ship. His message a true one. General quarters. Crossing the Line. Star-gazing. The old eagle at home. Reefing. An Extract. A Naval toast. A man overboard. Memory of the departed and loved. South American coast in sight. Moonlight scene. Entering the narrow pass to the harbour of Rio de Janeiro. Music at sundown.

Our two ships have been standing on their south-westerly course, from Madeira, for several days, without any incident of particular interest occurring. It has been a leisure moment for reviewing the scenes which presented themselves to us at the lovely island of Madeira, which cannot fail to originate in the mind of the visiter many pleasurable visions, to be recalled among his future welcome memories.

On the first Sunday out of Madeira, after the religious exercises of the day, one of the Lieutenants joined me as I was pacing the quarter-deck, and expressed his persuasion that he would become religious if one idea could be made certain to him, which I had advanced in my morning's discourse. It related to the meeting of friends, and their recognition of each other, in another world. That Christian friends will meet in heaven, and there recognise each other, I believe to be the general drift of the Scriptures. "To depart, and to be *with Christ* is far bet-

ter," is the language of St. Paul, as applicable to all Christians as well as to himself. And if they shall all be *with Christ*, they, by consequence, will be with each other. And retaining their memories, as one constituent part of their mental and responsible being, they must, as associate and social spirits, recognise each other, in their eternal intercourse in the society of the redeemed. This young genteman's interest in the subject of which he spoke was sincere; and he has had my sympathy and solicitude for his highest happiness for this and the coming world.

We infer that land is not far from us, as a *grasshopper* has made his off-shore leaps, to visit so strange a thing as a man-of-war. Had he been a Malay, perhaps we should have asked him questions about his so unceremoniously boarding us. And what must have been his surprise, as he cautiously crawled up our sides and took his first view of our fearful decks, with their threatening forty-two pounders lining their long bulwarks, with perforations, through which "death and destruction" bear forth to their enemies "blood and carnage sounding with death-groans." And then to have looked upon the four or five hundred tarpaulin-headed sons of the ocean, moving over the decks of the sea-monster—here, in unison pulling upon some sinew of the moving animal, or there, easing a strain upon one of her tiring wings; then, to have seen certain timid young gentlemen waiting with expectant attention, the order of the deck-officer, who was about to speak big words through a trumpet; and then, when he cast his eye, as he sat on the lee gunwail, to the quarter-deck, and caught a look at a venerable and graceful old gentleman in gold lace and epaulets and bright buttons, moving backwards and forwards in commanding dignity and self possession; and then, gazed upon the bright things, and

the dark things, and the painted things, and the double edged things, and the confused things, and the straight things, and the crooked things, surely, his agitated bosom must, at length, have heaved in fearful and profound surprise. Ah! Mr. Grasshopper! not I should like to have been upon thy trembling legs. In fearful haste to re-seek my forsaken land-home, I should, with a single leap, have re-laved my grasshopper sides!

The grasshopper's message was a true one. At meridian, the cry of "land ho!" told us, that we were sailing through the pass between the islands of the Cape de Verdes—Saint Jago on our right—and the Isle of May on our left. The jagged outlines of St. Jago present a peculiar appearance, lower than Madeira, but barren, as we see it through the mists which render its base indistinct, and its more elevated points devoid of other interest than found in the varied shades which its nearer prominences, in contrast with the farther-in ravines, produce, while the blending of the irregular tops of the cragged peaks, represents the troubled waves of a rolling ocean, when rendered partially indistinct by the mists which sweep over its gray bosom.

A proud frigate with all her equipments of war, and tracery of cordage, and sheets of canvass, is always an object to secure the gazer's admiration for her beauty and grandeur. But nowhere, save in the storm, is the interest which one feels as he stands upon her deck, more intense, than during the profound silence that occurs at general quarters.

A few rolls of the drum beat the call to quarters, first slow, then quicker, and in another moment the thrilling roll has ceased, giving only time for every man to reach his place. The officers, with their swords in hand, are at

the position they would occupy in an engagement. The men are at their guns. The magazine is opened, and the passers of powder occupy their stations, forming a line to the decks from the depository of the fearful agent, which is to do the deeds of destruction, devastation and death. A hasty review of each division is gone through by its officer, who reports his division to the commanding officer as ready for action; when he returns again in silence, to wait the orders which are to succeed. It is at this moment a stillness reigns through the ship, so hushed, that a single sigh could almost be heard; and the step of the commanding officer sounds as he paces the deck, backwards and forwards, as if he were the solitary being that possessed the ship. The deep stillness impresses the soul like the ominous foreboding which precedes the earthquake, or as the interlude between the eruptions of the volcano.

Such was the scene exhibited to-day, June 12th. The sea was calm. The sails hung flat to the masts. The beat to quarters had rolled through the ship; and in another moment, every man was at his station. The ship's crew had been almost daily exercised at the guns, that they might become familiar with their management; but to-day their evolutions were to include the discharge of four rounds of canister. The order was given, and the double broadside, with the thunder of sixty cannon, boomed over the wide sea. Then the irregular cannonading succeeded, each division vieing with the others, in their endeavour to exceed, in quickness of action, the discharge of the others' pieces, while the successive and quick report of musketry was heard from the upper deck.

I had passed from the magazine to the berth-deck during the action, where I met the surgeon. For a moment

the cannonading had ceased. The hatch of the gun-deck was hurriedly raised, and the word passed for the surgeon. The doctor, attended by one of his assistants, was immediately at the spot, where a wounded sailor was lying, with a lacerated arm dripping with blood, and two fingers blown from his hand. The accident occurred in consequence of the bursting of a powder-horn, while priming a gun, when a portion of an ignited match still remained upon the breech which had been unsuccessfully applied to the priming tube. Others, who were standing about the gun, were slightly wounded. The principal sufferer had his hand and arm immediately dressed, and was conveyed, in a cot, after the closing of the magazine, to a position in the sick-bay; and a few hours afterwards, to a yet more comfortable place on the gun-deck. I went to the sick-bay after the mock-fight was over, and found some half a dozen of the men having their slight cuts and bruises bandaged.

There is seldom any good we would secure, which is not attended by some evil, in the way of our obtaining it. And the very accidents which occur on these occasions of exercise, show the necessity of their repetition, that the crew may become familiar with their duty, and be saved from greater destruction, in case of any necessity for conducting a general engagement with an enemy; or in sustaining the proper dignity of the national flag. Our men-of-war, even in times of peace, are often placed in circumstances, critical in themselves, and requiring the self-possession of confident preparation, to enable a commander to act with the dignity which his station, as the protector of our commerce in foreign ports, or as the politic negotiator, requires. The crew have also been drilled in the use of small-arms, and exercised in the evolutions for boarding

with the pikes and cutlasses, as well as the calling away of the firemen with their water-buckets, in case of the critical situation of the ship on fire.

When the exercises of our guns were over, volumes of dense smoke were seen to issue from the ports of the John Adams, now lying on our larboard quarter; and in a moment more, the roar of her cannon told us that she was following the motions of the Columbia.

We are nearing the line this evening, if we have not already bounded over it. Our latitude at meridian, July 17th, was 49′ North. We are driving along finely, with royals set and filled with the fresh trades from the south-east. The night is fine; and the contrast of variables and calms which have attended us for a few days past, renders our present good fortune doubly acceptable, and conducive to make us all good natured. The breeze comes blandly upon the cheek, while dark clouds, in their characteristic gray of the trades, form a panoramic view in the horizon. The sun fell beneath a serrated vapour bank, and lighted up its cragged peaks with a fringe of gold. The twilight was brief, while the straggling gray clouds began to assume a dull but soft bottle-green colour, deepening as they sailed through a back ground, which changed from the faintest light to a shade of pink, as delicate as the softest blush on the cheek of loveliest lady. And now above us, and higher up than ever before I had seen her riding through her azure halls, every moment deepening in their blue, the lovely Diana moved on her course serene, with a sweet star thrown carelessly upon her western horn, as if to pioneer her way of gems and purple.

I was on the horse-block with the surgeon, looking at the scene to the west, and inhaling the delightful breeze of the evening's earliest hour, which, although in the tem-

perature of 82° F. to-night, reminded me of the bracing atmosphere of earliest northern autumnal days.

"Two idlers here, that should be ordered to the deck," said the First Lieutenant, as he made a third upon the horse-block.

"And that fringe of gold thereaway, is worth looking at and remembering, as seen on the eve when we were on the widest point of earth and ocean," I repeated.

"Fine, indeed," continued the First Luff. But Doctor, do you see *the Line* yet? It strikes me that you and Mr. T. look as if you might need shaving before morning."

"The Line has not snubbed us yet," added Lieut. W., who had also joined the party, "but there goes a bird, and there another. They are as great *boobies* as ourselves, for being here; at least, Jack calls them boobies, as they sometimes light upon the ship, and in an instant seem to be asleep, and suffer themselves to be taken."

"See you that?" added Lieutenant P., approaching the horse-block and pointing to a bank of clouds, which had already caught our admiration, and had not yet lost its edge of gold.

"And Diana too, with her bright-eyed gray-hound, on her evening hunt, see you not that also?" I pointed to the beautiful moon, having at this moment nearly the same right ascension with Jupiter, who, in his brilliant white light, at this hour of early evening, appeared, though intensely more bright, of the size of a star of the fourth magnitude.

We lingered on the side-steps, and talked of olden customs, when crossing the Line; and chatted of other things, like a group of idlers, enjoying the sweet hour and the lovely scene, and snuffing the soft air, while we were gliding finely through the waters, with our sails trimmed

on a tack which, with the southeast trades, we expected would last, almost without touching a cord, for a dozen days to come.

A boy from the ward-room approached, and touching his hat, said that tea was ready. The horse-block and the tea-table have their separate temptations; and we left the sociability of the one, and the gorgeous scene contemplated from it, for the cheer and the chat of the other.

Star-gazing at Sea.

It is a glorious thing, that gemmed blue sky, which nightly arches its spangled canopy over the head of the voyager. I have long and often amused myself in reading the bright night-lights, which have gleamed in their mellowed beauty of distance and brightness. I have watched the north polar-star, from night to night, as it sank lower and lower towards the horizon, telling me that I was receding farther and still farther from the land of my home; until, at last, it sat to be seen no more until our ship should retrace her course from a southern to re-enter a northern hemisphere. The eye, however, still lingers on the dipper of the northern bear, which has served to point out to one the position of the polar gem, and still tells him where the sunken brilliant gleams, to delight the eyes of gazers beneath another zenith. But to me, one star, more dear than any other, attracts and holds my gaze, in the region of the north. Nor is there a lovelier gem in the heavens. It shines like the ever-varying but ever-brilliant hues of the diamond in a well-lighted hall, giving forth its translucent gleam of light, now of palest green, and then of blue, and red, and sometimes, in its ceaseless twinkling scintillations, deepening to the blue of indigo, while undiminished in its brilliancy and light. It is Lyra, of the

constellation of the Harp. And it is my natal star, reaching its meridian in the month and nearly on the day of my birth. And it gleams almost in the zenith of the region that marks the home of my youth; and reminds me of hours when, with others, I have gazed upon it for its brightness and its beauty.

Nor is it only our own private associations which awake, when the stars are the objects of one's contemplation. The thoughts go back to olden times, when the sages of other lands and periods gazed upon the same bright orbs; and astrologers read them as if they might find, in their hidden lore, the secret of immortal years and the fortunes of princes, and armies, and kingdoms, as well as the undeveloped destinies of the private adventurer, and the hidden fortunes of the agitated and expectant lover. But how deep is the sleep that has gathered over the closed eyes of all that multitude of millions, who, like ourselves, have gazed on the same undying lights which awake our admiration, and still gleam in the heavens for the delight of generations yet to come! It is no unwelcome revery of the mind, while looking upon these bright orbs, to recall the recorded feelings with which others have mused, like ourselves, on the blue heavens, hung in their gorgeous display, inwrought and inlaid by the hand of Deity. How many philosophers gazed on these same luminaries, with lingering eyes and longing minds, to read the true theory of their motions and matter! But the far-ancient solved not the problem: his theories all failed somewhere. But though ever fanciful, they were yet often beautiful imaginings; and not unfrequently were blended with ideas strikingly sublime. Far off, in that yonder region of the north, Cosmas Indopleastes, who supposed this earth an immense plane with an insurpassable ocean washing its circular edge, placed a

conical mountain. Around this he conjectured that the stars performed their daily revolution; and the sun also, with an oblique motion, by which the different lengths of the days and the seasons were accounted for. *But the stars, and the sun itself, were borne on in their several courses by celestial spirits.*

And olden bards have sung the same starry glories, in strains which associate their ancient reveries with the mystic dreamings of the philosophers. Long-haired Iopas, as Virgil's heroics tell us, tuned his gilded lyre to what the mighty Atlas taught; whence the race of men and beasts; whence Arcturus, the rainy Hyades, and the two northern cars; why winter-suns make so much haste to set in the ocean, and what retarding cause detains the slow summer-nights.*

And Manilius, in the age of Augustus Cæsar, also mused in numbers on the beautiful star of Lyra, as

> "ONE, placed in front above the rest,
> *A vigorous light;*"

and the story of Orpheus carries us back to the period of the Argonauts. The constellation of which Lyra is the principal star, as ancient legend tells us, is the celestial Harp, with which Apollo gifted Orpheus. As he touched its strings, rivers paused in their flow, and the forest-beast forgot his wildness, and hill and mountain moved to listen to his song. And when he had lost his lovely Eurydice,

* "Cithará crinitus Iopas
Personat auratâ, docuit quae maximus Atlas.
Hic canit erratem Lunam, Solisque labores;
Unde hominum genus et pecudes; unde imber, et ignes;
Arcturum, pluriasque Hyades, geminosque Triones
Quid tantum Oceano properant se tingere Soles
Hiberni, vel quaê tardis mora noctibus obstet."

his bride, from the land of the nymphs, his grief led him to the lower regions of Pluto and Proserpine, in search of her. He touched his lyre in their hearing, and so moved their pity, that they consented to restore Eurydice to him, with the single condition that he should not cast back his eyes upon his beautiful bride, before he had reached the outer border of their dark dominions. But, while already in sight of the upper regions of the air, Orpheus cast back one longing look upon his beloved Eurydice. He saw her; but the next moment she was beyond his future sight. He could not re-enter the regions of Pluto; and on earth his grief led him to forsake all society of his species. This behaviour so incensed the Thracian ladies, as story tells us, that they destroyed the lyric bard and harper, and threw into the river Hebrus his head, which continued to articulate, as it glided down the stream to the Ægean sea, "Eurydice! Eurydice! Eurydice!"

Such is the legend of Orpheus, decreed divine honours after his death, and his lyre placed among the constellations of the heavens. It is not madness to dream, in legends, when gazing on the stars.

The music of the spheres, we know, is another olden idea—Pythagoras representing Apollo as playing upon a seven-stringed harp; by which, we are informed by Pliny, is meant the sun and the seven planets. To this harmony of the spheres, Euripides thus beautifully alludes:—"Thee I invoke, thou self-created Being, who gave birth to nature, and whom light and darkness, and the whole train of globes, encircle with eternal music."

But it is in Shakspeare, we may find allusion to almost every thing; and as no other bard has described, and no other muse has sung. What can surpass the lines I copy here?

" Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
But in his motion, like an angel, sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

But as I turn from the beautiful star Lyra, my eye rests, not far off in the S. W., on *Arcturus*, "the brightest, the fairest of the stars," another favourite, but all unlike the *soft and modest Lyra.* It shone, in its beautiful red light, almost in our zenith at Madeira, and by some is deemed the star of the heavens nearest to our earth, as it is certainly one of the brightest and loveliest of the heavens. And its associations bear us back to sacred records as well as to pagan legends. Surely nothing can be sublimer than some of the allusions of the sacred penmen, when penetrated by a profound sense of the omnipotence of the Deity, as seen in his works. What can be finer, or more thrilling, as an exhortation to a spirit that acknowledges its responsibility to the Eternal God, than the following? "Seek him that maketh the seven stars, and Orion, and turneth the shadow of death into morning." And Job represents the Eternal as demanding, *"Knowest thou the ordinances of heaven? Canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season, *or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?*"* And this is language, supposed to have been written, at least, 3351 years ago. And on that same star gazed the patient Job, at that far back period; and on the same luminary, that loses nought of its loveliness or brightness with its years, also gazed the "priests of On," in the land of the mighty Pharaohs, from

*Job xxxviii. 31—33.

one of whom Pythagoras gained his knowledge of the theory of the heavens, and introduced the true system of the universe into Greece; and the daughter of another, Pharaoh wisely gave to Joseph, as a bride.

The stars of the southern hemisphere strike one as being fewer, but brighter and more distinct, than those of the northern. The stars of the first magnitude appear at greater intervals from each other, and less surrounded by smaller stars, and nebula. The constellation, which always attracts the voyager from the north, who has never before crossed the line, is the southern cross. This is composed of four distinctly bright stars, forming the four points of a cross, one of the first magnitude, two of the second, and one of the third or fourth. It is a beautiful constellation; and no wonder that it should have attracted, with deep interest, the daring discoverers, who sailed in an age when *the cross* was the emblem which gave license to conquest, and enthusiasm and zeal to the bad and the good, on the land and on the sea.

"He who *admires* not, to the stars is blind."

The Aquila, or the Eagle, has also attracted my attention for its beauty, being favourably situated for our observation, on our passage from the Madeiras to the Brazils. Its central red brilliant, called Altair, and a lunar star, is a lovely gem of the heavens; and it requires not a vivid imagination to fancy it the bright eye of the bird of Jove, though the fanciful resemblances appropriated, by the ancients, to the constellations, have but little resemblance in reality, in the adjustment of the stars in their appropriate places. And what American can gaze at *the Eagle* and not think of the emblem in his own national escutcheon:

"The bird, above the world that dwells alone,
And proudly makes the strength of rocks his own."

They say he is a noble bird. His bearing, at least, has been a proud one on the banners of many nations. The Roman standard, as it displayed its graceful folds, spread the wings of the favourite bird over the hill and vale of every known land; and Napoleon preferred the undaunted eagle, an emblem of his own towering spirit, to the fleur de lis.

When shall that standard, which our own gallant barque is now bearing, with honourable designs, in her voyage around the world, cease to be, as it now surely is, the emblem of as happy—may I not say the happiest of any nation of the globe? There are those, who seem to see the period, when we shall cease longer to be a united people. It seems almost the fashionable slang of the times, to predict the time of our dismemberment, in language, which, but a few years ago, it had been treason to use. But is there no sublimer destiny before a nation, which the hand of Deity seems so strikingly to have guided to independence and greatness, than what the political croakers of the day have marked out for us? Let them read the past. There have been crises, which our country has met—there have been shoals, that threatened shipwreck to the beautiful vessel of state, which, thus far, in safety, has borne the charter of our rights, liberty, and blessed happiness; but we have weathered the threatening shoal, and the crested breaker. Why shall we not still be able to guide the national interests, though storm, and tempest, and whirlwind may sweep over us in succession, and devastation often follow in their train? The ship may still ride safely on the threatening billow, though dismantled; and like oil spread upon the ocean, producing a calm to the surge, so the clear interests of *the whole people* must ever allay the gale of sectional passion, before it shall have

for ever crushed the hopes of the good, and veiled in darkness the memories of the past, by a reckless forgetfulness of the glory and the moral worth and the treasured happiness which our forefathers, in their onward vision of the future, bequeathed to yet unborn generations of the American people.

For one, I believe not in the prophecies of political demagogues, or the maturer apprehensions of more sober and juster men. Every day increases those bonds of self-interest, which must preserve us a united nation. Sectional interest must yield, and will yield, and general sacrifices will be made, when the periods of the greatest excitement come. Mutual concession, as in times past, shall save us; and the God who led our armies, and has guided us thus far in the pathway of national prosperity and happiness, should receive the devout acknowledgment of every American heart.

The transition of thought from one subject to another is quicker than the passages of light from one electric cloud to its fellow. We fly from the grave to the light, from the sad to the joyous, from the private to the public, and the contrary. And are there not other and private musings for me, while gazing on the *Aquila*—the constellation of the Eagle? Yes, I do remember me of summer and autumn hours, when I have wandered through the path of the thick wood, and rustled the leaf when no other foot was near, and bounded down the ravine and the steep declivity to the lawn, which stretches along the most romantic spot of the Connecticut. And then, I have traced my way along its green bank or sandy shore, and paused to look upon the still bosom of the silver stream that lay sleeping like a lake among *these highlands*, and almost the only highlands of this lovely stream. Ere long, if I

saw him not already perched upon an old oaken limb in his solitary home of the high rock, I would catch the image of *a gliding eagle* moving in solemn and slow dignity up the reflecting stream; and one glance above it would give me to recognise my old familiar friend on his return to his perch, far up on the almost perpendicular slant of the opposite side of the stream. It seemed but a sling's throw where that old eagle was wont, so oft and so long to sit. And here we have often sat, and long have looked at each other, as familiar friends. It seemed always to me, as if that bird could read my own heart, and sympathize with its loneliness. I had learned to love that solitary bird, and to me he was not wild. May I find thee still, my old friend, at thy hill-home, on my return. And if thou hast, as I have sometimes thought thou hadst, a fellow-feeling for a lonely heart, we will again commune with each other, and think of our mutual wanderings to other climes during our parting, and be happy again to find our olden summer and autumn homes. My old friend, may I find thee there.*

It is now after eight o'clock in the evening, and I have just come from the deck, where I have been witnessing the double-reefing of the topsails. The day has been squally; and to-night the wind whistles through the rigging of the ship in notes, which tell how many a poor

* It was a welcome coincidence to the writer, on his return, as he glided down the Connecticut, that the old eagle, at the point alluded to, was seen scaling in the clear ether above; and seemed to slant his graceful pinions in kind and courteous welcome, as he kept his way high-up and ahead of the steamer, until he was lost among the olden trees, where we had often met, and with kindly feelings, in former days. What trifles, sometimes, will originate overwhelming emotions.

mariner a single gale may destine never more to see country and home.

It is indeed a fine sight, to witness a noble frigate madly dashing through the billows, as if in defiance of the dark surges which roll by her, and with supreme contempt for the winds which howl, in murmurs of the sea-moan, across her decks; and at the same moment, one hundred of her men laying out upon her yards, to clip the wings of the too nimble bird by knotting the reefs in her bellowing canvass, and when a landsman would deem their hold upon a yard-arm a matter of impossibility, in the impetuosity of the gale. To me such a scene is deeply exciting. Since we have been out, on no previous occasion has the Columbia more than single-reefed her topsails. Most of the time she has been carrying royals, topgallant-sails, and studding-sails. The winds have been favourable, and the frigate's cutters could have performed the course in safety. I should be considerably disappointed not to witness a few bona-fide gales during our cruise. And so firm is my confidence in the stanch qualities of our ship, that I apprehend that I could have no fear, in the circumstances of a hurricane at sea. The fresh gale of this squally night, which is driving us onward, hardly changes the action of our vessel from her usual motion; and as I sit at my writing desk in my every way comfortable and snug little room, at this moment, no one who had not been on deck would suppose that a mimic-gale was raging over the dark deep, and driving its fleecy sheets of mists over a sea, lashed into a wild commotion of frenzy and foam. And in a neighbouring state-room, three or four gentlemen are holding their evening tete-a-tete about Lord Byron, and other worthies and unworthies, as pleasantly as if they were conversing in the ampler and motionless

parlour of a land-home. But here we are, bounding carelessly over the blue surge, as if our ship were the very personification of the wave and the gale, which for the last few hours has been careering over the high seas, and robed the ocean in its sombre and white of whirling mists and cascading foam.

An Extract.—"In your letter you speak of your love of home, and unwillingness to leave it for society abroad. From my own wanderings, you might think differently of my taste. But, not so. I only go the world around, that home, hereafter, may have its undisturbed sweets. Surely do I know that the mere thing of travelling has but little charm in it for me; *but to see the world as it is, and to cease to look at it through the imagination*, has always been an object with me; and without it, I might never be contented, even with my contented disposition. But HOME—there is indeed a charm in that dear word. I love every letter of the monosyllable for the hallowed associations, which, when blended, the word awakes. And E. once, was to me a short home. To you, may it ever prove, while it shall be so happy as to possess you, a sweet, happy home. Tell little Rosa, that Mr. T. loves her as much as ever; and hopes that she and her mother may ever be protected and blessed by "our Father, who art in heaven."

JULY 4th, 1838.

A Naval Toast.—*Our whole country:* As one dark sea-surge succeeds another but to preserve the purity of the ocean, so may the waves of sectional jealousies in our land, only agitate to perpetuate our union.

"A man overboard!" is a frequent cry and occurrence, at sea. It awoke a few moments since, from our deck,

At such a moment, if the winds be not so high as to prevent it, the mainsail is hauled up—the ship thrown aback —and her progress thus checked, the boats are lowered and search made for the man overboard. All this operation had been gone through, when it was discovered that the seaman had fortunately caught the end of some rope, which, by some oversight was trailing in the water, and thus saved the man, though very much endangering the back of some negligent lubber whose duty it was to keep every line in its place.

The John Adams was on our larboard beam, at the time, and at no great distance from us. Every motion of each vessel is so narrowly watched by the quarter-master of the other, with their glasses always in their hands, that no movement of the other is long unobserved. The boat of the Adams was in the water almost as soon as our own, on the supposition, from our action, that a man was overboard; and the boats from the two ships soon neared each other abaft the frigate; but instead of extending their distance until they were lost to our sight, for a drowning man, they were now endeavouring to find the life buoys, which, as the first thing, on the cry of a man overboard, are cut from the stern of the ship. Though it had been dusk for an hour, the broad beams of the full moon threw over the waters a flood-way of light, by which the boats at length were fortunately able to discover the life buoys, and return to the ships. Again we were on our way of foam; and the succeeding morning being the Sabbath, made the text of the discourse for the day peculiarly appropriate, in view of the incident of the preceding evening, as it always is in view of the brevity and the casualties of life:—"*Behold* NOW *is the day of salvation.*"

I have wept to-day, in memory of one, dear indeed for

her beautiful character and devoted love. I thought of her last words as she said, "My mind is almost gone—brother, you will take care of me—will you not?" What is there like a sister's love? What memory so gentle and affecting as that which recalls her tenderness with the consciousness that she waits not to greet your return, as once she waited, when you had wandered from the family mansion. How do you see her, as she moved in every path—through every room—adjusting the flowers in the parterre, and arranging the fresh-culled vase upon the mantle-piece of the parlour, and the table, and the toilet. And how do you regret that your heart, ever kind, was not more kind—and your ever delicate attention, was not yet more delicate? And when you have been an invalid, who was it that watched, with the stillest breath and the gentlest step around your bed-side and over your pillow? And who, with the softest hand, has smoothed your pallid brow, and poured forth the stream of sympathy from a filling eye, when your own hath languished, and your heart was fainting? Oh! it is a sister's love, that will never tire—it is a sister's love, that will never weary nor complain, though you forget, in your debility, which makes you a child again, and as an infant, helpless; and often like an infant and a child, complaining and impatient. But she, when others sleep and the watchers faint, steals to your couch and softly whispers the words of comfort, and gives to you your simple remedies as no other hand (save your mother's) presents them. And if you are convalescent, whose smile is so cheerful—whose step at your call is so fleet—whose invention, for your taste, is so varied? And when again you breathe the pure air of the window and the piazza, and at length, the field, who so gentle, so assiduous, and so much your welcome compan-

ion as she, who has laughed with you, and wept with you, and nourished you, and read for you, and *prayed* for you, and suffered for you, but only suffered half of what she gladly would have suffered if your happiness might have been increased. Surely do I pity him who has no sister—and more than abhor him, who has one and loves her not. But thou, gentle, dearest, unobtrusive, retiring, and affectionate E., thou art gone! And at thy wintry tomb, but lately made, have I wept; and memory yet breaks the heart at the recollection of thy lovely and modest virtues, thy changeless Christian character, and thy devoted, ceaseless, and holy love.

Last night, the South American coast was in sight; and this noon, the light-house, on the bold bluff of Cape Frio, bears northwest one point north, and distant about seven miles. We have been standing along the coast during the morning, while the land has exhibited the appearance, in its dusky distance, of a chain of dark barren islands. We shall soon double Cape Frio, as we stand up north and westerly for the city of Rio de Janeiro, which is distant about sixty miles from the light on the bold cape. This light-house is a very picturesque object, elevated upon the highest cone of several eminences, which form the elevated ground of the point. In its high position and distance from us, it looks as if one might measure its length, with his thumb and finger, so small is it in comparison with the height of the mountain rock, on which it is perched; and resembles one of the ever recurring watch-towers of the olden Moors, seen along the mountain-heights in the Mediterranean.

It was kind in the officer of the deck to send for me, in the evening, to witness the glorious moon, wading, in her path of light, through a bank of clouds piled one upon

another, and colouring, with gold, the fleecy vapours, banked in the west. Our ship was gliding easily through the blue waters, with the courses hauled up and the top-sails single-reefed, with the point of our destination in view, but the hour was too late to make the entrance of the harbour of Rio de Janeiro to-night. The Columbia seemed conscious of her unusual leisure, on her hitherto untiring course, and rested in gentle movement on the slightly ruffled sea, until the earliest light of the coming morning should break upon her, for her entrance through the beautiful pass called Pao de Assacar, which lets in from the sea, into the expanded and mountain-bound waters that constitute the harbour of Rio de Janeiro. I never before have witnessed such a moon-lit scene. The brilliant Dian seemed, to-night, to be abroad in her golden chariot, for the reflection, on her way, tinged the clouds as deeply as the sun sometimes gilds the east, when the retiring wheels of his day-car recede deep into the western ocean.

Lieutenant W., with Lieutenant P., was on the horse-block. I joined them, and together we gazed on the moon, now edging a long pile of cumuli-clouds, with brilliant and coloured light; and now appearing half above the gilded bank, like a sultana pillowed on her couch of gold and silver. We gazed at her varied beauties, yet more beautiful in every new movement, as she changed her attitudes of grace, and freely, from her own loveliness, gave reflected beauty to all about her.

We talked of the refinement which the contemplation of nature's lovely scenes produces upon the sensibilities of our rougher natures. It makes us love the chaste—it makes us abhor the low; it leads us to respect ourselves, as we listen to the gentle whispers, which a refinement in perception and character wakes persuasively in a feel-

ing bosom. We talked of Byron, as a descriptive poet, ever the favourite of W., who now repeated the lines of the poet, so much and justly admired for their beauty and truth to nature, as associated with the sunset scene:

"Filled with the peace of heaven, which from afar
Comes down upon the waters; all its hues
From the rich sunset to the rising star,
Their magical variety diffuse:
And now they change; a paler shadow strews
Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting day
Dies like a dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new colour, as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—and all is gray."

Our worthy Master came up, and for once (I had never before seen him sentimental, only when singing love-ditties to himself) said, "Could I but have a true description of *that scene*," looking directly at the moon, "I would send it in an envelope to the north." Well, Master, may thy bridal-night be as fair and gorgeous as this; and thine onward skies clear of all clouds that can threaten diminution to aught thou hopest of happiness and love.

We came through the narrow pass which forms the inlet from the ocean into the expanded harbour of Rio de Janeiro, Thursday the 10th July. This pass is exceedingly striking, grand, and beautiful. It may be a mile wide, but seems like a creek only, in breadth, as it runs between the high bluff of the sugar-loaf, which rises more than one thousand feet, on the left, with the fort and high mountain-side on the right. The evening sea-breeze occurring regularly here, a ship stands boldly in, passing beneath the fortified ramparts on either side of the narrow entrance; and in a few moments more, she lies in an expanded basin of water, surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills, with

their thousand cones, far off and near, high up and low; and their bases studded here with village and there with villas; and there again and most conspicuously on the western range, lies the city—the white, the panoramic, and mountain-side city of Rio de Janeiro.

Our anchor had run out its length of cable but a moment, when boats from the English and French ships of war were alongside the Columbia with an officer from each, to tender the compliments of their several commanders to our Commodore, and proffering any civility and assistance which might be acceptable. This is usage and form; and is often frank and sincere as it is ceremonious.

Our ships had been telegraphed during the morning; and a boat from the U. S. sloop of war Fairfield had pulled out the harbour to meet us; and before we had reached our anchorage ground, a salute from the Fairfield was fired. It was soon returned. The next day salutes were exchanged with all the ships in port and the municipal authorities. On succeeding days, when visited by the different commanders, English and others, and the American Chargé, salutes were fired, which were reciprocated to the Commodore, on his return visits.

At sundown I stood upon the quarter-deck of the Columbia, contemplating the scene around us. The ship had been cleared, and was now at rest. The bay was sprinkled with the men-of-war of different nations, at some distance from each other; and at our left, as our ship was then swinging, lay the beautiful city of Rio de Janeiro. The waters around us slept like the still bosom of a mountain lake, unrippled as it drank in the reflected loveliness of a serene—how serene a sky! It was like the earliest, and the mildest, and the loveliest eve of autumn, at the north, with the ever-green foliage of the mountain side of

the south—for this is the winter month of the summer-winter of the southern tropics. And we had just made another point of our cruise, and anchored amid so much, and so lovely, and so enchanting a display of beautiful nature around us. It was sunset. The music of our own ship awoke; and down the royal yards, and ensign, and pennant had come; and all was still again on deck, save a few of the officers on the quarter-deck, gazing on the mellow and lovely scene around us. I had placed myself on the arm-chest of the quarter-deck; and while I leaned against the hammock-cloths, gazing over the larboard quarter of the tafferel, the sweet and subdued music of a full band of a Brazilian man-of-war, lying not a great way at the stern and at the windward of us, came softly over the water, in its wild and magic strains. I listened apart from the rest; and was carried far, far back to those whom I had left. A second melody came floating over the ripple-wave as the band continued its ever melancholy and subdued strains, on their brass instruments. I had placed my elbow upon the tafferel, and bowed my head, and wept. Once more the music awoke. Now, it was the evening vesper, and the bell of the ship chimed in with the sacred harmony. Surely, if ever prayer sincere awoke for those I love, it was borne to heaven this night.

SECTION V.

RIO DE JANEIRO.

Visit to the shore. The Morning Mass. Ramble up Rua do Castello. View from the hill. Imperial Chapel. Te Deum. Idem in Græce. Dine with the English Chaplain. Visit to Mr. Wright. The American Chargé d'Affairs. Ride to the Botanical Garden. Lord Hood's Nose. Museum. Doctor J. J. Prestina. Call on the Chaplain of H. B. M. ship Stag. British and American Navy. Commodore Read's Dinner to the English Officers. The Author preaches in the English Chapel. Its worship, in contrast with the scene at the Imperial Chapel. Funeral. Last evening in the beautiful harbour of Rio de Janeiro. Associations. Passage out the Harbour.

To-day I visited the shore, with the single purpose of wandering at random through the town, and to mark the floating multitude of the streets, presuming that I should have ample time, during our stay at Rio, to analyze the peculiarities of the people, and observe for my own gratification at least, their institutions, and public and domestic economy. It is said to be a difficult thing for a foreigner to gain access to the Brazilian families. But I apprehend the difficulty only lies in the want of an acquaintance with the Portuguese language, and of letters of introduction from mutual friends.

The first thing which strikes the stranger as he steps upon the shore at Rio, is the immense number of slaves engaged in the labours of carrying the merchandise of the country, apparently native born Africans; and then, the many well-dressed mixed bloods, and equivocal bloods,

and many unequivocal blacks, well-dressed, and all, apparently, constituting part of the free and bona fide society of the city. And now and then you see a well-dressed female of the same equivocal relationships, with a shawl or a veil elevated upon a wide and high comb, and dropping upon the shoulders.

The dark-faced slaves are hurrying on at the rate of a slow trot, in small squads, with bags of coffee or other burdens, on their heads, which they are bearing to the boats of loading vessels, or to the store-houses for deposit. Then, you mark the Frenchman, of darker complexion than of northern climes, and the purer blooded and lighter faced Brazilian-Portuguese—and now, an Englishman—and now an American, with their usual and several characteristics. A moment more, and by you dashes a small vehicle, with the proportions of an old fashioned gig for its top, and the ponderous wheels of a stage-coach for its rollers, attached to four mules, with a black in livery, upon the fore nigh animal, wearing a high leather cap resembling a fire bucket bottom upwards, with a red flannel or velvet band about it, and with boots that come above the knees, and a pair of spurs, for all the world, like the end-iron of the tongue of an ox-cart, for its weight and proportions. Heaven forfend us from such an equipage, exclaims one, as he hops into the door of the neighbouring shop as the nondescript passes by him, to the endangering of the limb and life of the foot-passenger through these pent up and narrow streets. These vehicles, however, are not frequent, and are generally the establishments afforded one from the livery stables. Again you meet, as before, another line of half a dozen blacks, with bags of coffee on their heads, trotting through the street at the monotonous sound of their leader's voice, in which at intervals, and as a chorus, they all join; or, at the sound of a jingling basket,

which some one of the group carries beside his ponderous burden, and shakes with his right or left hand, as he angles his naked elbows in common with his fellows. From every pore issues the free perspiration, and streams, in no very small rivulets, down their bony and naked shoulders, and shining backs.

I wandered up the Rua do Castello to the top of the hill, upon which an olden castle once stood, and where the wrecks of the fortification still exist. From this point the whole bay is commanded—the range of conic mountains on the east, north, and west—the city of Prior Grande opposite Rio—and the greater part of the city of Rio itself at your feet. The view is very fine. But the poetry of this beautiful hill itself, as one contemplates it from the ship, vanishes when one has ascended to its top. The banana and the cocoa-nut tree, and occasional shrubs, seen from the bay, as they stud the hill and seem to embower the buildings as they rise one above another, no longer conceal the ruins, and the rubbish, and the old walls, and the olden everything, as you look into the miserable yards of the dwellings in the neighbourhood beneath you. But as you gaze over the city, and on the bay, and on the surrounding amphitheatre of mighty mountains, which inhem the vast basin of the harbour like a mountain-lake, sprinkled with ships of war from almost all the navies of the earth, and with merchantmen of every nation and people —whalers, and slavers, and traders resting on their several errands—you have a charm which compensates for the lost vision, which the eye had taken in when contemplating the Castle Hill from the deck of the Columbia.

Towards evening, I went to the imperial chapel, a building with high ceiling, and a range of private boxes in the upper story, so arranged as to allow the occupant to contemplate the ceremonies and the crowds below, and

hung in front with drawing curtains. The building was decorated, as usual, with Catholic images, which, so far as I have yet seen, are ever disgusting to good taste, being generally composed of wax or painted wood, dusty and tinselled, and decorated with robes and halos in such a manner that one would suppose that no eye but the rabble's could regard them as ornamental. None of the buildings of Rio, and least of all the imperial palace, can boast any thing as specimens in architecture. The palace is but an extension of only tolerably decent private dwellings.

A single individual was within the silent building as I entered the vacant and solitary nave of the church, and advanced up to the far-in altar. The tapers were burning brightly, but no whisper was heard within the spacious walls, and the solitary individual stood listless in a cross-passage, which led into the interior of the building to adjacent rooms. I passed him, and advanced within the railing of the altar and opened the quarto volume containing the services of the church. It was not unacceptable to turn at once to the familiar and beautiful Te Deum, which carried me back to other hours, though I perused it in the language of its original:

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

Te Deum laudamus; te Dominum confitemur.
Te æternum Patrem; omnis terra veneratur.
Tibi omnes Angeli; tibi cœli, et universæ potestates:
Tibi Cherubim et Seraphim; incessabili voce proclamant,
Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus, Dominus Deus Sabaoth.
Pleni sunt cœli et terra, majestatis gloriæ tuæ.
Te, gloriosus Apostolorum chorus;
Te, Prophetarum laudabilis numerus!
Te, Martyrum candidatus laudat exercitus.
Te, per orbem terrarum, sancta confitetur Ecclesia.
Patrem immensæ majestatis;
Venerandum tuum verum et unicum Filium.

Sanctum quoque Paracletum Spiritum.

Tu Rex gloriæ, Christe.

Tu Patris sempiternus et Filius.

Tu ad liberandum suscepturus hominem; non horruisti Virginus uterum.

Tu devicto mortis aculeo; aperuisti credentibus regna cœlorum.

Tu ad dexteram Dei sedes, in gloria Patris.

Judex crederis esse venturus.

Te ergo quæsumus, tuis famulis subveni; quos pretioso sanguine redemisti.

Æterna fac cum sanctis tuis! in gloria numerari.

Salvum fac populum tuum Domine; et benedic hæreditati tuæ.

Et rege eos; et extolle illos usque in æternum.

Per singulos dies, benedicimus te

Et laudamus nomen tuum in sæculum, et in sæculum sæculi.

Dignare Domine die isto, sine peccato nos custodire.

Miserere nostri Domine; miserere nostri.

Fiat misericordia tua Domine super nos, quemadmodum speravimus in te.

In te Domine speravi; non confunda in æternum.*

* Idem in Græce.

Σὲ Θεὸν Ὑμνοῦμεν.

Σε Θεὸν ὑμνουμεν, σὲ τὸν Κύριον ὁμολογῦμεν.
Σὲ τὸν αἰώνιον Πατέρα πᾶσα ἡ γῆ σέβεται.
Σαὶ πάντες οἱ Ἄγγελοι ἐκφώνως βοῶσι, σοὶ οἱ ὀυρανοὶ, καὶ πᾶσαι ἀι δυνάμεις αὐτῶν·
Σοὶ τὰ Χερουβιμ καὶ Σεραφιμ ἀκαταπαύσω φωνῆ εκβοῶσιν,
Ἅγιος, ἅγιος, ἅγιος Κύριος ὁ Θεὸς Σαβαώθ.
Πλήρεις οἱ ὀυρανοὶ, καὶ ἡγῆ τῆς μεγαλειότητος τῆς δὸξης σου.
Σὲ ὁ ἔνδοξος τῶν Ἀποστόκων χορός ἀνομνεῖ;
Σὲ ὁ τῶν προφητῶν ἀξιοπρετὴς σύλλογος ἀνυμνεῖ
Σὲ ὁ τῶν Μαρτύρων γενᾶιος στρατος ἀνυμνεῖ,
Σὲ ἀνὰ πᾶσαν τὴν ὀικουμένην ἡ Ἁγὶα ὁμολογεῖ Ἐκκλησία.
Πατέρα τῆς απεράντου μεγαλειότητος;
Τὸν τε σεβάσμιον σὸν, ἀληθῆ καὶ μονογενῆ Τιόν.
Καὶ το ἅγιον Πνεῦμα το παράκλητον.
Σὺ βασιλευς τῆς δόξης εἰ Χριστέ.
Σὺ τῦ Πατρὸς ἀιδιος ὑπάρχεις Τιός.
Σὺ ἐπιχειρήσας λυτρώσασθαι τον ἄνθρωπον, οὐκ ἐβδελύξω τὴν τῆς παρθένου γαστέρα.

A sharp, hissing sound, which I knew to come from the solitary individual before alluded to, reached my ear as an admonition for attention, when he beckoned that others were approaching; and in a moment afterwards, eight or ten priests, in their appropriate robes, entered from the passage-way leading from the interior of the building. I retained my place until they had approached, when, with a mutual salutation I passed them, and took my place without the altar. One of their number marking that I had been perusing their formulas on the stand in the centre of the enclosure, said that they were about to repeat the service. I therefore waited to listen to it, as their solitary auditor. They went through the vespers with distinct and rotund voices, now responding to each other, and now mingling their several voices together, and again chanting, as is their custom, parts of the service orally. There was no music. When they were through, I approached a priest who seemed to be one of the superiors, and addressed him in Latin.

Σὺ νικήσας τῦ θανάτου τὸ κέντρον ἤνοιξας πᾶσι τοῖς πιστοῖς τὴν βασιλείαν τῶν οὐρανῶν.

Σὺ ἐκ δεξιῶν τῦ Θεοῦ καθησαι ἐν τῇ δόξη του Πατρος.

Σὲ κριτὴν ἡμῶν ἥξειν πιστεύομεν.

Σοῦ τοινον δεόμεθα τοῖς σοῖς οἰκέταις βοήθει, οὕς τῶ τιμίω σου ἐξηγόρασας ἅιματι.

Ποίησαν αὐτους ἐν τῇ αἰωνεω δόξη τοῖς Αγιος σου συναριθμηθῆναι.

Σῶσον τον λαόν σου Κύριε, καὶ εὐλόγησον τὴν κληρονομίαν σου.

Ποίμάνον αὐτοὺς, καὶ επαρον ἀυτὸυς εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας.

Καθ' ἑκάστην ἡμέραν μεγαλύομέν σε.

Καὶ προσκυνοῦμεν τῷ ὀνόματί σου εἰς τὸν αἰῶνα, καὶ εἰς τον αἰῶναι του αἰῶνος

Ἀξίωσον Κύριε ἀναμρτήτους φυλάσσειν ἡμᾶς σημερον.

Ἐλέησον ἡμᾶς, Κύριε, ἐλέησον ἡμᾶς.

Γένοιτο Κύριε τό ἔλεός σου ἐπἠμᾶς, καθαπερ ἠλπίσαμεν ἐπὶ σοί

Ἐπὶ σοὶ Κύριε ἤλπισα, μὴ καταισχυνθείην εἰς τὸν αἰῶνα.

It appeared to me peculiar, and yet not uninteresting, that the priests had gathered here for their evening vespers, with the doors opened for those who chose to enter to say their evening prayers with them. But none came; and why should the mass of the people gather, to listen to what they cannot comprehend, and where it requires a bell to tell them the time and the place they are required to kneel?

As I left the imperial chapel, to which I understood there are a certain number of priests attached, and who must all be of noble extraction, and here are alone entitled to wear the red stocking, I stopped on my way through the Rua do Ouvedore, in a respectable book-store, and was pleased with the motto in gilded letters above their shelves,

"Vita sine litturis, mors est."

I thought, in connection with the scene I had but a few moments previously left, that it was equally true, that

Religio, sine vita, mors eterna est.

During the earlier part of the day, scarcely a female of the higher order of the Brazilians is to be seen in the streets. In the evening, however, they promenade generally with their attendants without bonnets or veils.

I took a shore boat to the frigate, as I had delayed beyond the hour for the sundown boat. It was nine o'clock when I neared the ship. The music was just rolling off the tattoo. I ordered the oarsmen to rest upon their oars. In a moment, a red sheet of flame came from the bows of the Columbia, and the report of the nine o'clock gun sent its echo around the panoramic hills, as if an answering cannon had returned its voice from a dozen peaks.

The boatmen again applied their sculls, and "Boat ahoy!" came as an authoritative hail, from the tafferel of the

frigate. "Ay, ay," was the reply; and in a moment more the lanterns were at the gangway and side of the ship, to light one to the deck of the Columbia.

I dined on the 13th with the English chaplain, attached to the British delegation on shore, and met the chaplain of H. B. Majesty's ship Stag at the table, and some other of the English officers. The Gloria Hill, where the house of Mr. M., the chaplain, is situated, is an exquisite spot. The view from his piazza is very beautiful, commanding, with still greater interest than from Castle Hill, the view of the surrounding scenery, so picturesque, and beautiful, and grand, and varied in its complex particulars, as already described.

On the preceding evening, I visited at Mr. Wright's, an estimable American family, where most of the American society were gathered. Mr. Hunter the Chargé d'Affairs was present, with other members of his family. He is a gentleman of agreeable manners, and read in polite literature. Miss H., his interesting daughter, is deservedly admired for her chaste beauty and simplicity of manners. "*Kate*," her father says, she is called at home, (Miss H. of course abroad,) and all of her acquaintances will ever after affirm that "*Kate*" is a very pretty diminutive. Mr. Hunter promises me the perusal of some choice papers of the date of Charles the Second, on the return of our squadron, which are in the imperial library. I have seen, since the evening of the American party, two other ladies of the clan de l'Amerique, and their acquaintance increases rather than diminishes my interest in the American society of Rio; and from one I shall bear, as a decoration of my little room, a choice plant, in memory of the donor, and as one of nature's prodigal distributers of the rich perfumes of flowers.

Ride to the Botanical Garden.

The botanical garden is deemed one of the principal lions of Rio, distant some five or six miles in the country. Lieutenant G. of the Fairfield having made all due preparations for a ride thither, I left the ship at ten o'clock in the morning; and found our carriage in waiting to take us a ride into the country. We preceded the Commodore, Captain M. and Lieutenant P., who reached the garden soon after ourselves. Our ride lay along the beautiful little bay of Boto Fogo, lined on its curved shore by a number of English residences, the German minister's, and some pretty Brazilian country-seats. The sugar-loaf mount at the entrance of the harbour of Rio, forms a prominent point to the scenery of this beautiful little crescent of water, as its high peak and base mark the eastern termination of the curved line of the basin. Its stilly bosom and surrounding eminences on this morning of our ride, reminded me of some of the still-calm scenes amid the scenery of Lake George. The Corcovado, the highest mount, so deemed, of all the surrounding peaks of this mountainous landscape, was above our heads on our right, as we drove on through the pathway, lined on either side with the cocoa-nut and banana and tamarind trees, and partly on our left and often in our front rose the peculiar prominence, which, as I deemed it as seen from the ocean, constitutes "Lord Hood's Nose," so much spoken of by all who

enter the harbour of Rio, and which astonishingly resembles the face of a strong-featured man lying upon his back, as you approach the land to enter the harbour. But the face, to me, was not the only or hardly the most striking appearance which was lined on the horizon, by the blending of the peaks of the high lands, which raise their elevated cones and table mountains in the skies, and strike with pleasure the eye of the voyager as he is approaching the inlet to the expanded basin, constituting the harbour of Rio de Janeiro. All of the prominences, to which I have alluded, are so blended with intervening and lower mountains, as, together, to form the striking resemblance (if such realities ever were) of *a huge giant—one of nature's olden monsters, laid out, with his face upwards, and embalmed in eternal rock.* There you see him, his forehead slanting and low, with his hair combed back—his nose prominent, between Roman and the Aqueline—then, his small chin and short neck—then, his elevated chest, with his arms folded for his last embalmment—then, his extended limbs, with the prominent eminence of the sugar-loaf mount, 1,000 feet high, constituting his up-turned feet, and in just keeping with the other proportions of this immense phenomenon of ages back, till now, with this evidence before us, believed to have been fabulous. And there he lies, as seen from the ship, as she stands on her course to the nearing land, looking at the blue heavens, and listless to the roar of ocean, and the storm, and the whirlwind, and the sea-gale; and there he shall still lie, until one mightier than he shall sound the trump of the last angel, and burst in sunder and wild dismemberment, his sarcophagus of imperishable granite.

Our ride, the remaining part of the way from Boto Fogo, was less interesting but possessing variety. We

reached the garden after an hour's drive, and having ordered dinner, entered the grounds, to wander at leisure through avenues and by-paths of the garden, to observe the collected exotics as well as native plants, shrubs, and trees, and yet more for myself, the taste with which the grounds were laid out—all of which we had been assured to be of considerable interest, and promised much pleasure to the new observer.

The grounds which compose the garden are irregular, and form a flat near the beach and beneath the mountain side previously alluded to, and called the Corcorado. At the entrance of the gateway, a segment of a small circle is swept, with the gate as the centre of the circle, from the convex part of which four or five avenues extend, in straight lines, which constitute all the peculiarity of the taste here displayed in the adjustment of the walks. The paths run, afterwards, as convenience directs, through the grounds joining the main avenues. There is an annual appropriation for the improvement of these grounds, but they are any thing rather than what we would suppose they should be, in a climate and soil of such capabilities; and the grounds only in their central parts evince much care. There is a tasteful bower, however, which meets the eye of the stranger in his promenade, and courts him to enter within its ever-green walls. It is elevated on an artificial and turfed mound, some twelve to fifteen feet high. The bower is a parallelogram, and formed by the inlacing of the branches of the arbor vitæ trees, with glassless windows inserted in each pallisade of the trees, so as to form an opening for observation, and for the sweet gales of the garden to quaver through, to fan the cheek of the lady-visiter, or to give breath to her rougher companion who may attend her; or to render yet more pleasant the pick-

nick coteries which they say, often ride from town, and here take their lunch, and chat all manner of gentle and kind words. You ascend to the entrance of this evergreen bower by a flight of steps cut on a truncated triangle of earth, which, like the mound on which the bower is raised, is overgrown with perennial grass.

And in the same neighbourhood, beneath two large tufts of cane, rising high and gracefully, and branching out their tops like some mighty plume of mighty knight, is a swing, in which all who wish once more to live over one scene of their childhood, may go on the gentle sweep, and think how different are the days of our childhood, from those when we are called to gaze abroad on a wild world, and to buffet its wild waves.

We saw in the garden a number of the tropical plants and trees new to us, and others, from other climes, which before we had not seen. The tea shrub was growing in considerable areas, and at this time was in blossom. The shrub was about three feet high, and cultivated in hills of a few shoots each. Then there was the clove and the cinnamon tree, and the coffee tree, the bread tree and the jack-fruit, which last is a striking thing, the tree growing as large as a forest oak, and the fruit hanging from a stem that projects directly from the body of the tree or from the largest limb; and growing to the size of a half bushel basket, though generally elongated and flattened, rather than perfectly globular.

There were many other fruits, which it cannot be of interest here to name or describe.

We wandered through the grounds again, and left the garden for the little building in the neighbourhood, kept as a hotel. To our surprise, the comfortable essentials of a good meal were spread before us, after some delay—

our party now being constituted of the Commodore, Capt. M. and four others. Having nought else to do, a long time was lingered away at the table, (some two hours or more—horrible!) but rendered tolerable in the lounging ease of the gentlemen who composed it, and the succession of unexpected *tastefuls* which came before us. Our attendants themselves did not entirely deny us a pleasure, as it was all so unexpected. "Take care there, Jose Maria Cavallo, don't shake that bottle of claret as you did the other." Don Jose Maria, etc. etc., taking the hint, thought he understood it, and, as if it had been champaign wine or spruce beer, deemed he was making it yet more sparkling and choice, by adding greater agitation to the shaking he now gave the bottle.

Our two carriages drove into town; and as we rattled over the horrible pavements, the dark, and the *dark*, and the DARK Brazilians looked from their balconies and upper windows at the Americans of the *frigata* and the *corvetta*, as it was the evening hour, when they are privileged to gaze on the passers by, and be stared at, without displeasure or displeasing of either party.

On a succeeding day I visited the Museum, which is opened gratis for the people, twice a week. I did not expect to find a large or a greatly varied collection. Neither the display of birds nor minerals was such as might have been looked for in other days of Brazil. The specimens, however, in mineralogy were respectable, though very far inferior in variety, beauty, and arrangement, to the cabinet at New Haven. It is said that Don Pedro I. robbed the Museum of its choicest and richest materials, when he left the country. Don Pedro II. is yet a lad of twelve or fourteen years of age, and though said to be a bright boy for his years, will probably have enough of

turmoil, when he shall have reached the age to take his position for himself in the relations of the state parties, to occupy his time for the safety of his crown, to the neglect of the improvement of the public institutions of his imperial dominions. As evidence of the brightness of young Pedro, I was told by Doctor Prestina, a Portuguese gentleman of learning, that he was familiar with the French language, and had made considerable proficiency in the English and Latin; and had advanced in mathematics, and read a good deal in history.

When I had wandered through the upper rooms of the Museum, which are small, and exhibit but few curiosities, I left them and entered an under apartment of the same building. The lower room contained a few specimens in mechanics, where a few visiters, like myself, were now strolling. I saw nothing, however, particularly to arrest my attention but a case of books and an atlas (a London copy) of the comparative heights and extent of the different water-falls of the globe. I had placed myself in an examining posture, but the atlas was hung too high for convenience, which the attentive person in charge of the rooms observing, presented himself, and immediately spread it before me on a table. I placed my finger on the Falls of Niagara, with some remarks connected with it, when a soft voice at my side asked, "And have you, sir, seen the Falls of Niagara?" with an intonation that at once told me that it was not native.

"Yes, madam," I replied, as I turned and beheld a young English lady leaning upon the arm of a gentlemanly looking man; "and I left them," I continued, "as I would part with a newly formed acquaintance, who had greatly contributed to my pleasure—delighted that we had met, and regretting that we were so soon to separate."

"My sister," continued the lady, "is now in the United States, and gives me such glowing accounts of what she meets, that I envy her the fortune to have enjoyed before me the opportunity of visiting North America. If I might induce my lord here," said the lady, gently smiling, and myself and her lord gently bowing, "we should not long delay our passage to the United States."

All Englishmen, and certainly all English women, are not prejudiced against the United States. And the time has come when they are pleased if they can identify their own genealogies as kindred with those of the early worthies of our country.

A letter from a Portuguese gentleman of Madeira, made me acquainted with J. J. Prestina, a doctor of learning at Rio de Janeiro. He visited our ship, with a friend, and pressed me to accept an invitation to accompany him, on any day of our stay, to his seat in the country. I have postponed this, with other visits, until a good Providence may return us to this port again, on our way back to our northern homes. Dr. P. is a happy specimen of a Portuguese gentleman, surpassed by few for ease and urbanity of manners. He is said to have accumulated a fortune in the practice of law; and in the revolution of Portugal of 1823, when many of her choice sons had no alternative but to fly to arms or to exile, he visited Brazil. With this gentleman, I hope, on my return, to take several excursions into the surrounding country, and to the neighbouring islands, which are said to be exquisite in their scenery, and rich in their high state of cultivation.

The chaplain of H. B. Majesty's ship Stag having called upon me, I reciprocated his visit, and was invited to take a stroll with him and some of the officers of the Stag, to Prior Grande. They would send a boat for me.

Between England and America, there doubtless will ever be the memory of former incidents, to serve to keep alive the spirit of jealousy between the two nations, with a spice of envy on the part of the British people. The English have ruled, mistress of the seas, until their prowess was fairly contested, in several actions, by our own vessels. The English can hardly be expected to yield a concession on this point which would take them one step from their self-complacent and proud elevation. And Americans believe, and without doubt have proved to their own satisfaction, and that of the world, that they are a match—perhaps in their young thirst for glory more than a match—for the English, with equal forces. These circumstances sometimes produce, if not a coolness yet a preserved distance, in the association between American and British officers; while there is, at the same time, no asperity or unkindness of feeling on the part of either. It only prevents the approach of the two parties. But when they do meet and know each other, there is no want of cordiality in real feeling, or generous hospitality, and familiar and well-bred courtesy.

On the evening preceding our departure from the harbour of Rio de Janeiro, Commodore Read gave a dinner to the English officers in command of the British ships, now in the harbour. Commodore Sulivan has the British squadron on this side Cape Horn; and an Admiral commands the squadron on the other. Formerly the forces on either side of the Cape were under the command of an Admiral, stationed on this side the Cape, with a Commodore, subject to his orders, on the other side. The two forces are now independent commands.

Commodore Sulivan is an agreeable gentleman, and made himself such on the present occasion; and Captain

Shepherd I found sociable. He is deemed an officer very creditably familiar with his profession.

The Commodore's table-plate, and well-served dishes, always do him credit as a man of taste; and becomingly supports the respectability of the government, whom he represents in his honourable commands.

Previous to our leaving the harbour of Rio de Janeiro, I preached in the English chapel. The congregation was very respectable. The English chaplain who has charge of the congregation, and the chaplain of the Stag, were present—the former reading the service.

It is indeed a grateful opportunity, when abroad, after having been for months on board a ship, to be able to mingle in your own familiar worship of home, on shore. They are the same prayers to which you have often listened with a melted heart; or which you yourself have offered, as the leader in the petitions of hundreds of others—the same responses, and the same psalms, and the same chants, and the same hymns. The heart goes *home* to kindred and to native lands; and if rightly affected, goes upward too in devout devotion and gratitude to Him, who hath blessed and protected the wanderer on his course of the seas.

The modifications in our prayer-book in which it differs from the English service, strike the worshipper of the American church, but interrupts not his devotion. It is but natural that the English should pray for their rulers, though it appears peculiar that they should mention them by name. And in the modification of some of the old obsolete terms, the omission of some things, and leaving others discretionary on the part of the American clergyman, where they are required to be gone through on the part of the English, I deem to be in favour of the Ameri-

can prayer-book. And yet, there could be very little objection for an American clergyman of the Episcopal church, to go through the services of the mother church, before an English congregation, on English ground.

Dr. Hazlet and Lieutenant Turner accompanied me, from the ship to the English chapel. On our return we stopped, as we were passing, for a moment, in the imperial chapel. The services were nearly concluding. The music was powerful. Here they have two or three eunuchs from Italy, whose voices mingle with peculiar effect, in the choir. The crowd were jammed together, blacks and whites, and all sorts of the males. The private openings in the second story on the sides of the building, alluded to on a preceding page, were filled with Brazilian women, without bonnets, who composed the household of the Emperor and other Brazilian families. Many of them were respectable for their personal appearance, and all dressed with becoming taste. Rockets and other fire-works were already arranged in the street, at the door of the chapel, with which to conclude the ceremonies of a Christian worship! We had left the building, and had proceeded but a short distance on our way to our boat, which was in waiting for us from the ship, when the match had been applied, to the bursting of rockets and other fire-works; and the loud reports of the exploding crackers, and the feu-de-joie, exhibited a scene, which we could not but identify with the whole service, as a fanciful show—a religious farce—gone through for *the amusement of the people.*

How unlike the simple, suppressed, solemn worship of the Eternal, in which we had just been engaged. The Lord was not in the whirlwind, nor in the earthquake, nor

in the fire: but in "*the still small voice.*" And when the prophet heard it, he wrapped his face in his mantle.*

It is now too late, in this age of free inquiry, with the materials which have been spread before us, and the scenes which are yet daily enacting in Catholic countries, to pretend an apology, as if there were in the mummeries and in the religious farces of the papal ceremonies, a tendency to pure morality and "religion undefiled." In our own country, the Catholic religion, for the sake of appearances and decency, must omit much which is seen abroad. It is a notorious fact, in connection with Madeira and this place, that the people have so far felt the unhappy influences of the monastic institutions, as to make them a subject of legislation and restriction. And common report everywhere says, that the celibacy of the corrupted priesthood has made inroads upon the domestic peace, and harmony, and virtue of the social compact. And in affirming these things, which modern Catholic legislatures have themselves affirmed, and in some measure acted upon, the Protestant is declared to be prejudiced, persecuting, and illiberal. Pray, are there none but Protestant persecutors in the world of Christendom? Until within comparatively a few years, the right of Christian sepulture was forbidden, in the countries where Papacy had the ascendency. And now, I am told, that the English chapel here is precluded from holding their worship *with the doors of their church shut.* And when I see the members of that church rather inclining to join the reviler and the blasphemer against the cause of Protestant missions, and other institutions under Protestant influences, I am led to question the soundness of a system, which will lead to the union of sympathies so un-

* 1 Kings xix. 11—13.

like the spirit and the professed end of the religion of Jesus Christ. For myself, I should be most happy that the Roman church, or *the Catholic church*, as they rather choose to be called, in our country, should, as they have in some measure, reform their system, retaining the good and rejecting the bad; and adhering less closely (which both patriotism and religion require) to the Papacy at Rome. The Catholic church in the United States is respectable in numbers, character, and we would be uncharitable indeed not to suppose, in some good degree, in Christian influence. But there is an incubus in her system—a drawback to all the good. *There is ignorance of the Bible, and premeditated ignorance* on the part of those whose duty it is, according to the charter of all our hopes, to dispense "the word" to their flocks, which is able to make, and which will make, wise unto salvation. And so long as the Bible shall be kept from the laity, there will be and there must be something bad existing in the premises, and a perpetual wandering from the essentials and the spirit of the gospel system. It has been so—it will be so. It is necessary to the existence of the truth, in its purity, that the Bible should be in the hands of both the people and the pastors, that the example of both may be tested by a common and the acknowledged standard.

I have taken my last ride out of Rio, with Lieutenant G. of the Fairfield. We went to the Emperor's country residence, and also called on most of the American families of Rio. Their residences are in the neighbourhood of the Emperor's grounds, a short way into the country. Our ride was exceedingly pleasant, and our calls agreeable to ourselves at least. In the evening we took tea at the Wrights', and prolonged our stay in the social circle of this amiable family. To-day, the last we spend in the

harbour of Rio for a long, long time, I witnessed on shore, at four P. M., a funeral ceremony of considerable magnificence; and, as characteristic of the customs of this people, is worthy of a nota bene. It was imposing, and fully attended. I was aware that the solemnities of a burial were to take place, from the ringing of the bells of the large cathedral situated on the east side of the square, into which the Rua do Ouvedor, the principal street of Rio de Janeiro, enters. The hearse, drawn by four white horses, with high plumes of black feathers decking their head-stalls, had already reached the front of the building, where a crowd was gathered, when I arrived at the steps of the cathedral. I entered the door of the building, where numbers had arranged themselves in two lines leading from the far-in altar, with each a waxen taper in his hand, which served him as a staff. As I passed, one of these lighted sticks of wax, reaching quite to the shoulder, and about two inches in diameter, was handed to me, and I advanced up the line of lights to a vacant position nearest the altar. As I looked down to the entrance of the cathedral, the two lines of similar tapers, each supported by its holder, gave forth a continuous gleam of light, streaming on either side in a brilliant periphery of an elongated ellipsis. In a few moments, from an adjacent recess, which communicated with an interior passage, entered three richly decorated priests, in the habiliments of their order, the central one supporting a massive silver cross, and the two on either side bearing a taper light in massive silver candlesticks. They advanced, with twenty priests following them, with lighted waxen tapers in their hands, to meet the corpse at the entrance of the cathedral. A number of the priests I had before seen at the imperial chapel. They were now decked in short robes of white

lace, falling, like a round-about, a little below their shoulders, upon a lower robe of black. Beside these, were thirty or forty attendants in black bombazine canonicals, whose province seemed immediately to bear the corpse and perform the laborious parts of the burial. They all together advanced, with the coffin, overlaid with gold lace, to a high altar raised without the chancel, and highly gilded, seven feet long and three in breadth, upon which the deceased was placed. The services of the burial commenced by the chief priest, who had borne the silver cross in the procession. The responses were loud and rotund. As the coffin was elevated upon the altar, it fell apart, by its peculiar construction, opening from the top, by means of the split-lid, and dropping either way, by hinges on either side, so as to expose half the body, dressed in its usual habiliments. The chief ecclesiastic moved thrice around the body, sprinkling, from a silver wand, the holy water upon the body, as he passed at the head, the side, the feet, and the side again, bowing to the silver cross as he passed, which was now elevated at the feet of the altar, without the chancel. The ceremony continued—when a strain of music came from the choir, now in full chorus, now in dulcet strains, now in duetto, and again in a chorus that shook the walls of the massive buildings; and once more the requiem was long, and soft, and silent!

The heavy doors of a side passage were opened, and the priests advanced to an inner court of death, embracing an extensive area, surrounded by high walls. A colonnade extended around the spacious rectangle, within which and the wall a covered pavement ranges around the square, the centre of which is open for light and air. The procession of priests moved on, (the concourse of the spectators having extinguished their lights and retired at the

conclusion of the requiem in the church,) and reached the farthest side of this hollow square. They paused at an open niche in the wall. The wall is filled with ranges, five or six tier high, of such niches, one above the other, rendering it a bulwark of imbedded skeletons. Here the coffin was placed upon a smaller altar, similar but less decorated than the first, standing without a rougher pair of steps, which rested beneath the opening in the wall. Upon this altar the coffin was first placed, by the attendants in black, who had borne it from the spacious room of the cathedral to this adjacent court, which forms a part of the same pile of building. Then, with the repetition of a short additional service, the body was elevated to the rougher platform, and again the coffin fell and exposed the body; and each of the dark-robed men advancing to the steps, took a small scuttle of quicklime, and ascending the steps, deposited it upon the body, and again descended, to be succeeded by others, until the unconscious sleeper was imbedded in the element, which was soon to prey in consumption upon his yielding dust. It only remained, in completing the ceremony of the burial, to place the body within the vacant niche of the wall, and to seal it in masonry of lime and rock, and to affix to the external surface the number of the inwalled vault.

The procession of priests returned through the church, bending their knees as they passed the altar, and extinguishing their lights as they sought the inner rooms, where they unrobed and replaced their dresses, which they had assumed as appropriate habiliments for the religious ceremonies of the burial.

They had gone; and their voices were heard to murmur low in the inner distance of the extended building. And now, all was silence. I, alone, stood in that spacious

hall, where but just now the peals of music echoed, and a thousand lights were gleaming, and the tramp of many feet were heard. Mine alone, now lingered; and one solitary taper only was glimmering on the altar in that vast building, to keep the vigils of the night-watch.

I walked through the dark passage-way to the interior rooms—again retraced my steps, and left the silent building, and was soon on my way down the Rua do Ouvedor, with thoughts, solemn and strange, in their commingling of emotions and sentiments, which these scenes and their associations had awakened.

I have made the preceding notes, associated with Rio de Janeiro, purposely omitting any excursions into the interior and to some of the neighbouring islands, which, with visits to some other objects, and Brazilian families in the neighbourhood, I hope to be able to make under the favourable circumstances of intelligent and gentlemanly Brazilian attendance on my return.

But on this evening of our last stay in this beautiful harbour, how many are the associations of the past, which mingle with the present. It is here, on the still bosom of this mountain-shored basin, sleeping to-night like a calm lake among the hills, where the winds cannot ruffle it, the battle-ships of all the early states of Europe have rode, and for a moment paused on their several courses of discovery, of adventure, of merchandise, of war, and of circumnavigation of the world! Here the daring and adventurous Portuguese moored their tempest-tost barks, which had first discovered these and hundred other shores, as the pioneers on the seas, where the white spread sails of other nations are now wafted in the same but earlier and fearful tracks of the Portuguese, without solicitude, and hardly with a memory of the men who pointed out to

them the paths of the seas. And here Magellan paused with his little fleet of five ships, for a fortnight, whose name is immortalized on the land, as having first passed through the straits that unite the southern with the northern ocean; and among the stars, as giving an appellation to the twin nebula, or the Magellan clouds in the southern hemisphere. And here, in 1764, the Dolphin and the Tamor under Byron in chief, and Mouat, in their circuit of discovery, moored; and De Bougainville followed, after resigning the Falkland Isles into the hands of the Spanish, agreeably to the order of his government. And on these same waters the energetic and accomplished, but unfortunate Cooke, with his companion Banks, whose thirst for knowledge was insatiable, lay moored in the good ship Endeavour. And they have all passed on—*passed on!* And how many others have come after—and where now are they? And we follow them—and where soon shall we be, when others shall still follow us, and like ourselves and all who have gone before, shall pass to the realities, and the silence, if not the forgetfulness of the dead! But since the days of Magellan and Vasco de Gama, and Columbus, what a revolution has passed over the two hemispheres of the north and the south, and of the west and the east! New worlds, and fair worlds, if not in literal extent, yet in production and population, have been developed; and the seas of the globe have become as plain a pathway to the mariner as the school-boy's track to the house of his early pupilage. And to-morrow we again weigh anchors, and follow on in our course. The high peaks which now surround us, and which have reverberated the echo of the cannon of almost every national flag of the earth, and have heard our own loud-mouthed pieces speak more than a dozen times in national courtesy and

personal civilities, will soon sink from their proud elevations to mole-hills as we stand on our eastern traverse. We bid ye, in good sooth, ye lofty eminences and waved outline of cone and table-mount, and organ peaks, good-by, for long months, perhaps for years, perhaps for ever! And we will not forget the image which ye will have left in our vision, for the grand in nature is always imposing, and commands remembrance if we would forget. And kindly we will think of your unwalled lake, and some who dwell in homes which overlook these embosomed waters; for we would think with kindness on those who kindly have treated us. May a good Providence guide us again to look upon your green mountain-sides, and to re-greet the stranger friends, of whom we have learned enough to desire yet more to learn.

JULY 29, 1938.

We are now gliding finely out of the harbour of Rio de Janeiro, to sea. The morning land-breeze is swelling our sails gently, and ten boats are ahead of us, from the different ships of war in the harbour, with our own, towing us beyond the mouth of the bay. A few moments more, and the boats will have returned; and the breeze, still freshening, assures us that we shall gain a sufficient offing before the sea-breeze shall set in, and give us a clear sweep over the blue billow, from every danger of an iron-bound coast.

SECTION VI.

Ill, at sea. Religion everywhere a beautifier of the character. Lines—An invalid's thoughts of home. Gale at sea. Nature's harmonies in colouring and adaptation. Blow, off Cape Good Hope. Luna-bow. Theories confirmed by experience. The variety of clouds. Island of Madagascar. Associations on descrying the land. Beautiful rainbow. The isles of France and Bourbon. Harriet Newell's last resting place. Lines to a beautiful bird, which lighted on the ship. Diego Rodriques. Henry Martyn. Religion beautifies the countenance as well as the character. Byron and Pollock. Corpo-Sant, or St. Elmo's light. Sunset scene in the seas of Arabia, on the equatorial line at meridian. An Arabian Falco. Eclipse of the moon. Calm of the Arabian seas.

For several days since our leaving Rio, I have been unwell. Others of the ship have been variously affected. My own indisposition has been attended with considerable suffering, and is supposed to be the consequence of eating too freely of the tropical fruits, found in great abundance and perfection at Rio de Janeiro. Doctor H. has treated me gently, and yet I am extremely weak. For three days past I have kept my state-room, while every thing has contributed to my comfort, so far as the ship and its conveniences can afford. Our surgeon is every thing we would embrace in the gentleman, the physician, and the Christian. *Religion*, everywhere, is a beautifier of the character, refining the sensibilities of our nature. It gives a charm to the social circle. It is, or should be, the very breath of woman. It is *the without which nothing*, to the minister of the gospel. But nowhere is it more fitly appropriate, than in the character of the physician. He secures our confidence in the exercise of his skill, and the heart is soft-

ened to receive his sympathy, which never reaches the perfect state of the patient's circumstances unless the heart that gives it has been touched by the gospel principles, which are indissolubly connected with the very being of man. And advice coming from such a man, in the hours of a patient's illness, is not ill-timed, or attended with ill-grace. It is not *ex-officio*. As possessing such a character, I regard our amiable and gentlemanly surgeon.

But with all the comfortables of a convenient ward-room, state-room, servant, provision and attendance, all will be forgotten by the invalid, when much prostrated, and his thoughts will go to his far-off home. He thinks of the soft hand of a mother and sister, who have attended him in some former illness. He thinks of the spacious and comfortable chamber in his father's house. He will recollect the soft step—the low whisper—the smile—the caress—the sympathetic expression—the cheerful hopes, and the encouraging voice of those who love him. And then, when he had so far recovered as to move from room to room, to be bolstered at the window in the easy chair, to walk, for the time in the yard, in the lawn, and in the field—he recurs to all these scenes—the delicate preparations—the support of the sister's arm—the green grass his foot first pressed—the refreshing fish-pond at whose side he sat—the sweet orchard through which he leisurely strolled, and the bench and the bower where he lounged, and the beautiful scenery now rendered doubly more enchanting, on which he gazed—and then, when he could again bear it, the soft and sweet music, which awoke for him. Some of these things have been passing through my own thoughts as I have lain upon my state-room cot and mused of home and scenes of other days. And could the heart but break under such remembrances of kindness, and solicitude, and parental and sisterly care? And the love of

home, and kindred who make home the blissful spot that it is, wakes more intensely than ever before he has known it, however sincerely he may have loved. It is the voyager away and afar, musing in his hours of illness, who begets in his bosom a love of home, which others cannot know. He realizes, in more vivid appreciation, the charm of those associations, which originally possessed their interest on account of the pleasure they had caused him to experience at the locality of his home; and all these things which have once awakened his pleasurable emotions are now reviewed with a gentler heart, rendered additionally susceptible in his weaker strength of body; and he realizes with a warmer love the happy circumstances of those happy hours; which have been but now, in his absence and distance, he realizes with the deepening effect of contrast, *not* to be. How then with a thousand-deal of intenser love will he greet, on his return, his forest shades, the water stream, the deep ravine, the hill, and the extended lawn of his country home; or the social and the kindred hearts of his city residence.

If the following lines may meet the eye of one who has been placed on the sick-bed, far from kindred and home, the writer of them believes the reader will recognise some feelings kindred to his own, however defective may be the manner in which they may be embodied in the accompanying measure.

An Invalid's Thoughts of Home.

Oh, hast thou known the sorrowing heart
  Of one afar from home,
When pulses gush with fevered heat,
  And friends around thee thou hast none?
Then hast thou wept a stranger's tear
  Upon thy path forlorn,
While musing with a wanderer's care
  On scenes which memory hath of home.

'Tis then a mother's holiest love
Comes o'er thee as a spell,
And thoughts that burn thy bosom rove,
As memories on her kindness dwell.
For thou hast known the silken hand
Of mother on thy brow,
As, like some charm of magic wand,
It soothed thy pulses' rapid flow.

Ay, dearer than ambition's hope
Is home at such an hour;
And all that earth to men can ope
Hath lost for thee its wooing power;
There is not then a charm in wealth,
Nor lure for thee in fame;
The heart one magnet only hath,
And that is e'er-remembered home.

Oh yes, it is a mother's care,
A sister's sister-love,
And friends at home, who offer prayer
For thy best weal and hopes above—
It is on them fond memories dwell,
Nor world hath charm beside;
To them thou wouldst thy last thoughts tell,
When gathered sadly at thy side.

O give me back, then, to my home,
Where love awaiteth me,
For fevered heat hath on me come,
And soon, they whisper, I may die;
Then back, give back this heart forlorn
And aching head of mine,
For I have words to speak at home,
Ere yet my life-lamp cease to shine.

And then I 'd lay me in the ground,
Where sleep my kindred near,
That friends may gather at my mound
And shed for me affliction's tear;
And say, He loved as child should love,
And had a brother's heart,
And will their spirits guide above
When they, ere long, and earth shall part.

We have had fresh winds ever since we left Rio; and only on the day of our leaving the harbour have we carried our royals. The winds have continued to increase, as we have stood on our course, still more to the south and east, until, for two or three days past, it has been blowing a fresh gale. Our guns have been housed, royals and top-gallant yards sent down, and the ship made snug for the blow. It is on us. It has been sweeping over us for two or three days. But to-night, the darkest wing of the storm has been expanded over the heavens, and the billows are heaving their heaviest throes against the bulwarks of our frigate, as if they would feel her strength, to know how well she will meet the contest of the night.

Having been unwell for some time, though much better for the last three days, I have not ventured on the upper deck, as the weather has been so bad, and the winds so high, and the gun-deck so wet from the water that floods it, though the guns have been run in, and the ports rendered as tight as practicable. But the gale rises, and I have desired to contemplate the sea in its mad commotion, and to listen to the wild winds as they whistle through the rigging of the ship, with her storm-dress upon her. To-night therefore, I attired myself for the enjoyment of the opportunity, and, de pié en cap, ascended to the spar or upper deck. Lieutenant P. was the officer of the deck, and held the nettled courser on her path of darkness and foam. I told him, as he discovered me, that I had come to look at the dark eye of the gale. He talked a moment of the necessity of witnessing scenes of this kind rightly, to conceive, or to feel, or to describe them. I had waited for such an opportunity to ascend the rigging of the ship, and now placed myself upon the windward ratlins of the mainmast. "Have a care of yourself, Mr. T.," said the

officer on learning my purpose, "if you fall overboard, the ship cannot be hove to, to save you *to-night.*" "I know it—I know it," I said, and left him on the deck.

It was a fearful slant those masts, ever and now made, as they bent to the influence of the gale and the surge that rolled beneath her; but the noble hull was ever true, and again the masts righted, as if to mock the winged spirit of the storm, and waited exultingly for yet other rencounters, in their wrestles for the mastery. And those succeeding rencounters came. Ever and anon I saw, far off, the terrible roller that bore down on the weather-beam in its majesty, unseen only as its phosphorescent crest broke higher than the others on the dark sea, ere his huge proportions struck the waiting Columbia, now dashing on her way as if no antagonist greater than before were nearing. But he came on in his darkness and foam. And he was no boaster, that huge billow; but he was met, and the triumphant ship spurned the surge, as she bent to the mighty impulse, and dashed yet wilder and yet grander on her way of terror, and darkness, and mist, and whirlwind, and hurricane. Who can ever forget the sea-moan of the wind, in its flight of storm through the rigging of a frigate, as ours, this night, bends beneath the swift and heavy passage of the aerial elements without a rag on our mizzen-mast—the spanker-gaff down—and under double-reefed foresail, close-reefed main-topsail, and storm stay-sail; and yet the gallant ship is leaping from surge to surge through the dark deep, with thickest midnight brooding over the ocean, at the rate of twelve knots the hour. What could save us were we dashing on a coral reef? What could save us, were we to come in contact with a heavier mettled vessel than ourselves? And what could save the craft upon which our ship this night should

strike? No one, in the wild darkness that overhangs us, could descry a sail ahead, nor the high peaks of an ocean-isle, nor the coast of main land, nor in the roar of the tempest that rages with the voice of mighty elements, catch one lisp of the loud murmurs of a coast of breakers.

I left the rigging, and wished no longer to look at the fearful slant of the careening bark. How she is saved from rolling irrecoverably, as her main-yard nearly sweeps the careering billow, science can tell us, and science only, while the eye dilates as it marks the fearful sweep of the main-mast, from the dark zenith to the darker horizon. It would seem as if there were power enough in the wind and the surge, in their madness to-night, to bear, on an untiring wing through mid-heaven, our heaving frigate, as a god, in his might, would sport with an infant.

This is the winter season in this latitude of the southern hemisphere, and a squall with hail hath met us. How strange, in connection with all our previous experience. While our friends are burning with heat in the early part of *August*, it being the 12th, or enjoying the cool shade of the bower that shelters them from the sun's too intense beam, we are shivering, in his absence, and with the temperature, to-day, of a northern December around us.

Our ship has been driving, with great speed, on her course towards the Cape of Good Hope. When but a few days out of Rio, we were attended by a considerable number of a beautiful bird, usually called the cape pigeon. It may be deemed the gull of the southern hemisphere, in size resembling that graceful personification of the wave and its foam, that scales nearer in to the shores in the northern seas. These birds are heavier than the northern gull, their wings shorter; and varied with tracery of white feathers on their wings, giving a beautiful contrast of dark

and white waved lines on either wing. Their necks, though stouter, much resemble, in their hues, the wild pigeon, but their legs are short, and their feet webbed. One of these birds became entangled in the rigging of the ship, and was taken by the men. Another was ensnared by a line, thrown overboard with a bait; but the bird caught his wing in the cord and was thus drawn aboard.

How beautiful is nature in all her harmonies of colouring and adaptations! These birds, and more particularly the northern gull, with its white breast and dark brown wing, and graceful flight, chime in with the waters over which they scale, in their thousand evolutions. Would they not have seemed quite out of place, had they been of a deep scarlet colour? Such a coloured bird we look not for on the deep, but among the green bowers, and fadeless forests of a tropical climate. But the gull seems the graceful child of its mother foam, breaking in the curling crest of the dark blue wave. And the cape pigeon, venturing farther out upon the deeper blue ocean than the northern gull, has a plumage partaking of the still deeper blue of the surge, and his wing feathered with the lighter white of the wilder crested billow.

But there is another bird which hangs on our course of fresh gales, as it has been for the most part of our distance since we left Rio. He is a larger bird than the cape pigeon, with longer wings and a slimmer body; and dark as the misty nights themselves which have overhung us. I cannot look at that bird without regarding him as the very spirit of the storm that sweeps, with its dark wings, over the lashed sea. There he is, scaling in his quick evolutions a thousand times, during the cloudy day, across the track which our ship leaves in the disturbed waters behind her. And when the tempest of the night

has had its full sweep through the rigging of our naked spars, the morning finds that dark bird still near us, though scarcely seen as his wing tips the billow in its roll, only as he turns himself in his flight, and lines himself, in his upward curve and dark relief, on the horizon beyond him. And yet, I dislike not that bird—he is so sublimely in keeping with the dark rolling billows of the sea, when no crest is on their tops, but clouds darken the heavens—or as seen the precursor of the dark-winged squall, when driving with nearing approaches over the waters—or the heavy gathering of the dark nimbi-clouds around the whole horizon, telling the wary sailor of the coming hurricane, that shall throw ocean and air, and falling waters, into their wildest tumult and ravage.

OFF CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, August 19, 1838.

I have written of the blow which swept over us on the 11th instant; and fresh winds have attended us during most of our course from Rio, up to our present position. But the gale of last night and this morning, has outmatched the elements in their tumult of the eleventh. We are now standing nearly east, with fore-course double-reefed, and main-topsail close-reefed, and the wind abaft. The swell of the ocean exceeds any thing which we have before seen. The crest of the surge raises high its white cap, only to be sent, like whirling drifts from the high peak of a snow-bank; and, at times, the extended ocean lies before us sheeted in one vast layer of foam; or again, the blue billow, rolling higher than his fellow, breaks its huge volume, and sends its thousand currents of mingling froth down the steep aslant of the surge, like expanded flakes of snow, resting on the declivities of the blue ravine. While standing on the arm-chest of the quarter-deck, one might-

ier surge than the rest, came on, and rolling high its curling crest, bent its lip of foam over the hammock-cloth and drenched me from head to feet. It was a mighty heave of the ocean, thus to overleap the highest part of the spar-deck.

Having changed my dress, I again sought the deck, to ascend to the mizzen-top. No sail was spread upon the naked spars, while the winds roared through the moaning rigging; and here, in grand solitude, I gazed abroad upon the lashed ocean, raging in the wildness of a gale at sea. The sun was out, and sent his steady beams abroad, as if to light up the terror of the storm. The spray of the clipped surge reached me, even in the mizzen-top, as it was whirled on the wing of the eddying currents; and abroad, on the vast deep, the mighty cascades of ocean threw up, as incense of oblation to the winds, their jets of foam, coruscating in the light of the glorious sun, and rendering contemptible all the attempts of art to imitate the water-spouts of nature. But the winds—*those moaning winds*, wailing through the taughtened rigging, now howled like a thousand spirits, that seemed ready to chant the requiem of half a thousand souls held at their mercy, and driving them on their way of tempest, with life-lines stretched from gun to gun, the length of either deck, to enable them to pass from bows to stern of the careening, and pitching, and struggling ship. It was a grand spectacle, that view from the mizzen-top. The fore and main each bore only a single sail, close-reefed. No other sail was set. The top-gallant-masts were housed, the guns run in, and all was snug. Scarcely a man was seen aloft in the fore and main tops, while the mizzen-mast stood in its naked cords and spars, to wail, in sympathy, with the maddened elements of wind and wave, while the one swept through its cord-

age, and the other around us, in the wildness of its tempest-course. It was a fearful chord those masts would line on the heavens, at times, as the ship was heaved by the rolling billow; and as I gazed over the chafed sea, from the rocking height, the very currents of the air seemed as if they would choke me, as I inhaled my breath. Never before, as now, had I so fully realized the fearful circumstances of the adventurous tar aloft while the gale is raging, and mastering the winds themselves, though, from habit, he is as confident and sure as if his feet were pressing the firmer deck below.

Such is the scene while we are moving around the Cape of Good Hope, some hundred miles in the distance from it. But we fear nothing. We know our path—unlike the earliest adventurers on the same course, but hugging nearer to the shore, which they justly denominated, in the days of their smaller ships and imperfect knowledge, "the cape of all torments." But our run is at the rate of ten knots and more the hour, directly on the course which we desire to make over the mighty billows, which, in all their mountain-height of blue and green, and crest of foam and mist, and spouting cascades of crystal waters, drinking in the light of the high sun, are yet beautiful, and grand, and sublime as nature, even in her wrath, ever appears. Go on, then, thou goodly ship. Thou hast borne us safely thus far, and we will trust thee still, in the hand of that greater Power, who poured the ocean's self from his palm, and can wake or allay its mighty commotion, at his will.

On a succeeding evening Lieutenant Turner sent for me, to come to the deck and look at a beautiful *Luna-bow*. Its colourless but soft phosphorescent arch was lined distinctly and perfect on a dark-brown cloud, in the south-east, while the moon shone sweetly and bright in the north-

west. The apex of the arch was some 15° above the sea; and nothing could be more soft, more chaste, more lovely. In its proportions and position it obeyed all the laws of the rainbow, with the exception of the colour of its rays. The light of the moon, though her smiles were abundant for a maiden no more than a week old, was too feeble to transmit from the bow the prismatic colours. And I would not wish to have seen them, if ever they appear. They would have been out of character, in the soft light of the moon, as she walked through her blue halls to-night, with the horns of her silver crescent turned towards the north, and the stars above her and around her shining in their own peculiar sheen of glory. And then, not far above this arch of light, so chiming in with the colour of the stars and the moon's pale beam, was seen the constellation of the Southern Cross. There, then, were all the elements of the escutcheon of the once proud house of Portugal, with her gems of the Brazils—the cross supported by its arch, and its azure field studded with brilliants. But the mind that loves to let its vision go beyond the things of change, would think of the reality, which that constellation emblems forth of immortality to spirits, which diamonds of the mines and stars of the heavens may not redeem; and associate the halo, spanned in its graceful loveliness and light on the heavens, with the brow of Him who made them all, and redeemed man to fadeless blessedness, if he will but return to him the fit devotion of his heart!

Few things can more gratify one, whose habit of mind has been to philosophize on the phenomena of nature, than to be placed in circumstances where he is able to verify the theories with which he has been familiar, and to observe for himself the reality of those theorems in physics which he believes as mathematical certainties, but

which his opportunities of observation have never before given him *to feel* to be true, as matters of his own visible inspection and consequent experience.

We all believe that the earth is a sphere. We have read the proofs and followed out its demonstrations in curves and sines and tangents; and have read of ships, guided by the unerring magnet, and the bright stars, and the yet brighter sun, sailing around the world, by keeping on their unchanged course to the east. We believe it all. But it is not with *that feeling of conviction* which possesses him, who has watched the compass from day to day and from month to month as he has urged on his curved course, with the prow of his ship ever pointed to the east, and finds himself at last, at the same point of the west from which he started.

And again, if from the north the voyager has ever looked at the sun performing his daily circuit at the south of him, seeming so closely to hug his bright halls in the southern distance as almost to leave a doubt in one's feelings whether it be a possibility for one to place that same luminary at the north of him, though he should sail to the southmost extent of the earth. But the voyager no sooner commences his course southward than he finds that the sun, at noon-day, is more nearly above him than before. He continues his course another day, and still another, and another, and finds the sun, in his never-failing circuit, yet nearer above him, when mid-way on his diurnal track of the heavens. As his ship still bounds on her fleet traverse, at length the sun, at meridian, sends down his perpendicular ray, with an intensity of heat, that tells him there is no mistake about its coming from the point directly in his zenith. But he still urges on his course to the south, and finds that he is continually leaving the belt of

the heavens through which the sun makes his annual circuit, until, as is now our own case, he reaches a point, from which the sun appears as far to the north of him at noon-day, as a New-Yorker would see the same glorious orb at his south, on a November's noon.

And then, as he gazes from night to night on the bright stars, on which he has looked from his infancy, sinking one by one beneath the horizon, as he recedes from them; and another hemisphere of yet brighter brilliants loom up before him to delight his view, he *feels*, while he thus gazes and admires, and is sad, that he has evidence that this earth is a vast globe, on which he has sailed to its higher part, and there for a moment delayed, but is now descending again, with a long farewell to the home and the hemisphere where he has ever before lived, and looked, and loved.

The *trade-winds* are another subject of interest to the voyager, as he passes to the equator and beyond it. In accounting for the regularity of these winds, for ever blowing in the same direction, he has to review but a few and simple principles, for the confirmation of the theories in meteorology, with which he made himself acquainted in his school-boy days, or in hours of maturer reasonings. And he finds the reality to be, as his theories would lead him to infer. In the northern tropic, a perpetual north-east wind prevails, ever driving towards the equator, and in the southern tropic, a south-east trade alike drives on its perpetual slant.

The Variety of Clouds.

There are many other objects of interest, which attract the gaze and offer continual subjects to amuse the speculations of the meteorologist, as well as to delight the fancy

of the poet, and awaken the emotion of the beautiful in the bosom of the lover of nature. Nowhere else can we have so full and ever varying views of the changing *clouds*, as at sea. One sees them in their thousand forms and changes and picturesque grouping of castle and turret and falling ruins; and cavalcade and infantry in elementary war; and in the calm of succeeding truce, and the serene of final peace. And then, the expanses, like ocean-plains, in the ever changing skies, often lay before him in their green, or blue, or saffron and gold, with the soft clouds drifting slowly over the bosom of the rich expanse, like so many floating islands, prepared for the spirits of the blest in their circuit of the universe, and of fadeless happiness and years.

We gaze upon the *cirrus*—most generally occupying the highest place of the atmosphere, and sometimes covering the vast expanse above us, sometimes usurping the whole heavens. Now it throws out its fibrous lines with curled ends, like the flowing hair of a "Kate's crazed," streaming dishevelled in the breeze. Again it is seen in its lines of net-work; and at others, like flakes of wool distended and terminated in its curve of curls. The sailors call this cloud the *mare's tail;* and the cirrus, Englishized, means a tuft or lock of curled or frizzled hair. The mariner supposes it to be a harbinger of coming winds; and when it gathers low and dense, a blow may be deemed to hang upon its nearing wing. At such times, it is generally seen rising from a direction opposite to the one whence the gale arises. The brushy and filiform structure of this cloud, would seem to favour the supposition, that this class of nebula serve as conductors of electricity from cloud to cloud, and from one mass of the atmosphere to another. Its changes are often very rapid, throwing

out filaments in various directions, from the original thread, and disappearing in the form of another cloud, but when most elevated, sometimes pencils its beautiful tracery for hours, on the fair and deep blue sky.

The *cirro-cumulus* is a modification of the cirrus, having the appearance we would imagine to be given to the cirrus, if its small fibrous layers were contracted into globular shapes, and extending themselves in irregular and horizontal masses. They generally occupy the place next lower in the sky than the cirrus; and by some, this variety of form is deemed to result from the cirrus ceasing its office as an electric conductor, either by its change of form or the changed state of the atmosphere. It is deemed the forerunner of fair weather; but not always is it such, for, when accompanied by the cirro-stratus, another variety of cloud, it is regarded a sure indicator of a coming storm.

The *cirro-stratus* is varying and many-formed, but, like the cirrus, it is a fibrous cloud. It spreads its cross-bars or fibrous layers of oblique and parallel streaks in a horizontal extension, varying in their length and size and colour, but uniting themselves in a horizontal line, while the ends are jagged and distinct. At other times they spread themselves in disconnected but regular oblique lines, parallel to each other, lying on the back ground of the heavens in fanciful resemblance of a school of fish, and hence deriving from the voyager the name of mackerel skies. The night before the gale we experienced off Cape Good Hope, the skies were chequered with this variety of clouds, attended by the cirrus yet above it, and both sailing in the upper region. Erelong they condensed into darker layers towards the falling of the sun, with the increase of the winds. The cirro-stratus, in connection

with either of the preceding forms, is regarded as an unfailing precursor of a gale; and in the language of the sailors,

"Mackerel skies and mares' tails
Make high ships carry low sails."

The *cumulus* and the *cumulo-stratus* never tire the eye as it gazes on their sublime piles, banked up one upon another, and rolling on their courses in changing but ever beautiful formations. What may not one fancy them to be in their fleecy robes of light, and gossamer of a thousand dies, from the deepest crimson and scarlet and vermilion, to every shade of gold; or as they stack their spherical shapes in an untarnished glow of silver and gold, against the deep blue of the ether? I have watched, for hours, their varying forms, as they have lined themselves in one almost unbroken and glorious panorama around the horizon of the heavens, when nature seemed to be decorating herself for the gala of some one of her grandest holidays. And then, as the sun coursed down his way to his bed of the ocean, retiring behind the banks of these conic and terraced masses,

"I've gazed upon the blushing west,
When in her gold and purple drest;
But soon her crimson fades away,
And hazel holds the evening sky."

Of these two clouds, the *cumulus*, whenever it is the precursor of rain, presents a more sombre and fleecy appearance, and is less globular and distinct in its formation, and sinking in denser masses towards the horizon. But in fair weather, its rounded forms are well defined, and sail higher up on the course of light, drinking in the beams of the smiling sun, throughout the whole of the loveliest day.

The *cumulo-stratus* is yet more beautiful in its combi-

nations of rolling and heavy masses, overhanging its dark underlayers; and sometimes seems to lower as if all were not right in the peaceful regions through which it is sailing, but it is believed that rain never falls from this majestic voyager of the fair and beautiful heavens.

The *nimbus*, or the rain cloud, often has its origin in the cumulus. Large masses of the cumuli, at times, may be seen crowding together, blending their folds and raising high their peaks, and gliding into the form of cumulo-stratus. Erelong they become more and more dense, until they present to the beholder the dark sides and threatening volumes of the nimbus, which delays not long in its approach over the waters, in gust and whirlwind, and rain; and is known alike to the observant and the unobservant, as the dispenser of showers, and tempests, and storms.

The cloud which is spoken of by the meteorologist, as occupying the lowest stations, is the *stratus*, which includes in its genus, the mists and fogs formed during the night, and dispersed by the rarefying beams of the early sun. It is supposed to reach its density at midnight; and owing to this circumstance, it is sometimes called the *cloud of night*. But when the sun's early rays scatter its white folds into thin air in the morning, it is the surest harbinger of fairest skies. Who has looked on the vast volumes of the autumnal fogs, rolling from the river up the ravines, as the sun sends forth his morning beams, and has not admired the silvery and fleecy folds of the slowly rolling vapours, as they rise beneath the rarefying influence of the morning ray? And if we have beheld them while we were gazing upon them from the side of friends and at the home of our youth, nothing can make us forget the charm of these young associations, and the waking views of our careless and happy hours.

We have just made the southern point of the island of Madagascar, after a run of thirty days from Rio. It is a question whether a quicker passage has been made over the same track, our ship having measured ninety degrees of longitude, or sailed one fourth the way around the world in thirty days.

It is indeed a thing of delight to gain a view of land, after a passage of weeks at sea. The voyager feels that he is again united to a world of living beings; and the eye fixes itself on the land as an associate object, to carry the heart directly to friends, though they be a hemisphere from the spot where the eye is lingering its gaze. It is *on land* where our dearest associations cluster. It is there we have laughed, and wept, and loved; and it is there we believe ourselves still to be beloved.

To me, it is an agreeable circumstance to be noted, that we have, in every instance, made the land under some interesting exhibition of nature. The scene at Madeira, and the bright Arcturus shining above us, has been mentioned. The eve of our gaining our first view of Rio de Janeiro is noted, as associated with an unequalled moonlit scene. And to-night, as the sun went down but a little at the west of the island, which lies in the horizon on our larboard beam, bathing hisgolden disk in the Indian seas, he exhibited a peculiar and peaceful sunset, which seemed to omen brightly of our onward way, through the waters of these olden lands. The large orb fell, while we were gazing on the newly seen isle. When his lower limb touched the waves, they heaved against his crimson belt, while some six or eight digits of his disk only could be seen as he continued to settle beneath the waves, from a cloud above him, until at length, his upper rim emerged from the fleecy bank, and in a moment more he disappeared,

saying, in the last gleam that scintillated in its farewell ray, "I have been your friend—I have given you my beams until I have saved you from the nearing danger, and the wished-for object now lies before you. Praise ye then the God who made me."

Surely that heart must be devoid of all capability of gratitude, who, after a course of weeks upon the boundless ocean, can look upon the land, and think of friends, and health, and safety, and gives not a gush of bursting love to the God who made him, and whose attending goodness has been with him on the seas.

The land which we have made is the island of Madagascar, the first we have seen in this ocean of isles, into which we are about entering, and which we first desired to make.*

In consequence of finding it impossible to weather the southeastern point of the island of Madagascar, occasioned by the adverse winds called the Fort Dauphin winds, which prevail at the south end of Madagascar, our ship has been standing to the east and south for several days, with the intention of taking one of the outer passages for Muscat or Bombay. The island of Madagascar is a continent in itself; and it seems remarkable that it has not met the avaricious eye of some of the European powers, and called for the exercise of their prowess, in the attempt to take and to hold possession of it.

* During the night, owing to our proximity to the land, we stood off to the south, but tacked ship early in the morning. When again we had gained a view of the land, a cloud had passed the ship; and a bow more brilliant than any one on board had ever before seen, arched itself over the southern extremity of Madagascar. The lower chord of rays lined themselves as distinctly in its lovely violet as art's less lovely tints could have drawn them on canvass. It was a perfect thing, and awakened the admiration of every eye on board

Yesterday, September 4th, we were some three hundred miles from land, with the island of Bourbon and the Isle of France at the windward. It seems yet unsolved whether we shall touch at the latter. It is replete with associations. It is the spot where the scenes are laid, which have brought the tear to the eye of many a young heart while reading the sentimental and tragic story of Paul and Virginia. The island, in other days, has been noted for its loveliness, and choice and hospitable society. The clove in its rich aroma, and the cinnamon, and the coffee tree deck the plantations, while the flowering mimosas with their contrasts of white and yellow and rose blossoms, with the deep verdure of their dense foliage, decorate the streets of Port Louis.

But to me, the greatest charm which could be thrown around this fair isle of the Indian seas, is the circumstance of its being the final resting place of the lovely and devoted *Harriet Newell.* I well remember the story of this first martyr to the cause of East India missions. And when a boy, the memoirs that narrated her voyage, and exhibited her character in its loveliness, its sweetness, and its piety, melted my heart, and perhaps was among the first things that awakened in my own bosom the desire that the God in whom she confided might be mine. How, then, would I stand beside that grave, which contains the dust of the self-sacrificing, and lovely missionary, who had a heart which embraced in its benevolence the millions of India; and though delicate in her feminine loveliness, hesitated not, in that early day of Christian effort for the East, to dare the difficulties that attended on the path of the strongest and the roughest, who went forth with good intent for the salvation of the benighted. Peacefully she rests in the green island of cloves, which give their spicy richness to

the gale. None who can appreciate the moral beauty of virtue in its loveliest dress can recall thy memory, sweet sleeper of the ocean isle, and not yield thee the tribute of deferential respect and love.

This evening, at about sunset, a little bird came down on its tired wing, and lighted on our ship. The quarter-master took it, and brought it to me. It is far away from the shore for such a little wanderer to venture; and when taken, manifested no symptom of alarm. I brought the little voyager to my room, and penned to it the following lines:

To a Beautiful Little Bird,

Which lighted on the deck of the Columbia, some hundred miles and more to the leeward of the Isle of France.

Sweet bird of the isle, too far o'er the sea
Thou has bent thy slight wing—come hither to me;
There's none that will harm thee, sweet bird of the isle,
As thou on this bosom shalt rest for a while.

The first shade of night is on the dark wave,
And the zephyrs of eve in their sea-dews lave;
And thy home many leagues is away in the west,
Thou canst not reach it—come hither and rest.

And when the morn breaks with its first ray beaming,
And o'er the blue-sea to thy green isle is streaming,
I'll give thee to thy wing, if again thou wilt dare
To cut thy fleet way through the deep azure air.

But thy breast is now beating, lone bird of the isle,
And none its grief-breakings hath power to beguile;
Thou dreamest of thy left-one 'mong bowers of the clove,
There carolling her vesper this eve in the grove:

"O where, O where is my my lost-one," she is murmuring now,
That, to-night, he returns not to his cinnamon bough?
The soft spicy breezes lose their sweetness for me,
While I am absent, my lost-one, my lost-one, from thee."

But cheer thee, little bird of the sweet azure crest,
Again thou shalt see thy green isle of the west;
We will bear thee, to-night, full many leagues on,
And thou shalt live again and love, in thy own spicy home.

On the morning of the 9th, we made land, agreeably to our expectation, and corresponding in its longitude with the time of our chronometers. It is the island of Diego Rodriques, long. 63° 7′, lat. 19° 37′. It presents, the southern extremity of it, an oval outline with the highest point in the centre, and declining either way with a nearly equal curve. It is composed of high mountains and deep ravines, while it sleeps in its ocean-solitude, in undisturbed possession of the crabs and turtles frequenting its shores.

We have taken the southeast monsoons, and are sailing delightfully on our course. It is a lovely day; and it is the Sabbath. The services of the morning are over; and a few moments since, while on the quarter-deck, I marked one of the Lieutenants, who had turned from the view of the land to the opposite quarter of the ship. His head rested upon his hand, and his elbow upon the hammock-cloth; while his cap was carelessly held in his other hand, which lay listless upon the netting; but his thoughts were on wings, I doubt not, which bore him to loved ones far—how far away, on other shores. And this was not all. His were not only thoughts which relate to this life. None loved more entirely than he; and it was this love which now bore his thoughts up to the Father of us all, for blessings which this earth cannot give, to rest on the absent. Oh, there is a hallowedness in those breathings, which go forth in prayer for those who are deeply beloved, when the soul of him who prayeth hath but lately learned to feel that there are riches beyond this world, which friends dearer to him than life may attain, and when such

is the burden of his prayer. God bless those friends; and in the mysterious commune of spirits, may the prayer of that young husband bear on it, by the way of the courts of heaven, this day, a blessing which shall thrill a kindred chord of devotion in the bosom of his young and amiable bride, and consecrate to their God the young years of their boy, who has, as yet, but just learned to lisp the name of father and mother.

While reading, to-day, in the Memoir of the accomplished Henry Martyn, the scholar of Cambridge and the missionary to the Indies, I noted, with interest, the following passage: "Since I have known God in a saving manner, painting, poetry, and music, have had charms unknown to me before. I have received what I suppose is a taste for them; for religion has refined my mind, and made it susceptible of impressions from the sublime and beautiful. O how religion secures the heightened enjoyment of those pleasures which keep so many from God, by their becoming a source of pride!"

There is deep truth in this reflection; and it has often impressed my own mind as it is here delineated in the words of Martyn. And I once heard a gentleman of great refinement of character, taste in literature, and who minutely observed men and manners, say, that there was nothing like religion to give beauty of expression to the countenance. Why should it not be so? We know that the muscles of the face are exercised by the emotions of the heart; and those emotions which are most frequently exercised in the bosom leave the evidence of their frequent existence demonstrated on the countenance. If, therefore, the benevolence of the heart towards our fellow-men, often touch our sympathies—if sympathy for the distressed—if ingenuousness of character, rectitude of purpose, and truth

in principle, are all habitually waking in the bosom and controlling the mental decisions and external actions of one who has devoted himself, or herself, to the discipleship of Christ, how can it be otherwise than that these feelings should chronicle themselves in the open, and manly, and ingenuous face of the sincere follower of Jesus Christ, whose religion inculcates good will to all men. And these are the virtues and the excellencies which we all admire, wherever they are seen to exist. It is in the very nature of our constituent being to admire virtue and moral excellence, as much so, as it is a quality of the physical eye to appreciate physical beauty. Therefore, where other things are equal, *that countenance* will be the most lightened up by that inexpressible and often indescribable charm, which gives one to believe that he reads, in the light of its expression, the amiable and enchanting qualities of an unseen but intelligibly speaking soul. And when a character thus refined in its sensibilities and principles goes forth to look on nature, her beauties chime in with its own sympathies. Nature, in all her colouring, and landscape, and sublimity in effect, exhibits a perfection in the Creative Mind that conceived and spread such beauties forth to the view; and it awakes, in the bosom of the refined, a longing desire for a kindred purity, and that his spirit may be untarnished by one blemish. And the least blemish, wherever seen in contrast with the loveliness around him, in his growing habit of refinement, gives pain to the increasing delicacy of his perceptions. And with this deepened refinement of spirit, painting, poetry, and music, made up of beautiful and delicate harmonies in imagery, sentiment, and sound, come home to his sensibilities, and the soul thrills as it yields to the deep tides of flowing, and beautiful, and refined thought. No man nor woman hath reached that delicacy of suscep-

tibility, where harmonies reach the deepest chords which nature has strung in our bosom, unless the element of religion lies among the vibrating strings of the spirit. It is of no account to say that some unholy men have been the greatest poets, and that many holy men have never had the gift of poetry. Byron perceived *what he might have enjoyed*, had he himself been all that his mind *conceived* of the pure, the beautiful, and the refined. We read his confession in the sentiment, when the prayer of one who was lovely, and young, and pure, was sent to him, as having been penned and offered up to her God for him, and which, on her death, had been found among her private papers. He would sooner have exchanged all the glory of his poetic fame than the one consciousness that such a prayer had been sent to heaven in his behalf. Byron should have been a Christian, and then he would have experienced the happiness rather than *the miseries* of one of the gifted children of poesy. Pollock was such; and as he wrote, he not only enjoyed the mental perception of the beautiful and the sublime, but his heart melted in the depths of its profoundest and *purest sensibilities*, which reached the circumstances of his whole mental, and moral, and immortal being.

On the twelfth, a dark storm, with rain and thunder, attended us, and reduced the ship to her fore-course and main-topsail, close-reefed. The spindle of the main conductor was illuminated for some time, and I stood, for a half hour, in the deep darkness of the night, and the heavy peltings of the rain, on deck, to watch the effect of the clouds, charged with electricity, upon the pointed spars of the ship. The illuminated point of the spindle appeared like a small star, and lined its chord of light on the dark zenith as the ship rolled, but at times disappeared, or

again gave forth its small bead of light. Before I ascended to the deck, the officer assured me that the truck was considerably more illuminated, and a phosphorescent appearance extended some inches down the royal-mast.

The sailors are, confessedly, a superstitious class, very generally believing in ghosts and various kinds of spiritual appearances. While standing upon the deck, I was amused with strange stories, each one being ready to spin his yarn when interrogated. They call this electrical appearance corpo-sant—the St. Elmo's light of the books, and of other superstitious times. A main-top-man assured me that he had often seen the corpo-sant descend from the truck to the deck, and ascend again. In case of its rising again from the deck to the truck, it is deemed an omen of approaching good weather. But should the corpo-sant descend the mast, and make its way out of the lee-scupper, then,

"There's danger on the deep,"

and many vessels, under such circumstances, are known to have been lost, said the sailor, with all their crews.

It is not unusual, during a stormy night like this, for the three trucks of a ship to become illuminated, as also, the ends of the higher yards. This phenomenon is of frequent occurrence off Cape Hatteras, and the cause must be obvious, as an electric exhibition, at the rounded points of the spars of the ship.

Nature never tires the eye of the admiring gazer, as he lingers his vision on her ever changing beauties. The sunset of one night is beautiful—the next may equal it for its brilliancy, while the colouring and the thousand fairy forms of the one shall differ entirely with the ever varying forms and colours of the other. I have already,

and more than once, alluded to the beautiful sunset scenes, which are ever presenting themselves to us, at sea. But the scene of glory spread before our eye on the evening of the 13th, in our west, has not before been equalled for its colouring and variety of fantastic forms; and we will call it

A SUNSET SCENE IN THE SEAS OF ARABIA.

And what is there of the imagination that does not come forth as the memory recalls the olden stories and fairy tales of that enchanted land—the days of the Caliphs—Yemen's golden mountains, and Omon's emerald waters? We are now approaching this land of gorgeous legends, and in a few days more may lave our anchors in the green waters of Omon. And just as we are entering the seas of Arabia, the delight is not a little augmented by the coincidence that presents to us, to-night, so gorgeous a sunset, while we let the imagination go on its free wing to mingle the half shady memories and mystic fictions of the past with the brilliant images and reality of the present.

A summer's shower had gone over us, such as I have known at the north in June, which left the soft and moist air to rest refreshingly against the cheek. The clouds had been floating on their way, and were now packing themselves up in the south and west, leaving vacant fields in the sky, deep and vast, where they seemed to have laid off the beautiful spaces, as if they had thought on this night as the hour for making the greatest display of their magnificence and loveliness. The sun had sunk his veiled disk beneath the western rim of the ocean, and sent back upon the clouds his beams, in his greatest prodigality; while these aerial vapours had disposed themselves in fantastic lines, as if they sought to be peculiar this night. One

long cirro-stratus stretched itself in a horizontal line, midway in the scene, dark and low, and long; and above and below were oblique layers so converging on the green back ground of the sky, as to exhibit the appearance of an undulating sea of paling green, sending back from its unbroken and minoring surface a sheet of light, in delicate and softest beauty. Not the gossamer zone of lady ever floated so lightly as, here and there, the elongated curls of fleecy vapours, in their different hues of lightest pink, and blue, and palest gold, waved their flowing folds upon the sky, while the heavier layers of clouds piled themselves in strata upon strata, and all were illuminated with every tint of mingling scarlet and carmine and deepest Indian red, such as painters might wish, to give the highest colouring to the cheek.

But it was *the arrangement* of the clouds, to-night, which mostly struck my eye, and awakened my interest, though nature's colourings shone forth in their indescribable magnificence. There, around the gorgeous horizon, lay all the cities of the East, as they had filled our young minds and vivid imaginations, with all their turrets and domes and embattled ramparts, notching themselves along the line of the glowing horizon. But one scene, more than the rest, attracted the long gaze of my own eye, willingly lingering on the princely vision. Two parallel rows of clouds were so piled, as to give the perspective of a spacious avenue, lined, on either side, with palaces and castles, embowered in regular rows of ornamental and towering trees, extending from the rim of the ocean far across the area of the wide city, to a curve in a crystal and expanded river, that seemed to wind, for leagues, in the back ground. It opened directly in our front; and in its distance, this princely street, at this hour, seemed ani-

mated with the equipages of nobles and the luxurious, on their evening and pleasure drives, now returning to their several homes ere the night-fall gathered over them. I gazed until the twilight of evening left those distant halls, and battlements, and turrets, and equipages, in the dun of earliest eve, and only some few of the latest stragglers here and there could be seen driving on a belated course, at the hour when night is soon to wrap all alike in her deep and dark mantle of shadows and forgetfulness.

All on board the frigate were gazing, from their several places, on this gorgeous scene.

"There, Mr. T.," said the Commodore, as he turned to me from the horseblock, "is a scene for poetry. I think we may hear of it again. We are near enough to the waters of Arabia to lay the scene in her seas."

"And a lady in Rio, you know, sir, told me that she knew I was a poet, the first time she saw me. And I assured her that she was early to find out, what nature had never yet discovered."

"Your modesty, Mr. T."

"At least I can fancy that the breeze this evening snuffs of balmy Araby; and the whole scene is in keeping with the tales of enchantment, which have lain, like fairy spells, in the imagination from our infancy, as we have thought of the storied land of the East. It is association, as I take it, which delights the voyager, as he nears, and as he stands on olden ground, rather than the things of the present which meet his eye around him. He cares not though he treads on ruins, if the past be in his memory and musings; and he chooses fiction rather than the reality, if that fiction has before delighted him. Araby once had the reputation of all the East. She is now only

Araby, by herself. The Sultan of Muscat, however, is a lion of modern times, that may justly awake our curiosity and admiration.

"Yes; and I would," continued the Commodore, as he held his hand up to the gentle breeze, "that these prognostics of a change of wind might come from this quarter, and a few more days would give us the pleasure of seeing the Sultan. But had we a suitable present for his Highness, and five thousand dollars to give him an entertainment becoming his generous hospitality, we should be additionally gratified. But mark you that pile of dark pillars rising in the continued changes of the sky, in that expanse of exquisite green, so like an ocean, thereaway?"

"It looks like the dark sugar-loaf, as the masses now crowd together, and reminds me of the beautiful moon-rise scene, that smiled on our first making the city of St. Sebastian, which should have been built of rock. I thought, as I marked the beds of beautiful granite inwalling the city of Rio on its three sides, that Don Pedro, with his Brazilian gold and diamonds and agricultural resources, if he had possessed any energy, should have been able to say, when exiled from his western capital, 'I found the city in mortar and pebbles; I left it a city of granite;' in imitation of the Roman, who left the seven-hill city of brick, a city of marble."

"Tea is ready, sir," said a servant, as he approached and touched his hat to the Commodore. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

It is not a frequent coincidence, in the run of a ship, for the vessel to pass the equatorial line, at meridian, and under a clear sun. In our own case to-day, however, Sept. 17th, we found ourselves, at noon, five minutes, or five miles, north of the equatorial line, of which, had it not

been an imaginary circle, we could have had a fair view. The declination of the sun was only 2°, and consequently nearly perpendicular. The shadows of the men looked like crabs as they were passing fore and aft the decks. I suspended a broom, at the moment of twelve, and the shadow of the handle could not be seen, so nearly vertical was the sun. For a few moments before twelve it seemed doubtful whether the sun would dip ahead or abaft of us, our ship standing, at the time, on a north course. But when the sun had reached its highest point, the sextant brought its reflected disk to the rim of the ocean, ahead of us. To-morrow we shall have changed sides with each other, and a long sweep remains for each of us before we shall again meet and reciprocate our passing compliments.

A bird was sent to my room this morning before I had plumed my own wings to venture from my own nest. It came at the direction of the Commodore, who has been abroad earlier than myself. It is a true Arabian—of whom we think as of a rover that has designs upon his neighbour—with the eye of a hawk, the fleetness of his own Arab steed, and the strength and the agility of the dromedary. The bird is an Arabian falco, that lives by his predatory excursions, and eats his weaker neighbours, when he can catch them. And notwithstanding his own merciless nature, it was a long colloquy between my conscience, humanity, and love of the curious, whether said falco should be considered as having forfeited his life by his previous course, which course, however, was to be judged of only by circumstantial evidence and reasonings a priori. It was at length decided that a preparation should be made of him, and my servant boy was directed to place his hand so as to press the breast of the bird that it might not expand, and to place his fingers around its

neck. The beautifully speckled falco, with his dun-coloured and dark spotted plumage, in a moment saw no more from those large, round, and beautiful dark eyes, though they had looked on so many beautiful things of nature, and with the quickness of light had seen and seized his weaker prey. He did not even flap his wings, and seemed unconscious of pain, so suddenly and so completely did he lose his breath.

I can seldom bring myself to a willingness to destroy the life of a bird, or other animal, merely for my own pleasure of preserving him, to fill a niche in a private museum. And I admire that delicacy of feeling which caused a gentleman of my acquaintance, on perceiving a serpent endeavouring to devour a toad, to alight from his carriage, and separate them—giving each a switching, and sending them about their business. But on board of ship, the birds which alight upon her spars and rigging, are generally so far spent that they do not recover, and will not eat or drink. The same day a pretty little swallow was brought to me, and with a desire to cherish its life I placed it in one of the side lanterns of the ship, with the intention of bearing it nearer to the land, that it might find its way back again to its green bowers and sylvan tents. But it died during the night. This was also the sad fate of the pretty bird that came aboard of us at the leeward of the Isle of France; and all my kind desires that it might reach its green land-home again, failed of their gratification. It died, as I watched its last pulsations, on my handkerchief. And though my sympathies could avail it nothing, the incident bore me many leagues over the seas, where I remembered to have seen a sweet young lady, sitting in pensive mood, with her long dark eye-lashes nearly closed, as her neck, with a gentle curve,

bent to gaze on her pretty canary, which lay imbedded on her rich laced handkerchief, and was dying. Each pulsation of its yellow plumed bosom was watched with a languishing air of sentiment, as the little sleeper lay in her lap, and when the last beat of its heart had stopped, and the convulsed wings extended themselves, and its delicate feet contracted, *and all then was over*, one long sigh swelled that young lady's bosom, and a tear filled her abstracted eye. Who will say that such a tear was ill-spent over the death of that beautiful little bird?

There was a beautiful eclipse of the moon this evening, October 3d, and we were every way favourably situated to observe it, in the Arabian sea. The night was clear, and the sea smooth, while we were gliding on our course, with our sails sufficiently filled to keep the ship steady. The air was mild and delightful. The officer of the deck sent for me; and when I reached the upper deck, the earth's shadow had already covered ten digits of the moon's disk. The heavens were lighted by the bright stars, now streaming in their greatest brilliance from out an Indian heaven, while the northern edge of the moon gleamed, in its narrow strip of light, only to render the gloom beneath her on the ocean yet more sickly and drear, while the stars above and around lay in their loveliness deep in their dark concave above us.

Even philosophers are sometimes so much the things of habit in their associations, that we had not bethought ourselves that an eclipse, invisible in the United States, would be in full view to the eye that gazed at it in the Indian seas. It was a beautiful sight, however, as presented to our observation. The gorgeous queen seemed to have taken the whim of a quakeress to-night, in her attire of the light dun of her gossamer dress. I contempla-

ted her changes with interest, first with the naked eye, then through the common night-glass, afterwards through a larger inverted telescope, which exhibited her appearances yet more interesting, in her contrasts of colours. The shadow exhibited the appearance of the richest amber; and the brilliant stream of light, that gleamed in a small line on the northern rim, as it increased its field while the shadow receded, presented an area resembling a surface of purest snow, reflecting back a flood of light in contrast with the amber of the shadow.

We envied our friends on the 18th of the last month, the opportunity of gazing at the annular eclipse of the sun. No evidence of a frown gathering over his face, appeared to us. And the privilege we enjoyed in contemplating the scene of to-night, from the mid-ocean, might justly excite their envy towards us, could friends, in their kindness of heart, ever indulge such a feeling towards those of their number when far away, for the occasional pleasures which come across their course.

Our ship has been sleeping for some fortnight and more in the calm waters of the Arabian seas, as if she, like the rest of us, had become unnerved by the relaxing heat of these latitudes. We have made but little progress, from day to day. The sea has presented, often, an unruffled bosom. Around us occasionally, the thousand coloured and beautiful dolphins have been seen, and the rudder-fish adhering, as if it were life and death with him, to the course of the ship. The waters in these seas are remarkably phosphorescent. At night, a spunge, dipped into a bucket freshly filled from the sea, will become bespangled entirely with the brilliant phosphorescent points, giving forth their light from a thousand small globules, that coat the surface to which they adhere. And when the water is

dashed upon the deck these thousand little brilliants cover the moistened space. But when a light is brought to observe the animalcules themselves, which are supposed to give forth these phosphorescent appearances, not one can be detected. At least, on several occasions I have made the examination with others, and without success; though these illuminated particles are perfectly perceptible to the eye in the dark, and on placing your finger upon them, as they adhere to any surface, they give forth a brighter illumination, and can be suffused over a larger space by compression, as a small particle of glutinous matter would extend itself when the finger was drawn, with a pressure, over it. I can imagine that these seas should sometimes exhibit one unbroken sheet of phosphorescent light, as it has been affirmed of them, as seen in some instances. And on one evening, as our vessel was gliding gently through the water, which was undulating with an unbroken surface, the dark sea near us seemed but a counterpart of the bespangled arch above us, as we looked into the deep concave below, illuminated by a thousand points of these phosphorescent and twinkling globules, which the imagination placed as far off and beneath us as the orbs that gleamed in their distant and far-off halls above us.

For several days have we been gliding through such a sea, lazily indeed, and where alone we have, during our voyage, seen the expanded bosom of the ocean exhibit its vast surface as a mirror in its smoothness and reflecting powers. But to-day our courser has aroused herself, and seems moving with awakened speed on her way, as if she had again come to her remembrance that there was something to be done, and dreaming was not always to be indulged in by one who bears a nation's messages and commission around the world.

SECTION VII.

MUSCAT.

Off Muscat. Night signals. First view of Muscat. Title of Imâm. Visit of the Commodore to the Imâm. Commodore Read's letter to his Highness. Letter and lines from the Author to the Sultan. Also letter to the young Imâm. Note of Syed Bin Calfaun. The burial of a seaman at Muscat. Author's visit to Captain Calfaun. Sentiment of the Sultan as it respects the residence of Missionaries. The Sultan's horses. Visit of the young Sultan to the frigate. Camp of the Bedouin Arabs. Banians. Bedouin Chief. Captain Syed Bin Calfaun. Generosity of the Sultan of Muscat. Syed Syeed Bin Soultan's family.

This morning, October 18th, we find ourselves off Muscat, the wished-for port, for which we have been steering over a long track of water since we left Rio de Janeiro. We have been eighty days at sea since we left the South American coast. Last night we deemed ourselves within a few miles of the harbour, and with all our studding-sails set, endeavoured to press the ship up to a point, at which, as we rounded it, we expected we should discover the harbour. But the sun delayed not on his declining course, and lost himself behind the serrated range of hills of the Arabian coast, along which we had been standing during the day, before we could weather the low and elongated bluff. As the sun declined beyond the cragged highland, he still sent back his rays, to bless our eyes with a long twilight. But the point was too far to be reached by the ship before the shades of evening had

spread over the sea; and no one on board, with any confidence, could point out the entrance to the harbour, as we were approaching it. Having tacked ship and re-examined our latitude and longitude, which placed us, according to our best authorities, directly off the harbour of Muscat, we continued to stand some points more off, but along the shore.

We had spoken a vessel a day or two before, direct from Muscat, who reported an American armed vessel there, having arrived five days before from Zanzebar. We of course concluded that the John Adams had arrived in safety before us; and if still in the harbour, bearing as we presumed it did from us, she might be able to mark our night signals, and return them. The gunner, therefore, was ordered to send up a number of rockets, which traced their stream of light through the air, exploded, and illumined, with a faint flitter, the dark waters beneath them, and expired. But no coruscating light, in the distance, announced that there was one living being on that iron-bound and apparently desolate shore, who marked that a noble frigate was within a few miles of the secluded capital of the Arabian Sultan. And the hills of rock, deeply cut by vast chasms into unequal and fearful ravines, are so high, that the Adams, if she is now lying at Muscat, most probably could not have caught the gleam of our rockets.

But, this morning, having made a gentle slant to the west and north during the night, we see a little notch in the side of the elevated land, seven or ten miles distant. It looks as if a niche had been made in one of the bluffs extending along the shore; and there, as if it were an eagle's eyry, in its wild and still solitude, is perched a castle; and there, too, the glasses discover to be the entrance to the inwalled cove, on which is situated the city of Muscat.

A small and light-coloured island, as it shows itself in the beams of this morning's sun, lies off the cove, as if it were a buoy thrown adrift, to mark the entrance to the little bay of Muscat. And on a range, higher up than the castle, and nearer to us, are seen two watchtowers, which occupy the elevated heights halfway up the sides of the most elevated line of the hills, and perched on some peak of lesser mountains. It is all a wild scene, but unique and interesting. Not one spear of grass or leaf of green, or relief of tree is seen upon the notched outline of the dark rocks which are lying far back and near, cragged, and shaded by each other, or throwing back their reflected light, as the sun this morning pours its beams upon the steril and hard surfaces of the broken and rocky heights. Erelong we shall glide nearer and through the rocky inlet; and there we hope to meet our consort, after a long separation; and then we will assure his Highness, the Sultan of Muscat, that we value his generous dealings with our nation, and that we are friendly in the purposes of our visit and future designs in his seas.

While writing the preceding, an Arabian pilot came off to our ship, in a canoe, paddled by two slaves. He advanced to the officer of the deck with perfect ease, and exhibited a person clad in his flowing gown, sash, and turban, with a kinger ornamented with a silver handle, stuck, like a bowie-knife, in his girdle. We learned from him that the John Adams has been at Muscat, and left there for Bombay, four days since.

With the light sea breeze of the morning we continued to approach the harbour, and have now rounded the castellated point on the east of the cove, and moored our ship in full view of the city of Muscat. And the scene presented before us is like—*Muscat.* What else it resembles

I can scarcely define. But it is peculiar, interesting, and Arabesque. Here, enclosing the city on three of its sides, stands the mighty rock, crowned with castles and various small turrets and towers, around the picturesque cove. And there was never any thing that is mean in rock. It is ever grand, and gives us the idea of power, durability, and immoveable prowess. Ages on ages roll by, and still it stands, to laugh at the tempest, and to gaze with a heart of flint on the generations of mortals which the earth sends to their graves, as the mountain-rock sheds but its disintegrated particles, from its enduring bulwarks, to the plains.

We had let go our anchors but a short time before a number of Arabian boats pulled around our ship, and a few of the Arabs came on board, in their characteristic costumes. In a few moments after, Captain Syed Bin Calfaun, with the newly arrived American Consul, pulled off to the ship. They spent a short time with the Commodore, and soon after their leaving the ship a salute was fired, in compliment to his Highness, the Sultan of Muscat. Our salute was instantly returned by the forts on three sides of the cove, two of which are almost within gunshot of our frigate. Scarcely could a finer effect have been produced than by the reverberating echoes which our cannon prolonged around this rocky inlet. I have heard, on Lake George, its justly admired reverberations to the sound of the bugle, and in repeating the thunder of a piece of artillery; and can imagine the grandeur of the effect, were the good ship Columbia's cannon discharged over its waters and among its surrounding hills. But here, the echoes of the inwalled cove were repeated in quicker and shorter reverberations, yet sublime and peculiar in their retreating succession, until lost, like connected crashes of thunder, as they rolled along the longest side of the

rocks, and were spent in low thunder in the opening towards the sea. It was indescribably fine. The repetition of the first cannon had not ceased its rapid succession of reverberations on each of the three sides of the cove, until the next gun spoke to the yet vibrating air, to be repeated in its turn, until the succeeding gun prolonged the sound. And when our own cannon had ceased their handsome fire of twenty-one guns, the forts immediately opened, and returned the salute, as the hills seemed to have awoke from a silence of ages, to give forth their burning fires and sleeping thunders.

Just previous to our reaching the place of our mooring, our Hindoostanee, who has been nicknamed Handsaw, (whose real name is Hassan Hassaul,) seemed greatly delighted that he had gotten into a region where he might find *cast*, in colour and language. When the Arab came on board, the said Handsaw, being the steerage cook, was not in the habit of wearing either hat, cap, or chapeau. But after his first interview with the Arab, he disappeared beneath the hatches, and when again seen, a purser's new handkerchief, as a turban, was upon his head. This was not objected to. But when the word was passed for all hands to clean themselves, as is usual when nearing a port, Hindoostanee Handsaw re-appeared on deck, clad in petticoats, sash, and turban. Approaching the First Lieutenant, with great hesitation and considerable stammering, as if he had already committed a punishable offence, he at length, with an oblique glance at his own unique garments, muttered out, "Fashion of the country, sar—these country fashion, sar"—by all of which he meant to say, If you please, I will dress after my own cast. "Get out of that, you rascal, you," cried the Lieutenant, to the great dismay of the brown Handsaw—"get out of that

instantly, or I will have you at the gangway, sir!" Hasan Handsaw sunk beneath the hatches, to appear no more in his suit Hindoostanee.

We learn from Captain Calfaun, that his Highness Syed Syeed Bin Soultan, Sultan of Muscat, as he is styled in the treaty, and in the descriptions of Muscat as they have been given in the narratives of the two voyages of the U. S. ship Peacock, has left Muscat, and is now at Zanzebar, where he has been residing for two or three years, having left Muscat soon after the Peacock's second departure from this place. The son of Syed Syeed Soultan, whom his father has left here, receives the title of his father. And this title, instead of being Sultan, is here called, by the Arabs, Imâm, pronounced Ee-maum. But both the Americans and the English, as a title more familiar to their ear, style him Sultan, in imitation of the title of the Grand Seignior of the Turks.

This morning the Commodore waited upon the young Imâm, or Sultan, as we shall continue to style him, being the heir apparent of his father's possessions, and his representative here in his father's absence. Captain Calfaun had come on board the frigate to accompany the Commodore and the officers who attended him, to the palace, which is a large but plain building, situated directly on the edge of the bay. We landed near the residence of Captain Calfaun and proceeded to his house, where we remained until Captain C. himself repaired to the palace, (kings' houses all know are called palaces,) to inform his Highness that the Commodore was on his way to wait upon him. On the return of Captain C., (a few moments having expired, which we had spent in looking at the match-locks and Arabian sabres ornamenting the walls of the room where we were sitting,) he conducted us along a number

of winding and narrow streets; and having passed through crowds of half naked Arabs, turbaned Arabs, gracefully robed Arabs, and yellow, red, and dark-skinned Arabs, all entirely respectful in the indulgence of their curiosity, we at length came to the gate of the palace, which opened from the narrow street to a passage-way leading to the court, around which the walls of the dwelling are built. The walls of this passage-way were studded with all manner of warlike weapons, from the gun with its match-lock, to Damascus blades in leather scabbards, kingers, not unlike a bowie-knife, and spears, all having about them a peculiar look of antiquity, either from their much use, or age, or fashion; and the match-lock, in particular, would have astonished the sportsmen of the modern school of percussion caps and wafer wads. At this point we passed through a number of his Highness's guards, whose arms were here decorating the walls; and now proceeding along the court containing a few orange trees and stunted bananas, we entered a hall or passage-way, leading from the court to a piazza, called by others, *the divan*. This passage was lined by a number of better dressed guards, with kingers in their girdles, ornamented with silver hilts. They saluted us as we passed. The piazza or saloon overlooks the harbour, the water washing the wall on which it is based, with a full view of the shipping and the elevated and castellated rocks, which inwall this picturesque cove. The piazza runs the whole width of the building; and the upper end of it was carpeted with Persian rugs, with settees and chairs arranged at its sides. His Highness was standing, with four or five of his friends and advisers on his left, ready to receive us, as we entered. The Commodore and his officers were severally greeted by his Highness and his friends with a familiar shake of the hand,

after our own American style of meeting, each one then taking a seat, the Commodore near the Sultan, as Captain Calfaun placed himself nearly opposite the Prince and next to myself, in the range of our party.

The Prince was glad to welcome the frigate Columbia into this port, and hoped the Commodore and his officers were well, and inquired after the health of the President of the United States.

Commodore Read made the usual replies; and during the conversation took the opportunity to say, that the President, the government, and the citizens generally of our country had felt and expressed a deep sense of the Sultan's great kindness towards the officers and crew of the Peacock. And he had hoped that he should have been able to convey a more particular expression of that feeling, than it was now in his power to give. He had been under the necessity of leaving the United States before the government had d finitely acted on the subject which had awakened their additional interest towards his Highness, and he hoped, erelong, that his Highness would again hear from the government of the United States in a manner yet more acceptable than his present statement could be.

The Prince replied, that it was but *very little* that they had done for the Peacock, and that so trifling a circumstance could hardly require any acknowledgment.

Here was deep *sarcasm*, or else *great magnanimity.* Prithee, Americans, which was it? No one who saw the ingenuous countenance of the Prince, or his principal adviser, who was the speaker on this occasion, and is the favourite cousin of the Prince, could have read any satire in their expression, and I am sure there was none in their feelings.

Coffee, sweetened with crystallized sugar-candy, was served by one of his Highness's oldest eunuchs, a slave long attached to the family of his young Highness's father, at captain C. said to me as he gave me the names of the different persons present. After this, lemonade, made from sweet lemons, was passed. The coffee was served in small cups, resting in corresponding silver ones. The lemonade was passed in common glasses.

We sat with the young Prince and his relatives, and others of his council, for three-quarters of an hour. His cousin, a young Arabian of thirty-two or three years of age, was the principal speaker, and has a sprightly intellect. A lad, son of this last, was also present, whose attention to all that was said was particularly marked for one so young, as he sat with his hand upon the hilt of his Damascus blade, almost as long as himself. Captain Calfaun's brother also was present, the two brothers strikingly resembling each other, and their features indicating considerable cleverness. The young Sultan has a round face, with full, large eyes, greatly striking in this burning region, where the sun, darting forth his scorching rays, forbids the Arab ever to open his eye with the expanding frankness of the European. And this fine feature, with his rotund face, corresponded with the idea I had conceived of a Persian, rather than one of the princes of Araby. His wife is said to be a Persian Princess; and an allusion to his marriage, which took place at the time the Peacock was last here, originated a conversation, which seemed to please the whole party.

I trust it will not be deemed out of place, when alluding to another incident, occurring a moment before our leave-taking of the Prince. It was gratuitous on the part of Commodore Read, and unexpected on the part of my-

self; and, in connection with the succeeding papers, it becomes a necessary part of a correct description of our presentation. The Commodore had alluded to the President's Message, and would give Captain Calfaun the document to be interpreted to his Highness, so far as it related to a mention made of the generous action of the Sultan towards the Peacock. And you will please further to say to his Highness, added Commodore Read, that a young gentleman of the Columbia, recollecting that the Arabians are a poetic people, has penned some lines evincing the general feeling of interest cherished at home, in connection with the kindness of his Highness, the young Sultan's father, towards the officers and crew of the Peacock. He would be happy to present them to the Prince, that they may, through him, be conveyed to his Highness's father. The Commodore bowed to myself as the writer of the lines; and when Captain Calfaun had interpreted the Commodore, the Prince, with a courteous acknowledgment, said that he would be most happy to receive the communication, and would transmit it, as desired. I did not, at the moment, possess the lines which had been alluded to, and replied that they should be handed to Captain Calfaun at some other time, before we sailed.

It was the object of the presentation, to produce as favourable an impression upon the Prince and his family as practicable, in view of the interests of our commerce, and of humanity. If, therefore, the following papers, which were sent to the young Sultan, as the consequence of this allusion of the Commodore, shall in any degree contribute to the good-will and kindly feelings existing between his Highness the Sultan of Muscat and our own citizens, I shall be happy that they were penned, and forwarded as further described.

My own communications were enclosed in the following letter from Commodore Read:

To His Highness Syed Syeed Bin Soultan:

I had anticipated, on my arrival at Muscat, the pleasure of being able, in person, to tender to your Highness the assurances of the sincere good wishes, which the President of the United States continues to cherish for the happiness and prolonged prosperity of your Highness. And while transmitting the accompanying papers, penned by my Chaplain, as evidence of the general kind feeling which the generous course of your Highness towards the Peacock has created in the United States, I fully believe, although I have not been instructed by my Government thus to say, that your Highness, erelong, will again hear from the President of the United States, in a manner more accordant with the generosity and great merits of your Highness.

I am, with high considerations of respect,

Your Highness's obedient servant,

George C. Read,

Commanding the U. S. Naval Force in the Indian Seas.

Harbour of Muscat, October 20th, 1838.

The following are the two papers, alluded to in the preceding letter of Commodore Read:

His Highness the Sultan of Muscat will excuse the freedom of one who admires his magnanimous and elevated character, for the liberty which is taken in transmitting to his Highness the enclosed lines. They are sent as evidence of the cordial sentiment of admiration which affects the writer's own bosom not only, but also of all those who have heard of the generous action of his Highness towards the officers and crew of one of the United States ships, when she was near being stranded on the Arabian coast.

Will his Highness receive the sincere wishes of the wri-

ter, that the years of his Highness may still be long and happy, as they have been beneficent and glorious.

FITCH W. TAYLOR,
Chaplain of the U. S. Frigate Columbia.

Harbour of Muscat, October 18th, 1838.

The following are the lines, alluded to in the preceding note:

TO HIS HIGHNESS SYED SYEED BIN SOULTAN, SULTAN OF MUSCAT.

SULTAN OF MUSCAT! thy proud story
Lives where the day-beam latest falls,
And thy name, famed in Eastern glory,
Is heard within the western halls;
And far o'er seas to Omon's waters
A nation's thanks we bear to thee,
And long their thousand sons and daughters
Will bless the Prince of Araby.

Not purest pearls from Bahrien's ocean,
Not diamond gems from eastern mines,
Not hoarded gold of proudest Imâm
Could win the hearts from western climes;
But courteous deeds and princely dealing
Their stranded sons received from thee,
Hath met a nation's grateful feeling,
Who laud the Prince of Araby.

For such as thee, in martial strains,
The notes of clarion should be swelling,
And minstrel harps and sybil-lines
Thy deeds in glorious verse be telling;
And storied rolls and fadeless pages
Trace bright thy name and chivalry,
And chronicle for deathless ages
The generous Prince of Araby.

And bright thy name, with glory streaming,
Shall light the page of future story,
And fairer than thy fellows gleaming
Shall fix the gaze of young and hoary;

And though, like meteor-lights declining,
The sheen of other names may die,
Thy deeds shall be for ever shining,
Thou glorious Prince of Araby.

O Araby, of olden story,
Though fairy-spells live in thy name,
Deserts, green, sheiks, and all hath glory,
As in our youth we learned thy fame;
Yet mountain-gems, and myrrh, and balms,
And tales of proud antiquity,
We lose them all, while verse proclaims
The proudest Prince of Araby.

Then peace attend thee in thy glory
Of Eastern climes and golden treasure,
And years of life gleam long before thee,
To fill the chalice of thy pleasure;
And where the sun goes late to rest,
Far o'er the deep and wide blue-sea,
There SYEED BIN SOULTAN shall be blest,
As noblest Prince of Araby.

The preceding papers, in a sealed envelope, to his Highness Syed Syeed Bin Soultan; together with their duplicates unsealed, were sent, through Captain Calfaun, with the following accompanying letter, to the young Prince, on whom we had called:

To HIS HIGHNESS THE IMAM OF MUSCAT:

We anticipated the pleasure of paying our respects to his Highness, your illustrious father, on our arrival at Muscat. But in his absence, we are happy that we shall have the privilege of conveying to him, through your Highness, the grateful considerations which every American citizen, as well as the Government of the United States, must continue to feel towards your illustrious father and his distinguished family, for the noble manner with which

he treated the officers and crew of the U. S. ship Peacock, when she was near being lost at Mazeira.

Will your Highness, therefore, excuse the freedom of the request, that the accompanying papers, addressed to his Highness, your father, may be forwarded to him as opportunity may offer? A duplicate of the same is sent to your Highness, alike to evince the high respect and grateful consideration which the writer and his countrymen feel towards the whole family of your distinguished father.

FITCH W. TAYLOR,
Chaplain of the U. S. Frigate Columbia.

Harbour of Muscat, October 19th, 1838.

But to return to our sitting with the Imâm and his suite, from which we digressed for the insertion of the preceding papers. We soon after left the palace; Commodore Read having given the Prince an invitation to visit the Columbia, which was accepted. On our leaving, the usual ceremony of shaking hands in our own style, was gone through, with cordial good feelings, apparently, by both parties; and while Captain Calfaun accompanied the Commodore and other of the officers to look at the Sultan's horses, I returned to the edge of the bay to meet the two boats, seen pulling from our frigate, with their flags at the stern, declaring that they were bearing one of their number to the shore, for his burial. As I reached the landing place, a dark Arab approached me, taking from the folds of his turban the following note:

"SIR,—

"The bearer of this note will conduct you to the burying ground. Also, some of his Highness's guards will attend you.

"Your obedient servant,

"SYED BIN CALFAUN."

The boats soon reached the shore, and the body of the poor sailor was borne by his messmates, accompanied by the officers of the boats and the assistant surgeon, and a crowd of Arabs and Africans, whose curiosity collected them to witness the ceremony of an American burial. We proceeded through the narrow and winding streets, until we passed out of the southmost gate of the inwalled city; and after proceeding through the range of bamboo houses clustered together without the walls, we soon reached the spot where the grave had already been dug. The crowd, from their loud and noisy chattering, became silent as our party all uncovered, and the ceremony of interment was said above the body of the departed sailor. And while they were now filling the grave, a collection of masked women, at a bamboo tent at some distance on the steep aslant above us, commenced their wail for the dead. We left this worthy tar to sleep in his foreign grave, beneath the pouring rays of an Arabian sun. His death was sudden, and occasioned by the intense heat of the sun, on the afternoon of our mooring our ship. An active seaman and petty officer, he had exerted himself on the yard while furling sails, and with his hat off, suffered the sun to beat upon his uncovered head. He fell soon after his reaching the deck, and died in the course of an hour. One or two others were affected, but have recovered so far as to be out of danger.

The sides of the high rocks which surround, on three sides, the narrow cove, on which the city of Muscat is situated, are like so many mirrors, converging the sun's rays to a focus, and thus concentrating the heat upon a vessel which lies within the harbour. At the moment of our mooring ship and furling sails, at about four o'clock P. M., the sun's rays, from this circumstance, were intolerable,

where one was exposed to them. And though I made no particular note of the degree of heat we experienced while at Muscat, I am told the thermometer rose to 110° in the sun, while kept on the gun-deck, and in my own room it generally ranged, during the day, at 86°. The nights were comfortable, and the officers generally rested well. But during the day, the perspiration was streaming from every pore; and in no case have I ever perspired so freely, for a succession of days, as at Muscat.

On the day succeeding our presentation to the young Sultan, who is about twenty-three years of age, I went on shore to visit Captain Calfaun, and spent some time with him, in his upper rooms.

Captain Calfaun has been in the navy of his Highness, the Sultan of Muscat, and is said generally to have commanded the vessel in which the Sultan himself sailed, when visiting different parts of his possessions. He seems to be a good Mussulman, and is particular in conforming to the ceremonious observances of his religion. We had a long conversation on the peculiarities of the Mohammedan and the Christian systems; and it seemed his wish rather to leave with me the impression, that the followers of Mohammed venerated the character of Jesus Christ as profoundly as ourselves. And yet, while he affirmed that they considered Jesus Christ to have had, in his generation, no earthly father, but was born of Mary by the exercise of the power of the Almighty, and that Mohammed was born of earthly parents; it was evident, at the same time, that Captain Calfaun did not feel that Jesus Christ was a greater prophet than Mohammed, or was other than a prophet, like Moses, and others after Moses, and Mohammed after Christ. Jesus Christ came, at the time he did, to save certain tribes of people, and was persecuted. Mohammed

also was persecuted for the first few years of his mission, but was finally successful in establishing his purpose, and was the latest and the last prophet whom God had sent or would send to the earth for the welfare of mankind.

His peculiar sect, which prevails in Omon, differs in some things from the generality of Mussulmans, particularly in connection with their idea as to a metaphysical speculation about the *visible* appearance of God. They affirm that God, being a spirit, can never be seen, while others suppose that he will be visible to the inhabitants of another world. Their whole system, however, representing the future state as a physical existence, would, of necessity, introduce a thousand difficulties, were they at all given to philosophical reasonings. But it is my purpose elsewhere to devote a paragraph to the subject of the religion of the Arabs, and, therefore, I waive it here.

In speaking of the toleration which his Highness the Sultan cherishes towards his subjects of different creeds, Captain C. assured me, in reply to a question on the subject, that there would be no opposition made to the location of an American missionary at Muscat.

But, I continued, should such a missionary succeed in making a Mohammedan a Christian, in what manner would the Arabian afterwards be treated by his tribe and countrymen?

"That would be impossible," Captain C. replied. "A missionary could not make a Mohammedan a Christian."

But, I continued, with a smile, *suppose* the missionary did succeed—suppose by argument and conclusive reasoning with *Captain Calfaun*, he should make Captain C. renounce his present creed and join the Christians, how then would his Highness treat Captain Calfaun?

"His Highness, or the true Imâm, would kill him," continued Captain C.

But would not that be rather cruel, and uncharitable? I asked.

"But it would be just," continued Captain C., "for I should deserve it."

Here then is seen the amount of toleration an American missionary would receive at Muscat; or rather, it presents to him the probabilities of his success, and the consequences of such success to the converted Mussulman. Were there an American population at Muscat sufficient to render it desirable to have Christian services and the residence of a Christian minister, his Highness would impose no obstacles to the establishment of a church for themselves, any more than he opposes the existence of a Banian temple, which is tolerated within the city-walls, with all their Banian peculiarities, glaringly opposed to the professed dislike of the Mohammedans to all idol-worship. But should a convert from among the Arabs be made to the Christian religion, an immediate opposition would be raised; and the Sultan, who is generally at the head of the spiritual as well as the civic power, would be obliged to interfere; and in case the two powers, civic and spiritual, were not invested in the same individual, the Imâm, who is at the head of the spiritual power, would act, without appeal, in his opposition to the introduction of the Christian system.

It is not always the case that the Imâmship is united with the chief civic power. It is required, in the case where they are invested in the same individual, that the Prince shall possess sufficient theological knowledge to enable him to deliver a discourse before the doctors or priests, and the assembled shieks of the different tribes,

who have elected or made the reigning power. If, however, the Prince decline, either from incompetency or other reasons, thus to discourse before the assembled chiefs, he does not receive, in fact, the title of Imâm, while, at the same time, it is generally accorded to him, in courtesy. This is the state of things in the case of his Highness, the present Sultan of Muscat. He is called Imâm by courtesy, though he has never gone through the ceremonies, and assumed the spiritual obligation, which the title supposes.

Early on a succeeding morning I went to take a view of his Highness's horses, tethered near the beach, at the eastern side of the city. We passed along the narrow bazaar, principally occupied by the Banians; at the end of which is their temple, with sketches of wretchedly drawn houses and ships covering its walls. Both the Banians and the Arabs seem entirely ignorant of perspective. Their ships and houses are fac similes of the first essays of the nursery, in drawing a man or a mouse, or a horse or a house. The Sultan's stables are arranged within an in-walled square of considerable size, with a roof extending quite around three sides of the area-wall, sufficiently wide to protect the animals from the rays of the sun. A fixed rope, attached by a noose over the fetlock-joint of the hind legs of the horses, preserved them in their place, and prevented them from doing mischief either to themselves or others. We saw a few tolerably fine horses, among the forty or fifty animals in this collection. But most of them, disconnected with their Arab-associations, would not have commanded fifty dollars a-piece, for a dray in New-York. There was one beautiful mare with sleek limbs, strikingly in contrast with the stiff joints and clumsy legs of most of the horses we saw. Captain Calfaun said, that quite a

number of his Highness's best horses had been sent from Muscat, a few days before we arrived.

As we returned through the bazaar, I purchased some Persian rugs, which were very pretty, and must be very durable, judging from their material and compactness. Others were afterwards purchased, by several officers of the ship. These rugs are brought in boats from up the Persian Gulf, to Muscat, and sold at auction here. They are afterwards, a considerable supply of them, sent to Bombay.

The young Sultan, having accepted the invitation of Commodore Read to visit the Columbia, came on board with his suite in the afternoon, at the hour which had been fixed upon. He was attended by his principal minister, who is a cousin, and a young Arab Prince of decided character; also a brother of the young Sultan about fourteen years of age, a bright lad; and the commander of the Sultan's guards, who is said to have fought some hard battles; together with Captain Calfaun, Captain C.'s brother, and several others of the Prince's officers and retainers.

The gig and cutter left the frigate at four o'clock to bear the young Prince and his suite to the ship. Our crew were all in their clean dresses, and the officers in their cocked hats and swords, ready to receive this young Arab. The yards were manned, and as the Prince came over the side of the frigate, the music beat the roll, while the marines, in full-dress, presented arms as the Prince descended to the deck. The music repeated the roll successively as his Highness's chief counsellor and the Prince's young brother came over the frigate's side. They were all received by the Commodore and First Lieutenant in advance of the other officers, who then, together, walked to the quarter-deck. The beat to quarters at once dispersed officers and men to their several places; when the Prince,

through his interpreter, Captain Calfaun, was informed that the frigate was now in the attitude assumed when about to engage an enemy;—Would he walk through the ship and examine her?

The whole party passed fore and aft the three decks, and having sufficiently gratified their curiosity, entered with the Commodore into his cabin; to which all the officers were then invited. The Commodore, with his usual taste, had arranged his table with fruits, sweetmeats, sherbet, lemonade, &c., of which they partook; after which coffee was served.

The young Prince, seated on the right of the Commodore, said but little himself. His minister was the chief speaker and the *primum mobile* of the scene, here as at the presentation of the Commodore at the Sultan's divan. He is decidedly the most intellectual Arab I have yet seen, is about thirty-five years of age, with a sprightly flow of words and play of the muscles of his face; while his speaking eyes give forth their expressions, as indices of his emotions. The Prince's young brother sat next below the minister on the Commodore's left, and opposite to myself. There was no wine on the table, it being contrary to the religion of the Mohammedans to partake of it, or of any other spirituous liquor, until they reach the highest heaven of their paradise. The Commodore, however, with a smile that was understood, said he would take wine with the Prince, if he would allow him. The compliment, as meant, was interpreted to the Prince, who offered the precepts of his religion as his apology for declining. But the gentleman beside me, said one of the officers, drinks wine, sir. The Lieutenant alluded to Captain Calfaun's brother, who had been in France, and had gained some knowledge of the French language.

"No, sir," added the courtier, "I do not drink wine in the present company."

While Mohammed, the young brother of the Prince, was sipping his coffee, I indicated that I would drink coffee with him, as there was no wine on the table. The coffee seemed particularly agreeable to his taste, but the Commodore's cups, so large in comparison with theirs, were rather unmanageable in his hands, and his own awkwardness so amused himself, as to betray him into an audible laugh. This young brother of the Prince was now complimented for his fine head and *teeth*, and general appearance, all of which was merited by the apparently clever lad; and his teeth were but counterparts of his brother's, and others of his family. They are strikingly white, clear, and preserved thus by the use of a particular root, which serves them as a brush.

"His Highness," said Captain Calfaun, addressing myself, "has seen you twice, and in both instances *in black*. He desires to know the cause of your wearing it?" This curiosity seemed to be awakened by the contrast of my dress with the others of the officers.

I replied, that it was the uniform dress of the chaplain of the ship.

Captain Calfaun, apparently not comprehending the term *chaplain*, I added, that it was the dress of the religious officer on board the ship, corresponding, in part, with the religious office of the Imâm on shore among themselves. The Catholics, of whom they had known more than of the Protestants, would call me the priest, for which title we used the term minister or clergyman, and on board of ship, *chaplain*.

His Highness replied, that he had supposed I wore

black as *mourning* for the loss of some friend. And could he have read the heart at the moment of his mentioning it, he might have seen it wreathed in weeds, as it even then bled at the recurrence of the thought that I was, indeed, in mourning for one who sleeps to wake no more, until the hour that shall wake us all at the last day.

The party rose and retired to the private cabin of the Commodore. The cousin of the young Sultan and his principal counsellor, now continued the conversation, inquiring as to the age of the Columbia. He was told that this was her first cruise.

"And the John Adams, was she also new?" "She had lately been repaired, which was almost the same as being newly built for the cruise, but had long been in the service."

His Highness continued, that they were greatly pleased with their visit to the Columbia—and admired the ship—and was sure that his Highness his father would greatly regret that he was not at Muscat himself to receive us, and would have been particularly pleased with the Columbia's visit, as she was the first large frigate that had ever visited the waters of Muscat.

The Commodore re-assured his Highness of the kind feelings of the President and people of the United States; and fully believed that they would manifest it in their future intercourse in his Highness's ports.

His Highness replied, that Americans would always be welcomed, and that every thing would be done that was possible for their happiness and convenience.

But, said the Commodore, our frequent visits to your ports would cause you a considerable expense, if you should insist, in all instances, as you have done in this, that our ship shall be supplied gratuitously.

"*We are friends,*" said his Highness with emphasis, "*now, and are happy that it is so. And we hope that it will continue to be so from father to son, and from sons' sons, down to the latest time of our family, and*—FOR EVER," he added, as he seemed a moment to hesitate for the last word, in the evident increase of his feelings, in the generous glow of the noble sentiment.

How great a pity, said the Commodore, addressing myself, that we do not understand all languages. This sentiment of the Commodore was an expression of regret that he could not tell this Prince, as forcibly as he would wish, the sincerity of the good feeling of the American people, in their high appreciation of the character of the Sultan of Muscat.

Captain C. was desired, however, to say, in reply, which was the last sentence interpreted to his Highness in this talk, having particular reference to the feelings of the two governments towards each other, that "when we returned to America, the President and the citizens of the United States will be told, in a language which they will entirely understand and feel, how true and how generous is the friendship of the Sultan of Muscat towards the people of the United States."

The Commodore now ordered the two boats to be manned, as the Prince and his suite were about to take leave of the ship. The awnings had been furled while we were in the cabin, having been spread when the Prince and his party came on board. The yards were ready to be re-manned. The young Sultan regained the deck, and as he left the ship, the music, and the presenting arms of the guard complimented him as he passed over the side of the frigate to the boat. So soon as the boats had pulled to a suitable distance from the ship, they rested on their

oars, as the loud note of the first gun of the frigate loomed over the still waters of the bay, succeeded by twenty other loud-mouthed pieces, in compliment to his Highness, to be reverberated in rolling thunders along the high defile of rock, which nearly surrounds the harbour. The scene was a fine one; and when our own pieces had ceased their voice of national compliment, the oars of the two boats were seen again to dip, in regular stroke, for the shore, while the guns of the returning salute from one of his Highness's vessels, opened, to prolong and to return, with an equal number of guns, our fire.

I went late on shore, in the evening, with a design to take a stroll to the camp of the Bedouin Arabs, retainers of the Sultan's, who are quartered in their tents about three-fourths of a mile without the walls of the city.

I called at Captain Caulfan's; and our Consul, who was there, taking my arm, we started for a charming evening's walk. The sun is scorching during the day, but now had gone behind the high cragged peaks, which stretch every way around Muscat, and had just settled beneath the notched outline of the high rocks, even before I had left the Columbia, sleeping at this pleasant hour on the bosom of the picturesque cove. We passed along the narrow streets leading to the western gate of the city; and being assured that it would not be closed until our return, we passed out and followed on to the encampment, which was located in a ravine between two high defiles of rocks, the only kind of location that could be found anywhere in the neighbourhood of Muscat.

On reaching the encampment, we found that some few of the Bedouins had already placed their mats in the open ravine for their night's repose beneath the bright stars; while the early twilight, however, was yet streaming over

the mountain rocks and clothed the scene in the softness of the sunset-hour. As we neared the Bedouin lodgment, we observed the polite old chief a short distance from his tent, in the open air, at his sunset-worship, with his face turned towards the soft west, while the bright crescent of the moon was mingling her silver light with the early twilight of the hour, to light up the whole of the camp. Several Bedouins approached to welcome us; but as we perceived that the old chief had not finished his prayers, and some others of the camp were making their three inclinations to the ground, we said that we would pass on a little distance further and stop on our return.

We paused at one of the numerous wells in this neighbourhood, where the water is drawn by an ox, with a rope reeved through a block, which elevates a goat skin of water, as the ox descends an inclined plane, reminding one of his boyhood, when he has laboured to drag his sled up a steep hill for the pleasure and ease of gliding down again, with this advantage or apology for the boy, that there was a necessity in the case for the youngster thus to proceed, if he would gain his purpose; whereas, in the case of the ox, in this arrangement for drawing water, he would find his convenience much improved, with proper machinery, by walking over a *level* surface, rather than wasting himself both by the uncomfortable gait of descending, and the necessary great effort of reascending the acclivity.

We turned off to the back of the encampment to find the inwalled area, where the Banians feed and cherish and pet their cows, which, it is said, they worship. Their creed at least embraces the idea of transmigration of souls; and they suppose when the spirit leaves the body, it enters into one of these or other animals. A thatched roof ex-

tends on the inside around the wall of the enclosed area, to shelter these, their deities, during the heat of the day. We entered the enclosure without any obstruction, as the gateway was open, and no Banian, at the moment, was near. We were cautious in our advance, lest some rude one of their godships should take it into his horned head to sport with us. Soon after, however, three Banians came into the enclosure as we approached several of the cherished cattle. One of the keepers, manifesting that some of the animals we were looking at were mischievous, I indicated, by placing my hand upon the hilt of a sword, that I would prick their hides for them if they approached too near; at which, the keeper's astonishment being manifested in his countenance, I reassured him that I would not injure his creatures, nor trifle with his religion, however preposterous it might be; while, at the same time, it was my purpose, to ascertain how great was the reverence they cherished for these beasts.

There were several beautiful creatures among a larger number of most miserable and apparently half-starved yearlings and calves. Their horns were mostly stained with red or black, in imitation, I suppose, of their tattooed and yellow-skinned worshippers, who, as a cast, exhibit some fine specimens of manliness in their persons; with their peculiar turban arrayed high on their head, like a bishop's cap as cut on chess-men, with a small solid twist in front, which might emblem forth a young stump of a horn growing from the brow. I marked particularly one gentle creature, a brindle-coloured ox, thick and short, with a white freckled face. He looked like a favourite, and there was gravity and kindness in his countenance, and friendship in his manner, and a white frill of his superabundant hide extended down his neck and

breast and along the belly, and wreathed itself in graceful folds over his hind legs.

I was told by Mr. M., who was walking with me, that the Arabs here sometimes impose upon their Banian neighbours. If they have an indifferent calf or cow, and would dispose of it at a good price, they take the animal to the house of the Banian, whose religion forbids him to kill any living creature, and whose veneration is particularly turned, with tenderness, towards the bos-genus. With a knife drawn they assure the Banian, that if he does not give them the price demanded, the animal shall die. It is an appeal which the Banian finds it difficult to resist; and the shiners are dealt out, and the rescued animal conveyed to the enclosure, to feed upon dates, until he shall become sufficiently sleek to be conveyed to their sacred land of Hindoostan; which is their home, and where they often return themselves, after an absence of ten, twenty, or thirty years.

We bid the Banians and their petted animals good-by as their keepers were giving them their evening meal of dates; and after a few moments, reached the tent of the Bedouin chief. Two or three of their number came out to welcome us before we reached the entrance, and the old chief rose from his couch and placed us beside him, with a graceful and cordial shake of the hand. I had no sooner displaced my hat than several of these long-haired Arabs were around me in their beautiful and artless simplicity, while one of their number seized a fan and swept it before me, bearing by me the grateful currents of the cooling air. In a few moments, others brought a dish of halwah, a species of sweetmeats, and desired me to partake as the old chief raised it for me to smell it; of which I partook with my fingers, having removed my glove, and thus we

ate it together, from the same dish. Two other Bedouins with their flowing curls approached the one who was using the fan, and with considerable earnestness desired to relieve him. But the first had secured the honour of thus showing a courteous attention to a guest, and insisted upon his privilege of continuing to perform his part in the civilities and simple hospitality of the artless and beautiful Bedouins. He was a beautiful and graceful figure, that half-naked Bedouin as he stood before me, and swept his fan while I sat with the chief. I would I could ever retain such a picture in the imagination. There he stood, with a smiling countenance, which was the beautiful smile of artless nature—with smooth features, thin lip, and white teeth, and amber skin, and jet hair falling in profuse ringlets, with a fillet over the forehead pressing the flowing curls gently back and over his uncovered shoulders, and displaying his slim and well-formed person the whole length of his chest. And he not only smiled, but all smiled; and he was not only doing what he believed to be most agreeable to the guest, but all were ready to spring on any errand for the same purpose. And when we had slightly eaten of the halwah, the chief called for coffee; when three equally beautifully curled and raven-headed Arabs shot to the back of the tent, vieing with each other, to see which should first bring forth the hot pot of coffee, with its accompanying little cups. In an instant the beverage was at our lips, and we sipped two cups with the old chief, who in his artless grace and amiable manners reminds you of a patriarch, surrounded by his hundred grown and handsome children, each delighting to move at his beck, and would be greatly ashamed if all was not done that could be done to render pleased and happy their stranger-guest.

The Sultan of Muscat, it is said, at a short notice can call to his service eight or ten thousand of these Arabians of the interior; and on any march through his possessions, their numbers would be continually increasing. Three or four hundred of these Bedouins are continually retained, at the expense of the Sultan, without the walls of the city, to which they have ingress and egress at their pleasure during the day. And you see them during the hot part of the day, in the pride of their own free and bounding elasticity of disposition and person, arrayed along the narrow and shaded bazaars; and with their flowing and full dishevelled curls, bearing their match-lock, or shield and Damascus blade, or spear and kinger, mingling with the turban-headed Arabs of the city, and Banian merchants; and exhibiting an acceptable and picturesque contrast with all else about them.

The interior of Omon, which yields allegiance to the Sultan of Muscat, is divided into different tribes, with a chief at their head. And in each jurisdiction there is a castle or strong-hold. The shiek, or chief, administers the law in his own tribe, who have a right to appeal to the Sultan in case either party deems itself aggrieved by the decision of the shiek. The chiefs of these different divisions are appointed by the Sultan, and hold their place with the simple condition of fealty, to be manifested by the supply of men, as soldiers for his tribe, according to the Sultan's requisition. It is the old feudal system of Europe, in many particulars. And in case the Sultan should abuse his power, the different chiefs, like the old barons, can and have retired within their strong-holds, and brought the Prince to their terms. It is the policy of the present Sultan, to preserve the friendship of the Bedouin tribes of the interior; and he is said to treat them with the greatest

liberality, never dismissing any that call upon him without a present or some mark of particular kindness. The consequence is, that he has secured their affection and attached devotion.

We parted with the aged chief of this Bedouin encampment, and his young and dark-haired attendants, whose glossy ringlets so gracefully hung in long curls upon their necks and shoulders, or in some other instances were gathered in a tie behind, with the ends hanging loosely, in the mode of the Greek. Their fine features and soft smile, and incomparably beautiful heads of hair, curled and glossy, and daily dressed with oil of cocoa-nut, together with their beautifully developed muscles of the shoulders and arms, rather effeminate than otherwise, and yet not unmanly, presented a more picturesque and interesting bust than has met our eye besides, and is more in keeping with nature and taste than the shaved and turban-headed Arabs of Muscat.

We returned, by invitation, to Captain Calfaun's, to take tea with him, this evening, and found a cup of the delicious beverage refreshing indeed, after the heat of the day and the stroll of the evening. Captain Calfaun's, and one or two others, are the only families in Muscat who are in the habit of serving tea. Captain Calfaun and some of his guests were reclining upon Persian rugs and bolsters, while I occupied a comfortable couch. After tea we were shown through several of the upper apartments of the house, besides the well-furnished and large room in which tea was served. One or two of these rooms were surrounded with lattice-work, constructed from the split bamboo, which is so graceful and light a thing for ornamenting the upper and even lower apartments, in warm climates. Two rooms which we entered, one quite on the top of the

house, were without roofs; and the bright stars were looking down upon us, with their sweet smiles, as we gazed delighted from the turreted chamber up to the blue halls above us. It is not astonishing that an Arab of ancient times should become an astrologer, reader and worshipper of the stars, when his home is so constructed as to catch the smiles of the heavenly goddesses, so graciously contemplating their worshipper, and holding their night-vigils above his sleeping-couch.

Captain C. has shown himself every way attentive to the officers of the Columbia, in contributing to their pleasure and convenience, and left with them a feeling of great kindness towards himself for his polite attentions to them. And as this gentleman has been the object of frequent mention in the accounts given of the visits of our ships to the port of Muscat, his character may naturally awaken some interest, with those who may peruse these pages. He is a fine specimen of an Arabian of his own tribe and sect. A perfect gentleman in his simple, easy, and unostentatious manners; moving with ease in his graceful costume, and doing every thing with a fitness which prevents the attention from being arrested by any incongruity, eccentricity, or personal peculiarity. And this, whether he is in the presence of his Prince and other members of his Highness's family and his own people, or on board of our ship, moving among ourselves, with manners and customs totally unlike the habits and usages of our Arabian friends. His costume is a red or black cloak with sleeves, over a thin white and long under robe, buttoned low at the neck. These are gathered about the waist with a sash, in which is placed a silver-mounted kinger. A turban of fine check-linen, edged with red and yellow stripes of silk, wreaths his head. This, with sandals, which are composed of a

sole of leather for the foot to rest upon, and an ornamented strap to cross the instep of the foot, compose the costume of this Arab gentleman. Besides the kinger in the sash, he bears a long Damascus blade in its sheath, in his hand.

This dress, as described here, is the same as the costume of the Prince, only the outer robe of the Prince was black, and laced with a fringe of gold thread about the neck, and down the front on each edge of the folds.

Captain Calfaun seems sincere in a cherished purpose of visiting, at some time not far onward, the United States, and evidently is partial towards the Americans. We doubt not but that he would find a welcome, that would re-assure him in the kind feeling he has cherished towards the citizens of the United States, and find his own hospitality and politeness reciprocated when visiting their shores. He, at least, may have the assurances of a cordial reception from those who have been so happy as to form his acquaintance in his own native Araby.

As evidence of the continued good feeling of the Sultan of Muscat towards the Government of the United States, we found that the John Adams having met his Highness at Zanzebar, brought to Muscat an order that the Columbia should be supplied with water and provisions, on her arrival at this place, on her way to Bombay. Water has been conveyed to our ship in the Sultan's own boats, and by the Sultan's own subjects, at the Sultan's own expense. We have received, also, almost daily, since we have been lying here, fruits, as presents from his Highness—grapes, pomegranates, etc., together with sheep and goats. The Commodore expressed a hope that his Highness would, at least, suffer him to pay the men, who, at the expense of so much labour, watered our ship after we had

been eighty days at sea; but it was replied, that his Highness would not allow it, and if any thing were received in his absence, it would meet his displeasure. Now, this is all a generous action on the part of this Arab Prince, which exhibits his hospitality in a light that should, at least, make the American people feel that some handsome compliment from them would receive a worthy disposition, should it reach so magnanimous a Prince as the Sultan of Muscat. And though I know not how far our commercial interests shall be furthered by the treaty which has been formed between the two governments, I yet should be ashamed of my own country, should it be justly said, that the generosity and hospitality of an Arab Prince surpassed the munificence and liberality of the American Government.*

It is our purpose to weigh anchor, and leave the cove of Muscat this afternoon, October 25th. The evening breeze regularly prevails, and with it we expect to gain an offing that will leave the high shores of Omon, by the morning, low in the western distance.

It may not be uninteresting, in connection with this Arabian Prince, whose possessions we are on the eve of leaving, and by whose government our ships have been so generously entertained, to give the following brief statement, in connection with his Highness's family.

The Mohammedan system entails endless dissensions on those governments where it is embraced, in connection with the title to the throne. A Mohammedan is allowed,

* Since the visit of the squadron to Muscat, a vessel belonging to the Imâm arrived in the United States, bearing presents; and on her return, she conveyed from the President reciprocated testimonies of good feeling between the two powers, to the Sultan of Muscat.

by the Koran, four wives, and his children by his concubines are also heirs to his father's titles.

Syed Syeed Bin Soultan is descended from Almed, (to go no farther back,) who, at his death, left five sons. Their names were Seif, Kis, Soultan, Thabit, Mohammed.

Kis was chief of Sohar, a town less than a hundred miles from Muscat, on the Persian Gulf, during his father Almed's lifetime, and at his death.

Seif, the heir apparent, being the eldest son, was elected Sultan* by the chiefs, at the decease of his father. The son of Seif, whose name was Almed, succeeded his father. But on Almed's death, who is said to have been himself a wise prince, the government was left in confusion. The chiefs, however, made Soultan, the third son of the elder Almed, Sultan, who was afterwards slain by the Johasm pirates. This prince left two sons, the present Sultan and his brother Salem. On the death of Soultan, however, Kis, the chief of Sohar and brother of the deceased Sultan, intrigued for the Sultanship.

On hearing of the death of the Sultan, Budr, a cousin of the present Sultan, and his brother Salem, and son of Seif, having previously retired into the interior, and living with the tribes there for some time, now returned, and agreed to live on terms of amity with his two cousins. While in the interior he had joined the tribe of the Wahabis, who were rapidly extending their power. The three cousins now united their influence against the encroachments and pretensions of their uncle Kis, the governor of Sohar. But Budr having ingratiated himself with the interior tribes, they were desirous of seeing him made Sultan; and aware of his influence with these tribes, he entered into a secret treaty with the Wahabis,

* Imâm is the Arabic title.

that if they would place him in the Sultanship of Muscat, he would contribute fifty thousand dollars to their tribe, and hold his power as Sultan of Muscat, as a tributary Prince to the chief of the Wahabis.

Syed Syeed, being now assured that his throne would be insecure so long as his intriguing cousin Budr lived, contrived to have him assassinated at a village named Namhan, near Burkæ, on the sea-coast.

The struggle, however, was not yet over. Saoud, chief of the powerful and increasing tribe of the Wahabis, who styled themselves reformers, with whom Budr had entered into a treaty, as previously stated, now demanded that Syed Syeed should ratify it in his own case. Syed Syeed refusing indignantly so to comply, the Wahabi chief waged war against him; and with a force of 4,000 Arabs, under Seyd ibn Matack, a warlike and enterprising chief, so reduced Syed Syeed, that he was under the necessity of seeking assistance from the Persians. Eventually however the death of his uncle Kis, followed by that of Saoud and the dispersion of the Wahabis, left the present Sultan Syed Syeed Bin Soultan in undisturbed possession of his dominions.

These particulars of the family of the Sultan are given on the authority of Welstead, a Lieutenant in the English navy, who has lately published an account of his survey and travels through the interior, and along the coast of Omon. He pays a high compliment to the present Sultan for his liberality, and the assistance which he derived from him in furthering his purposes of science and travels. This book, which was loaned me by our Consul for a hasty perusal, I should like to have taken with me. But I had heard an anecdote of another work, which would have become too pointed towards myself, had I forgotten to return the

volumes to the courteous gentleman who afforded me the pleasure of their perusal.

Captain Calfaun (as the story goes) possessed a copy of the "Naval Monument," which contains a description of all our engagements with the English, during the late war with England. An English officer, while one of their vessels was lying in the harbour here, seeing the work, desired to borrow it. But when their vessel was about leaving the cove, the officer assured Captain Calfaun that the book had gotten overboard in some unaccountable way, or otherwise displaced, and greatly regretted that *it could not be found to be returned.*

The general smile at this statement, as the circumstance was alluded to at the ward-room table, was sufficiently significant; and as there happened, very opportunely, to be a copy of the same work on board, Captain C. was asked to accept it, who assured the donor that he would be more careful of the present copy, and would see that it did not get wet or overboard if he loaned it again.

Captain Calfaun had translated some of the scenes in this work, at the request of the Sultan, that he might learn something of the actions of our navy. And while Captain C. was reading his Highness the account of Perry's victory on the lake, at that part which describes his leaving his own ship, on account of her being so much cut up, in his small boat for another, the Sultan rose from his seat, and exclaimed, with an emphatic gesture of his hand, "THAT'S A HERO!"

SECTION VIII.

BOMBAY.

Bombay. Call upon the American Missionaries. Bishop Carr. Archdeacon Jeffries. Rev. Mr. Fletcher. Stroll on shore at evening. Funeral pyre. Breakfast with the Lord Bishop of Bombay and family. Family prayers. Schools for the children of the poor. The power of *Cast*. Governor Farish. Call on the Governor's lady. Douglass. Evening prayers. Governor's dinner, at Parel. Sir John A. Sir John Kean. Ride from the Governor's to the Bishop's by moonlight. Caves of Elephanta island. Tea at Dr. Wilson's, Scotch Missionary, and President of the Asiatic Society, at Bombay. Walk in the evening to the Hindoo temples. The long-nailed Devotee. Farewell to Bombay.

WELL, if, as they say, Bombay will give a stranger a fever should he move much abroad, it is worth one fit of illness to look at the medley of the fine and the finical; the grand, the great, the good, the grovelling, the gloomy, and the grievous; the nondescript, and the non-to-be-forgotten, which this very strange city of Bombay presents.

I have been on shore this evening, after a busy day of writing friends *at home*, by an American vessel, which we fortunately chanced to intercept while standing into the harbour, and detained for our letter-bag.

It was rather a late hour when I reached the shore, but I saw enough to assure me that there was much to be seen, and yet much more which cannot be seen in a passing week. It is all a vast and mingled variety, which strikes with deeper impressions than would be the case if addressed to an eye that had contemplated the different parts which go to form the variety, at the different spots of the world with which they are severally and singly associated.

It is England abroad, here, that meets the eye—it is the French, and the Portuguese, and other powers of Europe, in the East—and specimens from all India, gathered at this point, with their gray hairs of olden years, and crowded masses.

The object of my visit to the shore, this evening, was to make some inquiries for future convenience; and on landing, I was trotted away and around in a palanquin, borne on the shoulders of four Hindoos, a guide pacing at my side, to direct this India-car whither I desired. What would my friends have thought of me, could they have taken a peep at me, just at the dusk of evening, borne on as I reclined in so strange a machine, on black shoulders of black limbs, with turbaned head and ambling elbows? They would have seen me, as before I had not dreamed ever to be seen. In all this varied and mingled vision of the city, there are a thousand things of light and shade, and oddities and fantasies, which must long lie in the memory, when reviewing the ever-varying forms, in which the character and the taste and the religions of mankind present themselves, in this very strange city of the East.

As my sympathies directed, my *first call* made in Bombay was upon the American missionaries. I passed through the city at an early hour the next morning, when all is life and bustle. And what a city is Bombay! Some may be disposed to accuse me of painting. But I paint only from my own feelings. And he who has feeling, and loves to look at mankind in its varied forms, with susceptibilities capable of fresh and deep impressions, and has contemplated mankind, with but few exceptions, in its better and similar forms of European and American peculiarities, will not accuse me of heightening the colouring if he should chance ever to move, at this same hour, and at his own lounging ease

and leisure, through the streets of Bombay. It was a new world to me though in the old world, a far-wanderer from the new. I had read of Hindoos. I had read of Banians, Bramins, Gentoos. I had read of the Parsees, Mohammedans, and Sepoys. But it was never among the young dreams of my earlier years, while musing on Rome, and Greece, and blessed England, and Europe, and the Holy Land, that I should look upon these hundred casts of Arabia and Persia, and India, in their variety of costume and manners and religions. But now, I was set down amidst all this medley of casts—these unique forms—these strange incongruities and endless varieties—these naked busts and robeless legs—and thousand-formed and coloured costumes of those who were robed—and the tatooed, with ringed toes, and foot, and ancle, and wrist, and hand, and nose—and numberless and ever occurring varieties of enslaved or degraded, and rich and proud, and mean and good and noble men, with every coloured skin—from the jet of Africa and amber of Asia, to the lily of Europe. And then, the describable and the non-describable animals—the Banian and sacred cows, and buffaloes, and sparrows, and ravens, and pigeons, and goats, and other things innumerable, all crammed and jammed and jumbled and huddled, and yet all a mass of moving and acting life—this, *this* is Bombay, to the newly arrived stranger, as he is borne through the capital of an English Asiatic presidency.

If this be a confused collection of appellatives and blended images, none but a jumbled and almost accidental combination of words, could rightly or naturally describe the confused, and varied, and ever varying scene, as it breaks on the eye of the stranger, as he moves, for the first time, through the streets of this epitome of a world.

Some days pass on, and the newly arrived begins to analyze and arrange. By the time he has traversed the length of one of the streets, he begins to class the different casts, as they pass him by, and are known by their different turbans—varying with the cast but alike to all the members of each—and the cut and make and colour of the flowing robe or tighter costume, and the religious mark, lined in yellow paint in curve or oval or straight lines or dots on the forehead or eyebrow, or ear, or naked chest.

With this varying and apparently ever changing vision of a phantasmagoria before my view, I had gone some two miles or more from the walls of the fort, which includes some large portion of the city within its winding defences, when I came to the residences of the American missionaries. The buildings are sufficiently spacious, to afford convenient and comfortable rooms, for the purposes and the dwellings of these worthy disciples of the religion of Jesus Christ, and philanthropic exiles from their country and home to the shores of India.

The gentlemen of the mission were out at the moment of my call. I sent my card to the ladies, and immediately followed the messenger, who informed me that they were in. I could have left my shoes at their door, so profoundly do I venerate the character of the sincere missionary, and admire his self-sacrifice for the welfare of his fellow men. I was introduced to Mrs. Webster, the interesting wife of Mr. W., of popular and just fame as an ingenious man and accomplished printer, as well as a man of benevolence and Christian philanthropy. Mr. and Mrs. Balentine, missionaries from the interior, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Webster, at the present moment, having, with Mr. and Mrs. Boggs, and Mr. and Mrs. Munger, come to Bombay, at this season, for mutual consultation in con-

nection with their labours. The two first gentlemen with their wives are staying with the Rev. Mr. Allen. I gave Mrs. Webster my hand with feelings which were most cordial, for the love wherewith she serves the cause of our common Lord. The Rev. Mr. Allen soon after entered, who occupies another house in the immediate neighbourhood, and whom I afterwards called upon. Erelong the Rev. Mr. Balentine and Mr. Webster entered—all gentlemen, whom the cause of missions may justly be glad to have attached to their interests.

I sat for a considerable time with this band of Christians, and was glad to witness so much simplicity of character and Christian adornment, with minds so respectable for their intelligence and refinement. I thought, as I conversed with Mrs. W., that there was a propriety of expression, a clearness of thought, and a simple chasteness of manners, that would have qualified her to adorn any sphere in which she might be placed. And nothing but ill-bred jealousy, profanity, or bigotted sectarianism, could offer aught against such a becoming combination of Christian propriety and unaffected example of Christian sincerity and well-bred manners.

During the day, I was introduced to Mrs. Allen, of whom I might repeat, with striking propriety, what I conceived of the character and appreciated in the manners of Mrs. W. These ladies have not forgotten that society has its technicalities and refinements, and that religion is a system of good breeding, which makes it a school of true politeness as well as of morals and devotion.

Mrs. Allen's health was not good, but her heart poured forth its sympathies in the cause in which the missionaries are engaged, and I shall remember with pleasure her gentle manners, and the social repast of which I partook with Mr. A. and herself.

I went with Mr. Allen to call upon Dr. Carr, Lord Bishop of Bombay—the Rev. Mr. Jeffries, the Archdeacon—and the Rev. Mr. Fletcher, the Bishop's Chaplain. The Bishop was out, but we sat a short time with Miss C., the Bishop's daughter, a young lady of gentle and agreeable manners, and were soon joined by the Rev. Mr. Fletcher and lady. Mr. F. is son-in-law of the Bishop, and resides in his lordship's family.

We conceive of an India Bishop as we have learned of a Heber, and know of others, who have left so favourable an impression of their evangelical piety on the mind of the American church. I sat with this family with these associations, and left the Bishop's residence with Mr. F. and Mr. A., to call upon the Archdeacon, whom we found at home, although just returned from sitting in committee with the Bishop and others connected with the charity schools, which are established on a commendable scale, with government patronage, and are creditable to the cause of British philanthropy. The Archdeacon is deemed a benevolent and devoted man. The cause of temperance has elicited his feelings and action, very much, as I am informed, to the extension of so meritorious a cause. "America," said the Archdeacon, "has achieved a greater victory, in her efforts in the cause of temperance, than her annals, however proud, can otherwise record. We admire her for her action on this subject, and have just received the intelligence of the resolutions in the Legislatures of Massachusetts and Tennessee, not to issue a single license for the sale of ardent spirits in either of those states." Our countryman, Mr. Delavan, so justly known and estimated for his unceasing efforts in the cause of temperance, is a correspondent of Archdeacon Jeffries, who admires the spirit of this American patriot and philanthropist. While

the action of America in the cause of temperance is awaking so much admiration, even in the distant regions of the Indies, shall she herself slacken in her efforts, and suffer the fields of so many victories to be resumed by the devastations, desolations, and death, which spread so fearfully beneath the tramp of intemperance?

The English army is continually augmenting at Bombay, as the rendezvous for the troops from different parts of the Indies, destined to the Indus, with a design to carry on the war with the Persians. A document of interest, showing the comparative health of the temperance men of the army and those who continue to draw their grog, was lying on the centre-table, and doubtless will be published. At times the difference rose to four per cent., and was never less than two and a half. This speaks volumes to our army and navy department. It was a matter of exhilarating information to the excitable Archdeacon, to learn that more than 150 men of the Columbia did not draw their allowance of liquor.

In the Indian army, the cause of temperance has found many advocates; and the commander in chief—so said a gentleman of the party in conversation—by some public act in favour of the temperance cause, before he leaves for the Indus, is going to do the Archdeacon's heart good.

I parted with these clerical friends, with the expectation of taking breakfast with them at the Bishop's, by invitation, on Monday morning.

The American missionaries stationed at Bombay, Messrs. Allen and Webster, and the gentlemen from the interior, Messrs. Boggs, Munger, and Balentine, now with their fellow labourers at this place, have visited the Columbia. I was glad to pay them the civilities due to a class

of our own countrymen, who have left their native land to devote themselves, with philanthropic and Christian benevolence, to the cause of humanity and religion.

The Commodore sent a special message to invite them to the cabin, when they should have finished their walk through the ship, and with great good feeling evinced his desire to assure these gentlemen, that he appreciated their characters as Christian missionaries, and in that character, and also as American citizens, was happy to welcome them on board the Columbia. On their taking leave of the ship, after having spent some time with the Commodore, he invited them, if it would be a matter of interest for them to visit the Elephanta Caves, to make up a party, and he would accompany them, in the ship's boats, to the island, some six or seven miles distant.

I am sure that the Christian people of our country will thank Commodore Read for his thoughtful and courteous attentions to these generous exiles from their homes; and they will be happy to know that our ships were not forgetful of the courtesies due and cordially accorded to our missionary citizens, so worthy, and so far from the shores or their native homes, and the scenes of their earliest and happy recollections. The Commodore desired me to say, that he would be happy to have one of their number give us a discourse on board the Columbia the succeeding Sunday, and that he would send a boat ashore, at the appointed hour, in the morning. I was glad that the opportunity was presented still further to show our feelings of approbation and commendation towards these gentlemen and their amiable associates; and their number being increased at this moment at the station of Bombay, by the visit of the missionaries from the interior, it was arranged

that one of them should be with us on the succeeding Sunday.

I took a stroll on shore in the evening. Having witnessed the drilling of the Sepoys, native troops in the service of the company, at their evening exercise on the esplanade, and passed the worshipping Parsees with their face turned to the sea as one of the elements which they adore, and who were now in considerable numbers gathered, at this hour of sunset, on this beautiful ground of the esplanade, to gaze on the departing god whom they worship, with other sects and casts at their sundown prayers, I passed further on to the western side of the city, where we had been told the Mahrattas burned their dead. The sun had already gone down; and when we reached the beach, several fires were seen yet burning along the shore. We approached them, but they were so nearly expended that we saw but few indications, in the glowing embers, of the relics of the cindered bodies. The uncrumbled ashes of a few bones assured us, however, that we were gazing upon the residuum of what, but a short time before, was the articulated mass of sinew and bone and muscle of a departed Hindoo, whose spirit his brother-Mahrattas now believe to have gone on its round of new births, or, as the consummation of their ideas of the greatest conceivable good to the departing soul, was now absorbed in the spirit of the Eternal.

While we were gazing on this expiring funeral pyre, a person approached us, and pointed to a group not far beyond us, who were raising a new pile, on which they were to place the body they had borne with them but a few moments before to the beach, attended by the sounds of discordant music, for his last funeral honours. We

were glad that we were so opportune in our visit to this beach of death, to gratify the curiosity that led us there. Three upright sticks had already been planted in the sand to confine the pile within its proper dimensions, and the friends of the deceased, now lying near on his bier noteless of the preparations which were making to reduce his unconscious relics to ashes, were arranging the large and dry sticks of teel-wood, which is kept prepared and vended for the funeral rites of the Hindoo. When they had raised the pile to half the height they designed it, they bore the body forward and lodged it on the mound of wood. There was an old man there, who, like all the rest that had gathered to pay the last honours of the cast to one of their departed number, was clad only with a cloth around the waist, as is usual on the occasion of the Hindoo obsequies. He had gone to the edge of the sea, which at this hour of low tide was some rods from the pile, but soon returned bearing a jar of water, and placed himself at the head of his sleeping kindred. When he had poured from the palm of his own hand a small quantity of water upon the face and into the mouth of the unconscious sleeper, each of the surrounding cast dipped their hands in like manner into the jar, and poured from their two palms the water which they had thus taken from the vessel, into the mouth of the deceased. They now completed the pile, by adding as much more of this heavy and dry material above the body as lay beneath it. A small pile of light wood had already been enkindled, and the burning fagots were placed among the timbers of the funeral heap, and in a few moments the drawing eddies of the wind fanned the flames, until the pyre was enveloped in one ambient and glowing sheet of fire.

The Hindoos now seated themselves in a crescent

around the burning pile, and the glare lighted up their dark faces and naked shoulders, and threw a gleam of light around, only to render doubly more deep the gloom that had gathered on the adjacent cocoa-nut grove, and the clouded bosom of the neighbouring sea. We watched the glowing mass as the body began to melt before the dissolving power of the resistless element. The swelling muscles, with their boiling fluids, bursted the outer and blackening coats of the body; and soon the limbs were dismembered at the knee, when the swollen feet, by a long pole, were forced yet further into the glowing pile.

It was a thrilling scene, and we gazed upon it until the dissolving body lessened before the flame, while the head had melted away and still away, as the burning pyre sent up and around its glowing and intenser heat, and yet brighter and augmenting volumes. We bowed to the surrounding and singular crowd, who rose from their sitting posture as we left them, and retraced our way along the shore. Having passed through the town on our way back to our landing place, a boat soon took us to the ship.

According to the regulations of the cast, the heir of the deceased is obligated to perform the funeral obsequies of the connection, and at stated periods, afterwards, to attend to certain rites, agreeably to the Hindoo customs—such as the offering of rice, flowers, water, and so forth, to the deceased and to the manes, that the departed spirit may ascend to the paradise of the Pitris, as they call the divine progenitors of the human race. These offerings are to take place on the eleventh day succeeding the death of the deceased, and afterwards monthly, and on the anniversary of the death of the departed one.

Having received an invitation from Dr. Carr, Lord Bishop of Bombay, to breakfast with him on the morning

of the sixth, I left the ship a little before eight o'clock, and found, on my reaching the Apollo-bunder, a carriage waiting for me, through his Lordship's politeness, to take me to Byculla.

The Bishop is a venerable gentleman, simple in his manners, and with an air of kind diffidence in his address which makes you esteem him and believe you would love him for his goodness on an intimate acquaintance.

I reached the Bishop's residence a little before nine o'clock. I was shown into a spacious upper room, into which other rooms, nearly as spacious, communicated. In front of these rooms runs a spacious and covered verandah, constituting, itself, an upper hall, and extending quite the length of the building. The verandah is common to the best style of houses in Bombay, to protect the rooms from the intense heat of the day, and affording a most agreeable lounge in the cooler hours of the morning and evening. A centre-table, with a large family Bible and Prayer Book upon it, occupied its appropriate place. A piano-forte, also, particularly attracted my attention; and I never look at this instrument when abroad, without having my sympathies awake

"Some remembered notes of a mute lyre,"

which carry me back to friends and kindred, to whom I have listened almost in enchantment in past hours, but whose voices now, in repetition of air, and song, and sacred hymn, would hold me in deeper charm than ever, after an absence of months away from home and sounds of familiar voices.

The Bishop entered with his eldest daughter, Mrs. Fletcher, leaning upon his arm. Who does not love to look at such a sight—a lovely and loved daughter, grown to the pride of young womanhood, pressing gently on the

parental arm of a venerable father? Miss Carr, a younger daughter still, soon after entered the parlour; and the party now gathered around the centre-table, when the good, and I am sure kind-hearted Bishop, opened the sacred volume and read a chapter from one of Saint Paul's epistles, and added his own reflections upon it. We all knelt, and together prayed to the God we worship. I could have wept; for it was the first scene of social worship at the family altar in which I had been privileged to mingle, since I left the United States.

I am sure the sensibilities and susceptibilities of our nature are both deepened and augmented for the reception of impressions, by one's seclusion for months from society on shore. And how like one's father's house, that morning and evening service! There is a beauty in the domestic scene, when the family gather at early morn to testify their gratitude to our almighty Preserver for the mercies of the night, and at eve, for the blessings of the day.

The Rev. Mr. Fletcher, the Bishop's chaplain and son-in-law, joined us at the breakfast-table.

The family are on the eve of leaving Bombay for the interior, where they spend some months in the mountains, for health and pleasantness. The Bishop is just commencing an extensive visitation through the interior. He leaves, with all his family, on Wednesday.

At 11 o'clock I accompanied the Rev. Mr. Fletcher, to visit the schools for promoting education among the poor. They are, in many particulars, conducted on the principles of our Free Schools in the city of New-York. The Company has constructed two ranges of fine buildings, for the separate accommodation of the boys and girls, which do credit to the Presidency of Bombay, and speak well of English benevolence and charity.

The schools are composed chiefly of the children of soldiers, being mostly of the mixed cast of Mahratta and English. The children exhibited a very neat appearance. We have no schools in our country with which we could with propriety run a parallel; as these children, I am told, originally speak no English, and have to acquire that language as they proceed in their studies. But from the idea I have gained of the parish schools of England, I conclude that these schools would in no instance appear to a disadvantage on a comparison with them. Most of the scholars whom I saw were under the age of twelve. They read English with very considerable accuracy, and seemed to comprehend, as far as children of their age usually do, the instructions which are given to them, in illustration of the religion of Jesus Christ. The Bible is the principal and last class-book used, and explanations in connection with it enter into the plans of the directors, particularly for imbuing the minds of these scholars with Christian knowledge; while they attend to reading, writing and arithmetic during the time of their connection with the schools. The boys, when they have reached the suitable age and acquired the necessary attainments, are apprenticed to the different trades, or taken as writers into the Company's offices; or, at the present moment, are attached to the army as drivers of the teams, at a certain rate of pay, to be gradually increased to the maximum allowance of the first of that class.

I did not visit the schools composed purely of natives, which are under the direction of the same gentlemen. But the schools already described seem to be favourite objects of the gentlemen connected with the superintendence of the institution; and they certainly deserve great credit for the exertions, and appropriations, and successful efforts

which have presented their benevolent institution in a very favourable light.

The Right Honourable the Governor is President.

The Lord Bishop of the Diocese, Patron.

The Members of Council, the Judges of the Supreme Court, the Commander in Chief, and the Superintendent of the Indian Navy, are Vice-Presidents.

The Archdeacon is Vice-Patron, and

All the Chaplains of the establishment, who are subscribers, are ex-officio Directors.*

There is a hospital department attached to the institution, with a medical attendant.

Morning and evening prayers are read; and when the pupil leaves the school, a Bible and Prayer Book are presented to him, with a testimonial of character when deserved.

The Lady Patroness and Directresses transact the business of the girls' department.

The fiftieth and fifty-fifth articles of the institution provide that the boys shall be instructed in reading, writing, and arithmetic; the girls in needle-work and household duties; and in both schools every endeavour is to be made to "impart such information and useful habits, as the situation of the charity renders most desirable; but particularly they are to be instructed in the principles of the church of England, and trained up in habits of piety and good morals. And before the time at which they are to leave school, the boys are to be bound as apprentices if practicable, and the girls disposed of by marriage, or with due consideration restored to their friends."

The hope of the success of missions in the East must

* To these gentlemen, and other ex-officio directors, is confided the government of the institution.

continue to lie in the education of the native children. Nothing else can break down the powerful influence of *cast*, which with an iron chain binds each man to his own peculiar clan. To lose one's cast, to a Hindoo, is to be an *outcast* from a father's family, and an object of execration by all relatives and acquaintances. A beautiful boy of the Gentoo cast, who was riding with me in a buggee, with a turban more elegant than usual and a hand that would have graced a lady's arm for the roundness and smallness of his fingers, tapering in perfect symmetry, replied to me as I was urging him to accompany me to America: "Me no go, master—me no go—me eat no pork—me eat no beef—*me lose my cast.*"

"What of your cast, Alee? mine is as good as yours."

"Yes, master," continued the sincere Hindoo, "your cast good to America—English cast good to English, but, no good to Gentoo. Friend be dear to each other—I no have my friends more if I lose my cast."

"But if you come back and have your pockets filled with money, you can get your cast again."

"Yes, master, I have two or tree hundred rupee, me get my cast again."

"But, Alee, what would your cast do with the money you would give them?"

"Cast give great dinner,—all can't come to it, but all invited, and all come, who come."

We thus see that both prejudice, inconceivably strong, and monied interests are against all innovation on the old system. And no one can adequately estimate the strength of this feeling of cast. It hoots at a renegade. And it is almost impossible to approach the convictions of the mass who are grown to manhood, if for no other reason, yet, for their little or no acquaintance with English, as well as

their settled habits connected with their own creeds, which are interwoven with every thought and action of their being, and preclude the expectation of their appreciating or listening to the argument for the truth of Christianity. The setting in of English influence, however in some instances it may tend to corrupt the people, must eventually carry with it, over this empire of millions, a respect for the Christian institutions; and by the constant exhibition of the superiority of their English masters, the Hindoos must finally come to attribute this greater excellence to the superiority of the Christian system over their religion. And this is in fact the secret of the national greatness of their British conquerors over the submissive and superstitious millions, adhering to their own Hindoo follies of religion and cast.

And it is in this view we see the importance of the schools of which we have been speaking, and others within the boundaries of the Presidency, whether under the care of the Government, or under the management of American, Scotch, or British missionaries. The yearly throwing of five hundred or a thousand children, who are to become the heads of families, into this mass of heathenism, with a knowledge of the two languages and the better principles of the religion of Jesus Christ, cannot but have a gradual and permanent influence upon the heathen population, and in time, render idolatry a thing of ridicule; and an adherence to it, a matter of disgrace and shame to its devotee.

We passed by Christ's church, in which Mr. Fletcher officiates, as we left the school-buildings, with the intention of calling upon the family of his Excellency the Governor. The building is a creditable specimen of architecture, but mostly interesting for its twelve or fourteen

fluted pillars of cast iron, of the Grecian order, extending in two rows from the door to the altar, equidistant from the sides through the nave of the church. Pilasters for the side walls of the building correspond with the two central ranges of columns. The beautiful capitals and the shafts of the pillars are in one piece, and the diameter of the columns I suppose to be a tenth of their length.

It was the day on which Mrs. Farish, the Governor's lady, received her company. And the Governor had been kind enough to say that he would see me when I called upon Mrs. Farish. We were introduced by the Governor's Aid, and sat a short time with Mrs. F. and her daughter, a young lady of seventeen or eighteen; and met at the Governor's residence, which is a charming spot, other ladies, who had called on the Governor's lady at the same hour.

The character of Governor Farish is well known for its benevolence, and the happy Christian influence which he has thrown over the state of society in which he moves. To the American missionaries, I have been assured, he has been very kind, and advanced their desires as far as they have come within the influence of his station, as a member of the Council and as a Christian citizen. I conceived a most favourable opinion of this worthy gentleman at our short interview.

An invitation had already been given by his Excellency to our Commodore to dine with him on the succeeding Wednesday, with such of his officers as he should choose to have accompany him.

We returned to the residence of the Bishop; and at five o'clock sat down to dinner, the company having been increased by the acquisition of a number of ladies and gentlemen. A Captain Douglass of the Indian service, formerly of the Royal Navy, was at the table.

"The Douglass." I cherish but little deference for titles or names, or admiration for great men *in loco*, merely, and believe that "nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus."* Yet there is a charm in the name of Douglass which I greatly appreciate, in connection with its olden associations. I have even formed an affection for the memory of the Douglass and the Percy, associated as they indissolubly are together. And if the impression which I gained be true, there is generosity and nobleness remaining in this blood-descendant of the ancient house. The Captain displays from his mast-head, as his private signal, the emblem of his house. Allusion to the Douglass coat of arms led to the remark on the part of Captain D., that he was once sailing from England, when he discovered a vessel with her union down, and made her out to be in distress. He bore up for the ship, and as the two vessels neared each other, he run up his private flag. "I know that emblem," exclaimed the master of the distressed ship, as the flag unfurled itself and discovered the arms of the ancient house. "It is the Douglass; he will not forsake me while my ship swims." The Douglass did not—for the distressed captain and his crew had barely reached the deck of Douglass's ship before the wallowing vessel went down to the deep currents of the deep sea.

It is said a Scotchman never forgets the land of his home. Like the New-Englander, he may wander far from his native hills and the remembered lawns, which have left their unfading visions among the early impressions of his mind and the young loves of his feeling heart. And when he has wandered far, and made himself rich and honourable, he yet often returns in his happy memories, and not unfrequently re-seeks, in person, the home of his

* Virtue is the only and true nobility.—*Juvenal.*

infancy, as the sacred spot to enjoy the calm of his old days, and to repose, for its long rest, the urn of his ashes. The Hon. Mr. Dunlop, member of Council, is a Scotchman, and was of the company at dinner. Scotland seemed to be a word which had not lost its music for him. And that lady now at the piano, he said to me, in the evening, learned her music in Scotland.

And in the evening we had music. I shall not forget it. The Bishop's two daughters played and sung. Their voices were soft and gentle like themselves. And the lady of the Highland associations also sung. There was a *thrill* in her voice, which rendered it characteristic of herself and agreeable.

After tea had been served, and the hours had advanced into the evening, the party adjourned from the parlour to the drawing-room, which communicated with it by folding doors. There was an organ in the room, and the family Bible and Prayer Book occupied the centre-table. The Bishop placed himself at the centre-table and his daughter at the organ, as it had been proposed that we should have prayers before the party separated. A hymn was read by the venerable Bishop; and he who has been a wanderer over the world afar from his friends in his native land, can appreciate the sentiment it contained, as well as every Christian to whom alike it is applicable:

"The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,

To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread;
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade."

The organ was accompanied by several voices. The Bishop read a chapter from the Bible and added his comments, and then, together, we knelt in prayer.

Is there any heart so callous that would not love such a scene of quiet and social worship, exhibiting the beauty of household religion? And who, after the confusion and the unrest of the day, would not repose with a more assured and composed heart, after mingling in such a scene of evening worship? And who can behold a venerable father, surrounded by his offspring and friends, thus devoutly engaging in social and sincere worship, and not give him the earnest of an enduring friendship?

Douglass, (I like that name,) had said to me in the early part of the evening, that if I designed to return to the ship, he would offer me a seat in his carriage, to the Apollo-bunder, and then send me on board the Columbia in his gig.* I accepted the polite offer and accompanied Captain D. and his lady in their carriage, and bid them good-night when they had ascended the deck of their own vessel, to which we had been pulled in his own boat, which soon after conveyed me yet farther out in the stream, to the good frigate Columbia.

The Governor gave his dinner at Parel, the government-house, on Wednesday evening, in compliment, in

* The boat of the Commander of an armed vessel is called a gig.

part at least, to our Commodore. At half past seven the carriages disgorged their red-coats, and blue-coats of the English army and American navy, and the black coats of the civil list, composed of the Council and the bench of Judges; together with the Bishop and Chaplain and the variously robed ladies, who, though mentioned last here, in this instance is somewhat after the manner of their own postscripts; for which, it is said, a lady ever retains her most interesting intelligence, or what, at least, is most interesting to herself.

The Governor's house is a spacious building, said once to have been a Roman Catholic cloister, the chapel of which, on the lower floor, now serves as the dining hall; while the spacious room above it, to which you ascend by two or three flights of steps, with suites of rooms and a verandah on either side of it, forms the reception hall. But the building has been refitted and enlarged, and now is every way a creditable palace for the purposes for which it is appropriated, as the residence of the Governor of the Presidency. Its distance is some six miles from the inwalled portion of the town, and the ride to it is a delightful one through extensive country residences, built by the Parsees for the purposes of being rented to the English; and at this hour of the evening, when the company were gliding by them, were lighted up with their hundred lamps, giving forth the beautifully clear flame of the cocoa-nut oil, burning in open glasses, around which rose a yet longer one to protect the light from flaring in the evening breeze, which comes deliciously through the open windows, swinging on their hinges quite down to the floor, that every breath of the refreshing gale may sweep through the open rooms.

The large room with the spacious lobbies on either side formed by the verandahs, were soon enlivened by the crowd

that entered, and advanced to be presented to Mrs. Farish, the Governor's lady, who had taken her place near the centre of the room. The ladies were presented by the Governor's aid, a young officer of gentlemanly manners.

Miss Carr, the bishop's daughter, with her cousin, Miss Farish, were the first two who entered the room after the Governor's lady had taken her seat. And Miss Carr, I am sure, will be remembered as an interesting vision of amiableness, as if some ineffable beam had gleamed from the benignant and subdued brow of her father, and lighted on the sweet countenance of his child. We admired her as possessing more truly an American face and manners and fashion than any others who were present. Her cousin, the Governor's daughter, in blue, in contrast with the plain and tasteful white of Miss Carr, is also an interesting young lady, and seemed to be a worthy representative of her excellent and very lady-like mother. There were a number of other ladies present, generally plainly dressed and without a superabundance of ornaments decorating their persons, and therefore, more in taste than otherwise they would have been.

The Governor was conspicuous in his civilian dress of plain black, moving unostentatiously among his guests. His face is strikingly benevolent; and he is one I would venture to take as a pledged friend, were circumstances such as to secure from him, in an hour of one's need, the plighted hand of sterling worth, and the action of a generous nature. In consequence of the death of Sir Robert Grant, he is now the acting Governor of the Presidency, an appointment which falls, ex-officio, on the demise of the Governor, upon the eldest of the two civilian members of the Council.

The Hon. Sir ——, Knight, Judge, etc., was of the

number to whom I was introduced. I should suppose him (but my impressions were the result of a short interview) a man of great amiableness of character, with a smack of letters, somewhat gifted, read in polite literature, and withal *amiably eccentric*. His manners are certainly so, resulting (is it not?) from his keen perception of the ridiculous. And when he would express himself in connection with a subject, his own mind rejects the common-place replies, and seizes hold of a more distant association; and the very consciousness of its peculiarity produces a peculiarity of manner which is his own, though perhaps, from natural diffidence, the manner is defective in its correspondence with the sentiment expressed; while, at the same time, it betrays his own consciousness that his remark has the merit of originality in its associations, and is peculiar to himself.

"We are happy to acknowledge England as our mother land," I observed, in a conversation upon the two countries, and added, after the usual self-complacence of an American, notorious for having quite enough of it in relation to his own country, "we trust England is not less happy in owning us her child."

"That is," said the knighted Judge, catching at the first part of my remark, "when we go back to the age of Milton or Addison, we have the same progenitors."

And what American of English descent, but cherishes with laudable consideration the knowledge, that his fathers were of a nation that has so many names justly famed and loved, as they have been chronicled in the rolls which narrate their glory in action, their attainments in letters, and their general excellence, goodness, and piety of heart.

And here, too, was Sir John Kean. And who is Sir John Kean? He was an English officer in red regimentals,

who entered the room with a bow, and a smile, and a bend, and a *nonchalence*, speaking to one and to another as he advanced to make his compliments to Mrs. F.; all which he did as one would do who knows that he is among his own acquaintances, and that his acquaintances know that his position is one that enables him to smile and notice those he passes without compromitting his dignity of station; and who knows himself that his rank gives him the precedence, and the privilege as its legitimate consequence, of acting just as he chooses, while he keeps within the bounds of politeness. But, who is Sir John Kean? A man who can enjoy a joke, even at his own expense, and can acknowledge that he has been most shockingly whipped, *and that it was at the battle of New-Orleans.* Sir John was one of the principal three English officers engaged in the battle of the 8th of January, and on him devolved the command when Packenham and Gibbs fell. He led off the British forces from the deadly field. "Yes," said the good-humoured Sir John, "we were whipped, most thoroughly whipped, by the Americans." Noble confession, Sir John. It does thee no discredit, nor others, but honour, to acknowledge the truth, though the action, involved in that truth, in the ever-varying chances of war, contributes nothing to the well-known and well-earned glory of the arms of the British nation.

The company gazed at each other, and said what they chose to any body they knew, for a half hour; when they adjourned to the dining-hall below.

The Governor's band gave forth the rich strains of its music to regale the feasters, who had served before them the variety and abundance of several courses, and some Indian fruits which I had not before seen.

The gentlemen were not long after the ladies in their

adjournment from the table to the rooms above. And the hours passed rapidly into the middle watch of the night, when the company left the palace.

A polite note from his Lordship the Bishop, who, with a part of his family, had delayed his departure into the interior for a day or two, had early in the morning conveyed to me an invitation to accompany him, from the Governor's, to spend the night and the succeeding day with himself and his family. I therefore paused, until the spacious halls were vacated, with the exception of the Governor's and the Bishop's families. Sir John A. also delayed. It had been proposed by his Excellency, that family prayers should be attended, before the Bishop departed. It was indeed, to me, an acceptable termination of a dignified and social entertainment, where had been gathered the principal dignitaries in the civil and military service of the Presidency, and from the first circle of the society in Bombay. It was now an hour of stillness. The rumbling wheels of the last carriage had rolled through the extended grounds. The brilliant lamps still lighted up the spacious rooms, but no step was moving where, but a moment before, the throng passed in social vivacity and friendly cheer. The Governor's lady and daughter, and their cousin, Miss Carr, had withdrawn to the room at the end of the hall, where the gentlemen soon joined them. And was not this a worthy example to our men in power? There had been nothing in the entertainment of the evening inconsistent with the propriety of a Christian household. And his Excellency's family, with some of his guests, had now gathered to make their acknowledgements to the High Power, that had protected and blessed us for the day. It is religion wich hallows all our enjoyments—gives additional dignity to the man in station—ennobles the man of lower

degree—and yields consolation, contentment, and happiness to all. We knelt around the family altar in the Government house; and when we had risen from our worship, we made our adieus to his Excellency and his Excellency's most worthy and interesting family. A sweet drive by moonlight, as the moon's bright beams gleamed through the foliage of the tall cocoa-nut trees, brought us, in a half-hour, to the residence of the Bishop.

The succeeding morning I took leave of the Bishop's family, having engagements for the remaining part of the week, which would prevent me from again calling at his residence. The Bishop himself however designed, with the Archdeacon, to visit the Columbia on Saturday morning. On Monday he would leave Bombay, accompanied by his daughter.

I am greatly indebted to his Lordship for the attentive politeness received from himself and family; and I regretted most sincerely that our early sailing would prevent me from accepting his invitation so cordially given, that I would accompany him and his family into the interior. It would have gratified my desire of visiting the adjacent country, and given me the happiness of attending him on his visitation, and yet to prolong my acquaintance with his amiable household. I know not that this page will ever greet his Lordship's eye, but it is yielding a tribute to my own agreeable and grateful remembrances, here to record the pleasure of my brief but most acceptable acquaintance with himself and his estimable family.

Elephanta Caves.

"Elephanta, who goes to Elephanta to-day?" "I would not give a fig to see Elephanta." "I should not liké to have been at Bombay, and have to answer, on being questioned, that I did not go to see Elephanta." "I should care but little not to have seen the Elephanta caves, so far

as the mere having seen or not having seen them is concerned; but if, after leaving Bombay, the thought should occur to me that a pleasure to be derived from a visit to these caverns was within my reach and I neglected it, I should be unhappy. To save myself from such a haunting thought, I shall go to see the Elephanta caves."

Such and other expressions were made by various persons, who felt more or less interest in connection with the celebrated caverns which are excavated in the hills of the island of Elephanta. I had myself fixed on Friday for making an excursion to the Elephanta caves. I confess that my own curiosity had diminished, in view of other things of interest which were inviting me in the city. But two days remained for our stay at Bombay. Having been detained on board the frigate until ten o'clock in the morning, the delay gave me an opportunity of going alone to visit this curiosity, justly reckoned among the most interesting ojects that can attract the inspection of the stranger.

The bunder-boat which conveyed me to the island had a nice little cabin, large enough comfortably to seat five or six persons, and in which three might most comfortably lounge; while sixteen men pulled the boat over the water. Lingo, who had often accompanied me on my excursions through the city and without it, was ready to share my fortunes to-day. Off we started as I threw myself upon a comfortable cushion and bolster; and owing to the few hours of sleep I had enjoyed the preceding night, I now yielded to the promptings of nature and comfort to take a doze, during the two hours I expected to be in reaching the island. And what else should I have dreamed of but olden giants, and hobgoblins, and screech-owls, bats, and such like things, which are said to dwell in the deserted haunts of men of other days, and these now forsaken recesses or

yet cherished and venerated temples of ancient and superstitious Hindoos. But erelong I regained my waking consciousness, and amused myself for the rest of the way, with a story of the once celebrated Goa, the capital of the Portuguese East Indian dominions of olden and glorious memory, which we are next to visit on our leaving Bombay.

I ascended from the beach, which is edged with dark rocks at the point of my landing, along a path, leading over patches of clay baked to a brick by the intense rays of the sun. This path, winding along the ravine, soon ascended the side of the hill, covered with scattered trees and undergrowth; and more than half way up the elevation, a diverging path conducted me to one of the lesser excavations in the rock of the mountain. As I diverged from the main track, I turned an inquiring look to Lingo.

"Not that way, master."

"Doubt that, Lingo; come on, and we will see." A few paces more satisfied Lingo, that I had either awakened a suspicion that he was desirous of getting too rapidly over the examination of these cavernous recesses, or that I had fallen upon one which he had not before seen. I stood before the entrance of one of the smaller excavations.

To gain a correct idea of these artificial excavations into the rocky hill, we must imagine a mountain-side, studded with cocoa-nut trees and other evergreens, and shrubs and vines, but thinly wooded, which forms one side of a deep ravine. Half way up this hill-side your eye meets a stratum of dark rock, rising abruptly and slightly receding. At the base of this rock, where the ground assumes a comparative level, extending in a narrow strip in width from the rock to the edge of the steeper part of the ravine, the excavation is commenced. This is carried into the mountain-side for a few feet, when a fissure, some

six or eight feet deep and as many wide is sunk in the rock, from which, as the level of the floors of the excavated rooms, the rocky chambers recede, though at the point I was at this moment contemplating they are but one room deep. In front of you, when you have descended the fissure, you have three rooms, about fifteen feet square and nine or ten feet high. A partition of solid rock, smoothly chiselled, is left between them, separating them into distinct chambers; and the same is the case with the outer wall, through which three entrances are cut, one for each room. The centre one of the three entrances is ornamented with various devices, chiselled in the solid casement and lintel, and high over and wide around the passage way; together with two immense figures, standing in lone solitude and silence, as I now saw them, like two mighty giants, or huge knights of olden days, posted at this portal of the entrance of the sacred room. Within the centre room stood the altar, consisting of a base three or four feet high and five or six feet square, with a broken pillar two and a half feet in height, rounded at the top, and rising from the centre of the base.

There was a stillness reigning here which rendered the scene imposing. The large but mutilated figures, and the many lesser ones above and around, exhibiting in contrast the huge proportions of the two principal statues which had remained, in their speechless and grave attitude, longer than tradition tells, contributed (with the occurring impression on the mind of the great labours that must have been expended here, and the mystery and the solemn shade that now rests on all that connects these cavernous rooms with the past) to render yet more still and yet more sombre, the silence and the shadows which now pervade these sacred and forsaken haunts, as you stand and

muse on the generations and the superstitions of the past, and the Hindoo in his darkness and ignorance of the present.

"Come down here, Lingo," I cried to my guide, who was sitting at the outer entrance above me, and as I was about to enter the centre room, containing the altar, after having examined the devices and figures on the outer wall, "Come down, Lingo, and enter this room with me."

"Me no come there, master."

"Come down at once, boy, and enter with me."

"Me *no* come, master," continued the yet submissive Gentoo, with a touch of his hand to his forehead, and then, impressively upon his breast.

"Why not, Lingo?"

"Gentoo no go in there, master, sargeant tell you why," added the dark-featured Hindoo, with his hand pointing farther on, with a persuasive look that I would go to the principal cave.

I advanced to cross the threshold of the entrance, and was surprised at the apparent cleanness and smooth surface of the ground floor. Another step, and I was ankle-deep in water, and had not boots prevented, I should, beyond a conjecture, have gone through the ablution of the feet as my initiatory rite of entering into the mysteries of the Hindoo temples, according to their many washings in their superstitious observances. At each end of this range of rooms, and at right angles with them, is a recess with three pillars, forming two more rooms or courts, which, together with the central chambers already described, constitute half a hollow square.

An excavation, quite similar to that now described, I found adjacent to it, though upon a yet larger scale; and the knights, in alto-relievo, at the entrance of the central

room were yet huger in their proportions, and the surrounding groups of figures more numerous and more distinct. And yet, the faces of all the figures have been mutilated; and in instances so entirely, as hardly to leave a trace of many features of the face remaining. This profanation of these Hindoo temples is said to have been done by the *great-guns* of the Portuguese, in that age of zeal for the extension of the Roman Catholic religion and for the destruction of all idols of every other system. But this big-gun story, I take it, is something of a big-gun itself, so far as the big-guns are concerned. For, in the first place, a very large gun could not conveniently be transported up such a steep acclivity. In the next place, it would be rather difficult, when the guns were in the caves, so to elevate them and with accuracy so to point them as to take off so invariably the noses of all these rocky deities—a point towards which the mischievous despoiler seems to have particularly directed his shots. And what is a further and pretty conclusive consideration on this subject is, that a *sledge-hammer*, in the hand of an athletic man, would have done more rapid execution and with far greater convenience, in de-facing, *de-nosing*, *de-cheeking* and *de-legging* all these figures, as they are now presented to the visiter, to awaken his regrets that greater taste had not been displayed for the preservation of these peculiar specimens of the arts of an ancient people, rather than the indulgence of an unenlightened and misjudged and superstitious zeal, in the demolition of these figures, which, unmolested by the destructive hand of man, had remained as enduring as the mountain rock in which, in relievo, they have been chiselled.

Lingo's patience, seeming to be waning to its lowest point, although he sat as submissive as a fawning spaniel, that longed to return home, I delayed no longer at these

lesser excavations, and wound still farther around the mountain to find the principal entrance to the most spacious and interesting cavern.

I walked on but a few moments more in this winding path, when a charming view opened to the eye, exhibiting in its beauty the water scene on the opposite shore, lying in front of the winding path of the island by which I had approached these mountain temples. There lay the lovely expanse, with green islands yet beyond it, with the still bosom of the mirroring water, sprinkled with numbers of the graceful latine boats, whose sails, in the distance, rising in their spiral cut, give them the appearance of so many butterflies, with their light and bright wings sailing over the waters. And at the right appeared the white mosque of the Mohammedan worshipper, lying in picturesque and beautiful relief against the green mountain-side of the opposite shore.

I had now reached a wide level which extended from the conical rock, rising yet high above, and extending to the steep of the lower hill-side. Here was the sergeant's house and the corporal's shantee—these two personages being retained at this point to prevent the caverns and their remaining curiosities from being further mutilated. Commanding the view of this beautiful prospect, lies this little green level, more than half way up the mountain-side, from the inner edge of which the rock again raises its heavy bulwarks in limestone masses.* And here, in that massive rock of the mountain, coated with trees and shrubs above it, you see the great entrance to the caverns of the mountain, called the Elephanta caves,

* I took this rock to be limestone, and still believe it to be so, though a gentleman of scienoe in Bombay assured me that it was basalt.

and which tradition tells and which the books of the Hindoos yet preserved, narrating the actions of their gods, declare to have been, as they are still, the temples of the Hindoos. In the niches of the walls, and on the side ranges of the rooms are chiselled the incarnations of the gods of the Hindoostanee.

The front view of the rock presents a portal, with four pillars and two side pilasters, supporting a horizontal entablature slightly ornamented with mouldings. The pillars are fluted and large, and considered as capitals of unfinished pillars might be considered as approximating to some beauty, but as they are, exhibit no idea of correct proportions, according to our appreciation of the perfect models of Grecian or Egyptian architecture. These pillars are cut from the solid rock and are ten or twelve feet high. As the excavation extends into the mountain, four ranges of similar pillars yet stand, as they were left, chiselled from the solid rock, and receding in regular distances and regular intervals in straight lines back from the front pillars. Two additional rows correspond with the pilasters on each side of the portal. When you have entered the portal, the excavated hall branches off wider yet to the right and left, giving an internal room of spacious dimensions. In the back wall fronting the entrance and in the range of the space between the central pillars of the portal, is a niche excavated in the rock, its distance from the front being some sixty or a hundred feet from the entrance. In this niche is seen the principal figure, which attracts the attention of the visiter, and remains there in its three-faced form, looking east, west, and north, as the only perfect statue which remains. This triad figure is in keeping, in the proportions of the several faces; and the execution, though presenting little to win our admiration for

the beauty or manliness of the features, is deemed to reflect credit on the artist. The heads may be four feet in diameter—the lips large—the noses well chiselled—the cheeks rotund—the neck decorated after the present style of the Hindoos, in wearing their onaments circling the neck in a crescent, low on the chest. The heads are decorated with a cap unlike any I have seen at Bombay, but resembling others worn further east, rising high and receding somewhat like the upper part of a helmet and ornamented with various devices.

It cannot be interesting to the reader, to follow the minute description and measurements of these caverns. The general appearance and the impressions they leave on the mind of the visiter only can interest, in the absence of visible inspection.

The excavation here, constituting the principal room, is spacious, embracing thirty or forty pillars in their regular ranges, which support the rocky ceiling, and are parts of the rock left in excavating. On one side of this spacious hall is a cubical room, higher than the square of its base; which is also an appendage of the solid rock, and excavated, within itself, for the purpose of embracing the altar, corresponding to those already alluded to. On the sides of each corner of this cubical room, an immense figure, making eight in all, is chiselled ten or fifteen feet in height, exhibiting an imposing attitude. But all these figures are defective in the proper development of the muscles. The limbs are particularly so. The curve line seems to exist only as encircling the limbs; while the lines from the knee to the foot are nearly straight, giving to the limbs the tameness of a pipe-stem, or more properly a regular pyramidal form, unlike the varied developments of the different muscles as seen exhibited in the natural figure of man himself.

The same is true of the arms. They are invariably cramped, or make acute angles as stiffly as the adjustment of two straight sticks, intersecting each other, would do. The head and the chest are the two parts of the figures best executed, while the waist reminds one of the sole-leather corsets of olden days, or one half of an hourglass. And this we would deem surprising, when it is considered, that the form is continually exposed in these eastern countries, thus giving the artist the opportunity of daily studying the muscular action of the body and limbs, so essential to be noted and to be understood by the sculptor to enable him truly to delineate his figure according to life, in the different positions of attitude and action in which he places them. And yet, the effect of the main figures of the principal groups is striking, and must have been particularly so upon the minds of the common people. The larger number of lesser figures around the principal, exhibit the god in a conspicuous and imposing form, the effect being derived principally, however, from the idea of power, inferred from dimension in contrast. In the groups of figures occupying different excavations in the walls, and describing various actions of the gods of the Hindoos, there are a great variety of heads crowded together, as they are often seen on Chinese carving on ivory—the elephant and lions, and grotesque winged animals and serpents—while the principal one or two large figures are thus shown off in bold relief; and in all these representations, the strictest modesty is preserved, though the figures are slightly dressed, after the manner of most of the native Hindoos.

There is one figure cut in a recess on the inner wall, which attracts the interest of the visiter, and is on the right of the triad, or three-faced god, and by some called the Amazon, though the peculiarity of the figure emblems

forth a very different legend of one of the Hindoo gods. The figure is nearly perfect, more so than any other besides the triad. Yet the same objection applies to this figure, tall in its height, which I have stated of the others, though some speak of it as a creditable specimen of sculpture; and probably it is the best, with the exception of the three faced Vishna or Sciva, which decorates the rocky walls of this spacious excavation. Indeed, there is in all the figures, without an exception, the absence of all anatomical correctness. Straight lines prevail, and the limbs are like tapering poles, and the faces remind one of the rude cuts seen on the old English grave-stones of the 17th century, with cherub wings attached to their young and rounded cheeks, though here, where wings are introduced, they are the more tasteful, being of the sylph-like form.

From this principal room, a passage on the left as you advance, extends to a yet more interior excavation, with like groups of figures studding the excavated niches in the inner walls. And here is an inner saloon, longer than wide, with pillars in front, and the wall constituting the back part of it is studded with a range of statues. These extend quite the whole length of the wall of this apartment, in alto-relievo, on the wall, exhibiting a variety of male and female figures, men, women, mothers with children in their arms, in different attitudes, and all constituting a row of statues which must have been imposing when in their perfect state. But now there is scarcely a statue of the whole number undefaced.

On my entering the small cubical room containing the altar, in this range of the excavated rooms, the soldier, a native Hindoo, who was now accompanying me, signified, with considerable emphasis, that it was not allowable for me to enter this room of the altar. He had not marked

me entering the other, and now remonstrated at my attempt to enter this—"Gentoo might go in—but no English go—no American go." "Nonsense, Sepoy," I said to him, and mounted the altar, which I conclude, from its being more polished than the others, still serves as the altar where the Hindoos offer their gifts when they assemble here, as they still do on holidays, to worship agreeably to their own rites. "Nonsense," I again added, still further to try the sincerity of the sentry. "Make any resistance and I take you, in good haste, to the hearing of the Governor."

"Against order, master," added the doubtful soldier, with his present hand to his forehead—no order to let English enter. Hindoo only enter."

"Well, Sepoy, do you not know that I have become a Gentoo since I reached Bombay—go to Gentoo church—have a mark put on my forehead? See, Sepoy, see you it not?" I added, touching my finger to my forehead between the eyes.

Lingo and the Sepoy both laughed roundly, and made no more opposition to my entering the consecrated room of the altar, but their incredulity was observable enough, and their horror of my polluting their temple I took to be more a matter of affectation than otherwise.

But what was the propelling motive which led the enthusiast, or devotee, or prince, or potentate, or genius, struggling in the infancy of the arts, to give development and immortality to his swelling conceptions; to execute these mysterious works, of which no record now retains the traces of their origin, or the progress and the completion of these stupendous works—stupendous, at least, when associated with the age in which they must have been executed? And even now they are gazed upon as aston-

ishing demonstration of the labours of the past. Nothing that narrates of them is found—nothing is known. A shade, dark as the stillness was deep, which pervaded the caverns at that moment as I mused on the revolutions of empires, religions, and even the mountain-rock, now rests over the story of their past; while at the same time here live, in visible characters, the rocky records which chronicle, and which shall chronicle for ages to come, the religions, the habits, and the manners of the Hindoo of other times. How profound is ignorance! How fleet the years of man! How unbecoming is pride in a mortal! How low may superstition bring him in the scale of intellect! How sublime and elevated his nature, when fixed on divine things! How vast his capacities when directed by the beams of intellect and the elevating influences of the true system of worship recorded for the otherwise benighted spirit, in the gospel of Jesus Christ!

I returned to the boat, and our two latine sails soon bore us on to the good frigate Columbia—my home on the deep—whose deck one is ever willing to reach after a day of toil on duty or on pleasure; and whether his rambles have been accompanied with happiness or disappointment. To-day, the field of that ramble was curious, unique, and deeply interesting. None will regret the effort which it may cost to accomplish a visit to the Elephanta caves—and none, having examined it in connection with the religion of the Hindoo, will forget their temples in these mountain rocks.

On the evening of the tenth I visited at the Rev. Dr. Wilson's, agreeably to an invitation to dine with him, with the expectation of meeting other religious persons whom the Dr. had politely said he would invite to meet me. The Rev. Mr. Nesbit, and Dr. Smitten, a benevolent gentleman

who has long been in India, were there; and the two Misses Baynes, the sisters-in-law of Dr. W.

Dr. Wilson is a gentleman of attainment in letters, and his conversation greatly interesting in connection with the Hindoo religion—their ceremonies, their habits, their manners, and incidents in his own experience among the natives. His courteous attentions will be remembered with very acceptable associations, in connection with the pleasure received in my interview with himself and family.

Dr. W. is at the head of the Literary Asiatic Society of Bombay; and, with his modesty of character, he exemplifies the truth of the Scripture, that he that humbleth himself shall be exalted. He excels as a linguist, possessing great natural readiness in the acquisition of a new tongue, already understanding many of the languages of the East, Arabic, Sanscrit, Hindoostanee, etc. etc., and has written with effect in several of them against the systems of the Mohammedans, Hindoos, and the Parsees.

In the evening we took a walk through one of the streets, near Dr. W.'s residence, in which almost every house was a temple, or contained a Hindoo god. We saw enough to interest, to pity, to grieve us, and to disgust in the worshippers, who entered their temples and prostrated themselves before their wooden deities, whose forms were hideous for their shapes and paints. One of these gods, in an apparently greatly frequented temple, contained three heads, resembling the swine's more than aught else, though called the monkey, with its three-formed shape, painted red, with glaring white and black eyes. Before this ill-formed block of wood numbers prostrated themselves and worshipped—asking their god for whatever might be the object of their particular desire, and tendering to him offerings of rice, or cocoa-nuts, or money—

at times beseeching his assistance, or at others threatening the painted deity, that if the request be not granted his godship would get no more cocoa-nuts. This seems a peculiar kind of worship, but the Hindoos both threaten and entreat, in their approaches to their gods.

We wandered by some thirty or forty and more of these idol-houses, to examine their many and various appearances. The houses differed not much from the indifferent residences of the lower classes in the bazaar-part of the town. Others presented more respectable piles of buildings; and in a few instances the temples were embraced within a court of considerable spaciousness.

At length we came to the tent of a noted devotee, who has made himself conspicuous as a sacred character, for

his abstinence, mortification, and by the peculiarity of the form of his penance. He holds in his left hand a small flower-pot, containing a rose-shrub, with its branches protected by a light frame-work. The nails of the fingers of the hand, which embraces the flower-pot, wind in their uncouth and spiral shape six and eight inches in length. They say he has held this flower-pot in the position he now carries it for thirty years. The fleshy part of his fingers, under his nail, has also oddly elongated itself. Whether he has thus preserved this flower-pot this length of time or not in this position, he evidently has well played his part, as the result of this action, deemed self-mortification and penance, has been to accumulate from the multitude who visit him some 20,000 rupees, equivalent to more than nine thousand dollars, a part of which he is now devoting for the establishment of an institution in which shall be inculcated the sentiment and the habit of one's personal consecration to some act of similar devotion. This singular personage is now, from his appearance, between the age of fifty and sixty years, and is not deficient in sprightliness and shrewdness. "I'll get no money to-night," he said to Dr. W. "You are the enemy of all religions here, and persuade people from giving *pice* to the devotees."

The old man was nearly naked, with his white beard brushed up to the cheek, and smeared over with white-wash, or something like it, which covered his whole face and brow and most of his exposed body; with a tint of red-like blood on the brow and breast, contrasting with this wash of white overlaying his darker skin. It is generally supposed that this old devotee's arm, which supports the flower-pot, has become emaciated. But it is not more so than the other. The muscles of each were alike, and so appeared, when the devotee, at my request put his right arm

in the same attitude as the left which supported the flower-pot. He seemed not unpleased by our call; and as we left, without marking that my friend Dr. W. saw the action, I dropped a piece of silver into the old man's hand, which the next moment I regretted, although I had done it as I would have given pence to a conjuror, for amusing me with tricks of his art and enchantment of his snakes; or to the keeper of a menagerie of odd and curious beasts of the country. Should Dr. W.'s course be pursued by all who visit this long-nailed Gentoo, he would soon be seen making an effort to earn his rice and curry in some more industrious manner, and the leisure-penance of the devotee would be changed for the reality of self-denial, which the laborious poor man is often called on to experience in the honourable effort to give support and comfort to his household.

Returning late to the ship, I found the sea rolling higher than is usual, or than I had before seen it, in the harbour. The oarsmen pulled to the boatman's cheerily tune; and erelong the sail was set, when our boat leaped from wave to wave as she glided over the water, and dashed the spray before her in the dark night like a spit-fire, spreading the phosphorescent light every way around her

I have made my last visit on shore, and in the morning our ship stands yet again on her eastern course. And there are more than one to whom I may repeat with most acceptable memories, as I leave the strange, the curious and the interesting city of Bombay:

"Farewell, but whenever you welcome the hour,
Which awakes the sweet night-song soft in your bower,
Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too,
And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
His griefs may return, not a hope may remain
Of the few that have lightened his pathway of pain,
But he ne'er will forget the short vision that threw
Its enchantment around him while lingering with you."

SECTION IX.

Goa.

Goa. Row up the river to the site of old Goa, now the city only of churches and convents, and once the seat of the Inquisition in the East. Returning, wind and tide ahead. Passage through the breakers. Unable to reach the frigate. The ships stand out to sea. Sleep at the fort. The next morning the ships stand in, and the author regains the frigate.

We came to anchor in Goa Roads on the fourteenth of November. The basin of water in which we are now lying indents a very picturesque shore, broken into ranges of table land which stretches along the shore, and high ranges, more elevated, rising in double tier of mountains, in the blue distance of the interior.

This morning, succeeding the evening of our arrival, I jumped into a shore-boat, with the understanding that the ship would go to sea in the evening, and with the purpose of getting a larger boat on my reaching the shore, to take me to Goa, some six miles and more distant. Should I happen to be left in these regions, why the only alternative will be, to go over land to Madras, to regain the ship at Colombo, or to make the best of my way back again to the United States of America. However, it would be

"Pitiful, wondrous pitiful,"

to come into these Roads, with all the olden associations connected with this ancient capital of all the Portuguese Indian possessions, and not to look at the far-famed city,

so memorable for its former magnificence and ecclesiastical associations.

I had marked a picturesque building before I left the ship, situated on one of the prominent elevations, near the landing place at the fort; and receiving the courteous salutation of the Captain of the fortress as I passed through it, I sought this building on the heights by a path which had been pointed out to me as leading to the residence-chapel of the Padre, while my boat was ordered round to another point on the opposite side of the island to wait for me. But when I had reached this pile of buildings on the heights, I found it like most of the olden Portuguese ancient edifices, more beautiful in the distance than on near inspection. The Catholics are tasteful in the selection of the locations for their public edifices; and the chapel, the cathedral, the monastery, are mostly found to occupy the most conspicuous points of high ground wherever their religion prevails, and the effect of the *tout ensemble* of their religious buildings, at a distance, is almost invariably fine and imposing.

The view from this church of the mount was very fine, and no little interest was given to the scene of the water-expanse which lay before the eye, by being varied with our own two men-of-war, riding on the bosom of this beautiful indentation of the sea. The Padres whom I met here, had nothing about them which was attracting. After a rapid view of the chapel, the principal room within which contained a saint with a small ship poised in his hand, I bid the brotherhood adieu and descended to the boat, which I found waiting for me as directed—the peasantry at the foot of the hill showing me courtesy and kindness as I passed their tents.

We soon crossed over to Pangim, or New Goa, where

I again changed my boat for one still larger, with ten oarsmen, that I might more certainly accomplish my excursion and return in time for the sailing of the ship. Comfortably seated in the cabin of this boat, and gliding to the dip of ten oars up the stream, I am now penning this nota bene of the way to the old city, some four miles farther up the stream, which runs between the island of St. Pedro and the opposite one. Church edifices, Portuguese, French and Mohammedan mosques, are frequently occurring on either side, in agreeable relief of white plastered walls and the groves of cocoa-nut and banana trees, with their peculiar and characteristic tops.

After a pull for a couple of hours, we reached the Deserted City—once the proud, the lofty, the superstitious, and the overbearing city of Goa. It still stands a beacon of what once was; but it is like the hall deserted of its feasters, when the revellers have gone; while the stillness of the present contrasts, in sad eloquence, with the hour of carousal. I walked through the streets overgrown with grass, with reflections which I could have cherished nowhere else. Scarcely a being was to be seen moving throughout the city. The olden churches, the spacious and massive cathedral, the private chapels, and the nunneries, and the crumbling walls, and the cocoa-nut groves, and the banana-trees, were seen in their profound solitude, where once was bustle, and the mighty and the proudest moved forth in state and affluence; and where the mighty Inquisition ruled in its terror and sublimity. The cross on its base of rock, composed, itself, of imperishable material, was standing at the corner of almost every street, telling the universality of the Roman Catholic religion. The walls lining each side of the streets were generally falling, exposing the areas that once composed the gardens and

the sites of private mansions and palaces, but where now scarcely a private residence can be found, or bamboo hut can be seen; while the rank and luxurious vegetation mellows all this ruin and decay, of fallen walls, and terraced mounds, and filling avenue, and broken passage, in embowering green of vine, or shrub, or thatching tree. Here is indeed a field for the imaginative to wander in. Here are all the elements of romance, of poetry, for the tragic and the lyric muse. Goa! how art thou fallen. The huge walls of thy spacious churches, and cathedral, and monastery yet stand, while the dust is gathered on their altars, and the gold of their candlesticks is dimmed, and the images that once moved in procession and parade in holiday scenes, are veiled and crowded, in their tarnished gilding, into the dark recesses of the interior rooms. Ye ghosts of departed saints, said yet to walk on your rounds through the silent recesses of these almost deserted temples, tell us, what is the blight which has come over all, that now, only the stately pile of cathedral, and chapel, and nunnery, in decay and dust, mark a solemn city of churches, where once stood the ancient, the famed, and the prosperous Goa of the East. And why, all around you in the same eastern seas, are another people, with a different but Christian creed, springing up in successful prosperity and irresistible prowess. Must the religion of the Catholics for ever leave blighted whatever it touches?

I walked through the cathedral, an immense pile of buildings, which once must have been imposing. The entrance door opened into a passage-way lined onone side with paintings of a large and corresponding size, of inferior merit as to their execution, while the scenes were often such as to produce a great effect. One represented Saint Augustine, suspended with his head downwards. Another,

the devil in interview with a priest; and Saint Augustine seeing the visible Christ, while partaking of the eucharist. This passage communicated with the door, which opened into the spacious chapel, with its lofty ceiling. I passed rapidly through the different rooms, some containing various images of large sizes and of lesser dimensions—the twelve apostles and various saints, and the Saviour represented in different scenes;—one with the thorns upon his brow, the image being larger than life; and others, in other scenes of corresponding size.

From the cathedral I went to a nunnery. A cup of tea was handed to me by the Lady Abbess, from whom I gained sone little things to be retained as mementos of my visit. I wandered, at random, into another nunnery, and other churches, but, in haste to return, I made my way back from the heights on which these buildings are mostly situated, covering grounds, which with their adjacent lots must have been beautiful and valuable, almost beyond account, but now neglected, with the walls of the surrounding areas fallen or falling, and overgrown, exhibiting long ranges of neglected fields and gardens in ruins.

On reaching the boat, to my no small surprise and no very inconsiderable alarm, I found that the wind and the tide had both changed against us, while I had been wandering through the solitary streets and stately piles of churches and nunneries of Goa. The boats were now streaming up the favouring current, with their canvass spread to a fair and strong breeze, while I had been calculating upon both to secure my return to the frigate by four o'clock. No time now could be lost, it being already near three o'clock. I passed into the boat, and directed the ten oarsmen to put forth their strength. They did well. Our boat dashed back to Pangim, or lower Goa, from which our ships were lying

some four or five miles—the sea setting in with increased power, and the opposing wind strengthening every moment. We paused only for the men to take a draught of water, when they again started for the frigate. We had passed the inner fort of the Portuguese, but every moment was convincing us that it was almost impossible to accomplish our purpose against the opposing wind and tide. But the ships still lingered in the offing, the John Adams apparently just standing out, while the Columbia had shaken out her topsails, and was lying lazily in the wind. The men were encouraged to pull to their utmost, but the ground-roll of the sea was pitching in, and we had now reached a position where the breakers combed high and fearfully. The men, however, were true to their oars. As the high wave came on with its curved edge higher than our boat, fearfully threatening to flood it, the oarsmen for a moment would rest on their poles, and as the breaker struck the boat they broke the profound silence of the preceding instant by their own peculiar prayer, as they ejaculated in their own tongue, "Jesu Christe!" when again they dipped their oars, with their greatest effort, to send the boat still further ahead, only to meet another mountain-sheet with its distinctly defined curl, inclining towards us. As the second breaker struck us, it was waited in silence, but with the blow of the wave, these ten, at the slight indication of the steersman, again sent forth, in their suppressed and reverential tone, "O Jesu Christe!" I thought it would be impossible to drive the boat through these foaming breakers, which came down against us in succession with their almost perpendicular fronts. But so long as I saw the features of the steersman, while they were profoundly solemn, quaked not, I encouraged the men with the exciting words of "Cheerily

O, cheerily all!" which they caught with spirit as I applied my own hands to the oar guided by the nearest man. The boat at length was forced through seven or eight of these tremendous and fearfully dangerous rolls, which would instantly have swamped us, had the prow of the boat not been kept perpendicularly to the line of the waves, as they came successively, at this point of the way, some fifty rods and more apart from each other. We were now beyond these breaking surges, our boat having taken in a considerable quantity of water, sweeping from the bows nearly to the stern and entirely drenching the men. But the wind fell not and the tide seemed still stronger, while we continued to pull out as we saw the Columbia still lingering, with her anchors evidently weighed, and, as I concluded, only waiting for myself. But I was doubtful whether, in her far-out position, she yet saw me, although my boat was a large one. Yet at this moment she run up her gib, and seemed to ware as if she were standing in for the boat. But with the strong breeze blowing directly on this iron-bound shore, at this late hour, I knew that she could not, with propriety, venture much farther. The sun was fast declining, as our boat seemed only inch by inch to gain her distance outward; when, erelong, the sun fell beneath the distant rim of the ocean, with the Columbia directly in its wake, which longer and more distinctly preserved the frigate in our view. I had spread my handkerchief above the poop of the boat with the hope that it might attract the attention of the quartermaster, who is always keeping a look-out with his glass; and at the time the ship seemed to veer, I supposed that I was seen. But as the red bank of a glorious sunset began to die away into the dun of the palest twilight, the distant ship also began to fade, and at length, as she lined

herself on the horizon, I could plainly see that she was standing out to sea, with evident propriety of not lingering longer so n ar the shore for the night. In a short time, in the increasing darkness, the ship was entirely lost, and the boatmen, already exhausted, were directed to put about and stand in for the shore.

The only hope that now remained was, that Commodore Read, although he had expressed himself to me with more than his usual earnestness about sailing during the evening, would stand off during the night and put back again in the morning, and take me up, as I then would be able to stand out with the land breeze and a smooth sea. But should he proceed directly on his course to Colombo, as the John Adams seemed to have done, my situation might become very peculiar, at least, for myself. I had taken but twenty dollars in my purse for the day's excursion. As I had gone by myself, however, I took a sword in my hand, as a walking stick, and possessed a watch of some value. At the worst, I concluded I could manage with these comfortably to reach Bombay, where I had no apprehension but that I could get any amount of funds I might desire and letters of credit to meet my wants, whether I should make my way back to the United States through the Red Sea, the Isthmus of Suez, the Mediterranean, France and England, completing a desirable tour; or, if opportunity should present from Bombay, to take passage to Macao, and rejoin the ship at Canton, where I should, probably, anticipate her arrival, as she would call at several places, and be for some time detained before reaching Macao. And should I not meet her there, a Canton packet would take me comfortably back to the United States. These were the dreamings of a moment, while our boat was standing back to the fortification where I had landed

first, in the morning, and the bearing of which I had been sufficiently considerate to take by the stars, before it had become so dark that the land could not be seen.

But in the unrest of the night, other thoughts presented themselves, though they were too gentle in their alarms to frighten entirely from me, after the fatigues of the day, a welcome refreshment from sleep. But what, if circumstances should so conspire as to reduce me to the necessity of begging? No one person knew me on shore. And then, the symptoms on board the John Adams had been such, since she left Bombay, as to leave it doubtful whether the cholera was not in our squadron. And in a climate deemed unhealthy, and exerting myself in the excitement of the moment, beyond my own strength and habits, it might be my destiny to be prostrated suddenly among stangers of a different faith and language, and where I knew not twenty words of their tongue. But necessity in the unexpected circumstances in which I had been placed, could not be resisted, and God Almighty, in whom I trusted, I did not doubt a moment, would direct and provide.

The fortress, which is an extensive work, was already shut, when I had reached near the landing-place opposite one of the gates. The occupants of a boat, lying a little way in the stream, assured us that the captain of the fortress was already in his bed, and my boat's crew appeared to regard it as equivalent to a capital crime to wake him, and they now insisted that they would not land, but they must take me up the stream some three or four miles to Pangim. I told them that they *should* land me, unless the breakers prevented, which were now roaring horribly on the ear in the darkness of the moonless night; and I took my sword in my hand, without any further threats than my manner indicated, which once before, when the men had

become exhausted nearly to a rebellion as we were pulling for the ship, I had, with yet more positiveness assumed, although I am sure I could not have injured the head of one of the miserable cowards. They yielded, and said they would try; and we pulled to the north side of the stone pier, over which the inswelling surf now rolled, as if it were another cataract of Niagara. We kept the boat from its side, or the waters, in the immense sheets as they rolled over the pier, would instantly have filled the boat, and dashed her away like a speck drifting on the boundless billow.

Watching my opportunity, I sprung upon the part of the pier nearest the shore; and approaching the gate of the fortress-wall, the sentry hailed me. I told him I wished to speak with the Captain of the fort. The Captain, with half a dozen other Portuguese, put his head out the window of a stone building, which formed something like a bastion of the embattlements of the fortress, and said that he was the Captain. I told him my story. He apologized for his soldier-like quarters, but soon the gate was thrown open; and as if he thought some secret design was being made upon the fortress, or else for effect, I was ushered through the portal, along a line of guards of some twenty dark-faced and dark-dressed soldiers, who had been gathered at this point of the fort at the opening of the gate. The Portuguese officer showed me to a small apartment, through a passage which led for some short distance without the main wall, but where two sentinels were stationed, and which constituted the quarters of the Captain. I was glad to be there, notwithstanding some big stories I had heard of Portuguese treachery, and many more I had read of it; and now I was a stranger, within a Portuguese fortress, in most treacherous times. I was sufficiently tired to find the

spread cot of the Captain, notwithstanding the immensity of his mustaches, a very acceptable tender, although I felt a reluctance to avail myself of it, as the Portuguese, with true soldier-like generosity, threw a piece of matting into another corner of the room, and said, "This, to-night, shall be my bed;" inviting me, at the same time, to slip off my coat and to lounge, after my fatigue, upon his clean-spread and tendered cot. A cup of tea was erelong served, with bread and butter, curd, cheese, eggs, and cake, the last being taken, with a nonchalence du corps, from the wall, where it had been suspended by a nail in a wrapper around the plate that contained it. "Eat, my good sir," said the Portuguese with the huge mustaches; "you no eat any thing;" notwithstanding I had already finished a couple of eggs, drank one cup of tea, and a round glass full of most delightful water. I was greatly refreshed, and threw myself upon my cot to get some rest. I slept; and I remember in my visions of the night to have seen two gallant ships standing in shore for me, which reassured me that however unsailor-like it might be for the ships to be there, or that I should be here, the generous Commodore would not leave me behind. But my dreams were unquieting. I had a rencounter with two banditti, and mastered them. But these were phantoms of the brain; perhaps the real banditti I should not be able to master, if about me there were those who might be disposed to attack me. Besides, there was something peculiar in the cup of tea which I had drank, almost from necessity, on account of the politeness which had prepared it for me. I now remembered that the officer had poured some drops, as it seemed to me, from a junk-bottle into the small tea-pot in which the tea was drawn. What on earth, or in the name of poison, could he pour from a junk-bottle into a

tea-pot, without a design to get rid of me? But we had shown, only a few hours before, a sufficient force, at least, to induce respect so long as there was a probability that the ships would return. Therefore, I slept, and was refreshed and much recovered from my fatigue the next morning, and my nervous excitement was past. The broad daylight brought with it the assurance to myself that my good health continued. But the daylight was abroad, and the sun was up, and the look-out from the high point of the flag-staff reported, to my great disappointment, "*no ships to be seen in the offing.*" I quietly yielded to my apparent fate, and began to make some inquiries, to enable me to decide upon my best course, when I learned that the Captain of a Portuguese brig was in the fort, who was designing to get under weigh in a few hours for Bombay; but only a few moments longer had passed, before a paper was handed to the Captain as a second report from the telegraph, containing the words, "Two large three-masted vessels in the offing standing to the north." "They are the frigate and the corvette," I exclaimed; "I thought they would not leave me." I went myself, at the suggestion of the Captain, to the top of the hill, embraced within the extensive fortification, and where the flag-staff is fixed, to see what I could make the vessels out to be, while he ordered breakfast to be prepared and to be in readiness for me on my return. The flag-staff I should judge to be 400 feet above the walls of the fortress. These walls stretch along the shore, and are themselves a part of the works; and a distinct fort above all the rest with covered passages leading to it, is almost if not quite impregnable to any force, should the lower works be taken. You ascend to this high point by inclined planes, so arranged that provisions and ammunition may be conveyed to the elevated

position, while the artillery above commands the whole ranges of the steep passages. The view from this point is at once beautiful and grand. The wide ocean extends as far as the eye can reach, north, south and west, with the adjacent country around, in its peculiar features of inland, island, and mountain, in their perpetual green and foliage of the tropics.

I took the glass, and at once recognised the long side of the good Columbia, standing in, and with grateful feelings believed that I should yet reach her. The Adams was further out, but standing on the same tack, north. I had already provided a large boat with sails and ten oarsmen to take me out at the first appearance of the ships in the offing, should they again be seen.

Taking another cup of tea, which, in the day-light, at its making, I now more particularly observed to be taken from a junk-bottle, in which it was preserved instead of the more usual domestic tea-caddy, with which I have been familiar. I now entered my boat, and cheerily, with her canvass spread and ten men at the poles, the boat made good speed towards the Columbia, still some ten or twelve miles in the distance. When she perceived us, she tacked ship, and bore down for us as far as practicable with the head wind; and, erelong I was again, with a very comfortable feeling of convenience, on the deck of the frigate. Advancing to the officer of the deck, I reported myself, as is usual, as having "returned." "Very well, sir," was the courteous and officer-like reply. "Please report yourself to the First Lieutenant," who was standing not far off. "Very well, sir," was repeated, with as much gravity as the countenance of this amiable gentleman could assume, "please report to the Commodore."

I made the best of my way to the cabin. Our Commo-

dore was sitting over his private journal; and whether it contains a private record of my own name or not, I do not know; but I do know that Commodore Read has invariably treated me with gentlemanly kindness; and that in a few moments more the ship, with a crowd of canvass set, was pressing on her bounding course to Colombo, the capital of the island of Ceylon.

SECTION X.

COLOMBO.

Colombo. Church in the evening, on shore. Differences between the English and American prayer book. The Governor's dinner to the Commodore and his officers. "Grace." Sir John Wilson. The Governor's house. Promenade with his Excellency. Governor Mackenzie's opinion of the American Missionaries, and liberality towards them. Music. Early fortifications in the East. Mess-dinners. Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie. Sail by moonlight, and dinner at Sir John Wilson's. Sir John's mansion. Bouquet. Cooper's Switzerland. Willis's poetry. Lord Cochrane at New Orleans. Hospitality of British officers. "West coast disaster." Murder of Captain Wilkins of the barque Eclipse, by the Malays. Tiffin with Rev. Mr. Bailey. A drive. Shells. Ceylon the best place for making a collection in conchology. Breakfast to Governor Mackenzie on board the frigate. Leaving Colombo.

We anchored in Colombo Roadstead on Sunday morning, November 25th, 1838, having made land the preceding evening, and standing off during the night.

After the services on board, during the day, I accompanied Lieutenants Magruder and Turner and Dr. Hazlett to the shore, to attend the services of the church in the evening. It was dark before we landed; but the Colonial Secretary, who had called on the Commodore, politely accompanied us to the church within the walls of the fort, and obtained us seats. As we landed we passed within the gate, along a street with its white colonnade lining on either side the whole range of the low buildings, producing a fine effect in the bright moonbeams; while the mellowing shade of the hour concealed all that would diminish

our favourable impression, as we reached the church, lighted up for the services of the evening. The congregation had already mostly assembled, and the faces and the dress of the female part of the congregation were so like our own congregations at home, and the prayer book containing our own prayers, and the English service in our own tongue, and the like ceremonies of rising and sitting and kneeling, all made it seem like being in one of our own temples in our own western home, among our own acquaintances, on the still eve of the Sabbath day.

Most of the gentlemen attending the services of the evening, were the officers of the barracks, in their red uniform, accompanying the ladies present, who were generally of the officers' families.

The American is struck with the slight variations in the services of the English and the American Episcopal church. And where this variation occurs, I think it must be conceded, that the alterations in our service are decidedly an improvement. The English clergy so consider it; at least the Rev. Mr. B—— thus expressed himself to me, when the two services were a subject of remark. There is also a difference between us in pronouncing several words of the service. In the opening exhortation of the clergyman to the congregation, the attention of the American is particularly arrested by the pronunciation of the word acknowledge, which the English clergyman pronounces as if written ac-no-ledge: "The Scripture moveth us in sundry places to ac-no-ledge and confess our manifold sins and wickedness;" "And although we ought at all times to ac-no-ledge our sins before God," &c. And in the *Te Deum laudamus*, "We praise thee, O God, we ac-no-ledge thee to be the Lord." And yet, Sheridan, and Perry, and Jones and Jameson pronounce this word as if written ac-nol-ledge,

as also do *Walker*, Fuller, and Knight, while they are the only three who give their authority also for ac-no-ledge.

As we returned to the ship, the sea was running high. The anchorage ground is an open roadstead; and sometimes the swell is threatening to a small boat. And yet there is a species of canoe here, constructed with an outrig. It consists of light pieces of wood, narrow, and nearly as long as the canoe, and is parallel with it. It has two arched bars, extending from the canoe to this stick, thus enlarging the base of the little boat by several feet. This fragile thing, with this construction, rides on the heaviest billow, like a wafer or a cork.

The Commodore and some of his officers dined with his Excellency the Governor, last evening, November 27th. It was a beautiful night. We reached the Governor's house, a spacious mansion, at half-past seven o'clock. Commodore Read and his officers were severally presented to Mrs. Mackenzie, the Governor's lady, who entered the room with her hat on, as her head-dress, which we humbly conceive to have been in great bad taste, while her ladyship was prodigal with her smiles, and with great frankness and goodness of heart, placed her guests at their ease. The Governor's self, in lace and silver epauletts, soon presented himself, that others might be presented to him. He entered the reception-room after a number of the guests had arrived, with ease, but less with the air of a polished courtier than the plainer gentleman of education and great good sense, who had seen the world and knew its different phases and its fashions, and relied on his personal merit and conscious mental acquisition for consideration, in connection with his station, rather than on mannerism, or on a polished address that excluded mannerism in the faultless but marked attitudes of graceful and elegant demeanour.

An hour passed after the arrival of the Governor's company—few ladies and more gentlemen—when there was a movement from the antechamber to the hall, where the guests placed themselves on a range of seats around a tasteful and well-spread table.

It contributed much to my gratification to be seated on the right of Sir John Wilson, the commander of all her majesty's forces in the island; a gentleman of great amiableness and worth and popularity, and distinguished for his services in the peninsular war.

His Excellency called upon myself to "say grace," as the guests were about to take their seats, and again to return thanks before the ladies left the table. I note it here as illustrating the custom of those in high stations, in the East, of whose hospitality we have participated, and to commend what we deem laudable at their tables. At Bombay, at the Governor's table, it was the same. A blessing was asked and thanks returned. And there was no blush for the name of Christian, nor felt apprehension that this act of devout acknowledgement to the Giver of all our mercies, might be unwelcome to the pleasure of any at the extensive table.

The gentlemen sat longer after the ladies had retired than was the case at Bombay, but it was not in the turbulence of noise and excess of wine, but to indulge in the vivacity of free and social conversation. We had already learned of the frank hospitality of the residents at Colombo; and our anchors had hardly dropped before we were partaking of it, in a manner that assured us of its generous and entire cordiality.

Before I had risen, myself, from the table, earlier than others, Sir John Wilson had politely urged that I would dine with him, at his lovely villa, on the beautiful little

lake in the neighbourhood of the city. Leaving the day to be named by myself, and proposing to invite some friends whom he supposed it would give me pleasure to meet, I was happy to accept of his politeness, even to the necessary omission of courtesies proffered in notes of invitation to the ward-room mess generally, and some others individually, which had been received for every night of the week. The number of English officers at this station is numerous, and the officers of the different brigades have the different mess-houses. Each of these messes sent invitations to the officers of the Columbia. And though I did not make it convenient, myself, to be at either of their dinners, the officers who were, found the entertainments to be most creditable to the messes for the taste and elegance displayed; and in every instance they were particularly complimentary, in the sentiments which were expressed, towards the American nation, and personally to Commodore Read and his officers.

As I vacated my seat at the table, I strolled into the verandah, extending with its colonnade of pillars quite the length of the main building with its extensive wings, and adjacent to the garden-grounds, which surround the house; but erelong I passed to the upper chambers, delightfully disposed for receiving every breath of air which sweeps, with the sea-gale, through the windows, quite down to the floor of the verandah. And the sea! the deep rolling sea—the surf-sounding sea, the beautiful, the sublime, the eternal sea, with its now calm and now turbulent and now throwing bosom, spreads its vast expanse before the commanding residence of the Governor. The building consists of a centre and two long and low wings, surrounded by the verandah already alluded to, with its massive pillars in front and rear, with also an upper verandah to the

centre building, which opens at each of its ends, directly upon the flat roofs of the long wings of the mansion.

As I ascended the inner flight of stairs to the upper verandah, the Governor approached me; and as we leaned over the balustrade, contemplating the scene in front of us, his Excellency soon discovered, that the elements of poetry were in his make; and for a while, we promenaded this sweet balcony, overlooking the grounds between the near sea-shore and the garden, with the white pagoda-like light-house in the perspective. And the moon, the bright moon, on one of her loveliest passages through the clear and deep blue sky, was moving to-night, in her meekness and softest sheen of glory, with only here and there a collection of fleecy clouds, which, drinking in her prodigal beams, added new beauty to the scene, as they cast their mimic shadows on the illumined bosom of the far-out deep.

"That scene reminds me," said his Excellency, "of a print which I have seen, representing *night* in its composition, and another of *morning*. The night-scene was composed of the particulars as they now lie before us."

"It is beautiful," I replied. "I have seen *night* represented by a black horse with a dark cloud curling upon his neck, and *morn*, by a courser striking his small hoof upon the fleecy folds of a golden-edged cumulus, as his nostrils snuffed its vapour for the early dew. But this is indeed a charming view—the queen of night, as she is now seen reclining on those clouds, as Cowley describes her, like a Sultana pillowed on couches of silver. And then, that mighty ocean, and that dashing, cascading, eternal surf, which beats upon those rocks, throwing up their jets in crystal sheets of foam, to drink in the moonbeam, in contrast with the deep shades of those young forest trees—certainly there is composition here, to delight; and how the soul

loves the hallowed impressions received from the pure sounds and pure visions of nature, when addressed to the mind which sometimes lives in itself.

"You see those shrubs," said the Governor, as he led the way from the verandah to the promenade on the top of the wing of the building nearest the sea, and the ideal visions of improvement in his garden-plots warming his imagination, as the capacities of his grounds were alluded to; "scarcely one of them were here seven months ago;—so luxuriant is the vegetation in this climate, that they have been brought forward in their cultivation, in so short a period."

The Governor devotes his mornings to the improvement of his grounds, and pointed out to me the different plans, as they lay in his own imaginative mind. He has but lately, comparatively, come to the island, as Governor of Ceylon, but evinces an enthusiasm for its improvement, and the development of its resources, and the promotion of its interests as a statesman, a Christian philanthropist, and a man of literary taste and acquisition. He has already found materials of interest in the old Dutch records; and is having translated a manuscript document composed by one of the old Governors, on the eve of his leaving the island, for the benefit of his successors, showing what he had done, and proposing measures which would facilitate and extend further improvement.—"Just such a thing," said his Excellency, "as I should like to leave to my successor." The paper is a curious document, and will form a treat to the antiquary and the politician.

His Excellency talked of the interior—gave a graphic description of the reception of one of the chief men of Candy, who lately visited Colombo, whom he presented with a medal, and who, of his own accord, has lately manumitted all his slaves. This man, though of little importance

in a political point of view, in the present firm establishment of the power of the English in the island, yet retained all the airs of one who still deemed himself a prince among his own people. And of the scenery of the interior, on the route to Candy, the olden residence of the ancient powerful chiefs of the island and the capital of the empire, the Governor gave a description, which, doubtless, was coloured by an imagination and a sympathy which he legitimately inherits, as the birthright of one who has been born in Scotland, and has roamed in his young days among its mountain ranges and highland hills.

I was glad, also, to hear from his Excellency, an unequivocal commendation of our missionaries, who are situated in different parts of the island. During the late embarrassed state of the finances of the people in America, which affected the resources of the missionary stations, the government here contributed £200, or nearly $900 for the benefit of the American missions. And his Excellency, in making up his private budget this season, was so thoroughly impressed with the commendable zeal which actuated the American missionaries, and the happy results consequent on their labours, that he did not wait to hear of any embarrassment of theirs, or allow an application to be made in their behalf, but anticipated any thing of this kind by asking if the allowance of the preceding year would be acceptable to them. It was added to his list of expenditures.

"And believe me," was the sentiment of his Excellency, "we think the Government to be under a greater obligation than this, for the efforts which the American missionaries are putting forth for the education and the religious welfare of the inhabitants of the island."

We had been promenading for more than an hour on

the top of this wide and extended west wing of the Governor's house, with a bright heaven above us and a rich landscape and glorious moon-lit sea-scene around us, uncovered, and with the moonbeam glancing back from the rich lace of the Governor, as we turned or paused in our walk, to express an agreeing sentiment on the topics already alluded to, or which the works of Scott and Bulwer, or Cooper and Irving, (the last, all Englishmen bless,) or the general theme of England and America awakened. And now, a strain of music, borne from the inner rooms along the verandah, met our ears, in the open air, as the vibrating zephyr came dancing and delighted by us. It had attraction for both of us, and we sought the company, who were listening, with a marked compliment, to the fine execution of one of our officers on the Spanish guitar.

"Americans," said an English officer in red, who was near me, "excel in music. I have had the pleasure of spending some time among them, and longest in New-York. I speak from observation and feeling."

"At least," I rejoined, "I know some New-Yorkers who have a love for music almost to a passion, whatever may be their execution; although the inhabitants of the Eastern States have the highest reputation for excellence in the art, which you know it is said, and I should question the sensibility of the man who doubts it, once had the power to move stones into regular built palisadoes. And your particular friend, Miss B——, I should think had inherited the lyre of Apollo, as his favourite muse. At least she has the song of soul which is the soul of song, if I have read rightly the spirited play of her features."

The Colombo people were ever ready to say kind and complimentary things of America, and I had no reason,

once to question the sincerity of their expressed sentiments towards our nation; but without an intended compliment, merely, to the young lady, to whom the gentleman I then addressed, as rumour that evening said, was soon to be joined in matrimonial nuptials, I thought her face strikingly pretty, as the simple fillet of braid confined her luxurious ringlets from off her beautiful and pure brow.

The ladies gave us music, with the piano-forte as their accompaniment; and the evening was spent in social and agreeable interview.

Sir John, lounging at his ease on a rich ottoman, had passed to me the word, "dinna forget," just previous to our leaving, and the Commodore and his officers, at a seasonable hour, returned to the ship.

On Wednesday evening, a large number of officers went on shore—some to the "mess-dinners," some to meet other invitations, and most of them, finally to gather to the ball of Mrs. Stewart Makenzie,* the Governor's lady, later in the evening. Dr. Hazlett and myself found Sir John Wilson's carriage waiting for us, as the last boat

* Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie is the daughter of Lord Seaforth, whose family name is Mackenzie. She was the only child, and married Sir Samuel Hood, afterwards an Admiral in the British Navy. She inherited the estates of her father on his death, but her husband dying without issue, she lost the title. She afterwards married General Alexander Stewart, her present husband, who at his marriage took the family name of Mackenzie.

It is said that his Excellency has been offered knighthood, but has declined it, in view of obtaining something yet more acceptable, which, it is thought probable, will await him on his return, when he shall have conducted with satisfaction to her Majesty his Gubernatorial term. Lord Seaforth, the family title of the Mackenzies, is what we presume would meet his Excellency's desires, and the family's expectation. And the peerage would receive an acquisition in the person of his Excellency, that would add honour to their number.

from the ship, over a high sea, reached the shore. We entered it, and accompanied by Sir John's Aid, Major S., on horseback, who was politely waiting for us at the dock, we were soon rolled without the gate of the fort.

These early fortifications of the East generally embrace a large space of ground, and at first must have contained all the European residents; and now, the wall of the fort at Bombay extends for six or nine miles in circumference, embracing a large portion of the city; and the wall of the fortification at Colombo, though not as extensive, embraces the long lines of spacious buildings constituting the barracks, and nearly all the houses of the European residents.

Having passed the gate, we rolled almost insensibly over the first part of the smooth road that runs along the exquisite beach, where the surf is ceaselessly throwing up its crystal cascades, with the dashing murmur of waters, so grateful in a warm climate; but we soon wound along the diverging way around the fort, and to our delightful surprise, were brought suddenly to the lip of a beautiful lake, where a boat was waiting for us.

"We will give you a sail by moonlight," said the Major, as he rode up to the carriage door and dismounted.

We skipped from the carriage to the boat, while the horses were ordered around by the road to Sir John's.

"And be assured we will not forget the moon-lit scene, as we glided over the sweet lake in 'bonny bark,' to Sir John's," was the reply.

"Beautiful, indeed," exclaimed the doctor, who is as susceptible of the poetry and romance of nature, as good taste, united with goodness of heart, always begets. Dr. L. of the John Adams, a gentleman of great excellence of character, and little Read, a sweet boy and bright youngster, were also with us.

Our guide had evidently studied effect in giving us this variety, on this enchanting evening.

The gentle breeze, puffing from the land, soon filled our sails, and the ripple curled around the prow of our boat, and in a moment more we were cutting the moon-lit bosom of the lake, most gently and pleasantly, as the mimic wave sent its music along the sides of our boat.

"Surely, night has a lovely face in your clime, Major L., and I see she has her tasteful admirers. There is witchery in the blending of light and shade of the tall trees of that cocoa-nut grove, and the shady indentations of that border line of the lake."

We were now gliding some distance outside of a little island stretching itself in the lake, and in fifteen minutes more, our polite guide, by a gentle veering of the boat, brought us in full view of the mansion of Sir John.

There it stood, as he pointed it out to us, brilliantly illuminated, with the bright lamps gleaming among the colonnade-pillars of the extensive verandahs, which overlook the beautiful sheet of water, and reach quite to the margin of the lovely expanse. We continued to near the beautiful mansion, as the guests already assembled were seen moving in promenade among the pillars of the spacious portico, extending along the whole front of the gorgeous edifice. Our boat came quite up to the steps of the verandah, and we were welcomed by Sir John, and others whom I had seen at the Governor's dinner, on the evening but one preceding.

We were soon seated at the dinner-table of our amiable host, ourselves being the last arrived.

Sir John displayed his taste in the decorations and the substantials of his table. But being myself no epicure in meats or connoiseur in wines, which, on this occasion, were varied and abundant, I take but little notice of the dishes

which are passing during the different courses at a dinner-table; and am much more attracted by a beautiful vase of flowers which may be displaying its lovely and gorgeous collection of coloured bell and virgin cup, and varied hues of corollas, and chalices, and pistils, and stamens, and giving forth to all, their beauties and fragrance. And therefore, I ought not to forget the beautiful vases of flowers which decorated Sir John's dinner-table.

"Did you mark it, Mr. T.?" he asked, as the splendid vase was removed from the table.

"Did I mark the bouquet, Sir John? I was thinking that it even surpassed the Governor's for its richness and varieties. And I shall remember it too, and the mango, and the place where you showed me how to cut it."

"And you will remember that the bouquet was collected in the month of *November, and the twenty-eighth day of that month,* hard on to the approaching Christmas."

The residence of Sir John was once a government or private botanical garden; and he has, as he said, always been famous for his bouquets. Only in the sweet and flowering isle of Madeira, should I have looked for so rich a chalice of these beautiful smiles of nature.

The manners of Sir John are as gentle as his flowers; and I am sure no one will forget their kindness who has been the recipient of his amiable and elegant courtesies.

The Rev. Mr. B. sat on my left, who had lately been reading Cooper's Switzerland, and a collection of American poetry—all which he was polite enough to admire. I led him to expect that I would send him some further specimens of American poetry, when I returned to the ship, with a copy of the Prayer Book as used in the American Episcopal churches, which he regarded as a very considerable improvement upon their own. He had not read

Mr. Willis's poetry, and I was desirous of furnishing him with some pieces from the elegant pen of this American bard. I cannot conceive how it could otherwise than please the taste which can appreciate the delicate tints in colouring and the exquisite beauty of the poetic comparisons, with which Mr. Willis's poetry abounds in its imagery. It is said that Mr. Willis seldom reaches the sublime. Is it not enough *always* to be beautiful, and a master in it? But this gentleman has outlived the envy and the jealousy which I am sure some of his young contemporaries cherished, and used to his disadvantage as they started together in the race of writers in polite literature. If Mr. Willis shall continue to dip his pencil only in the beautifully *pure and virtuous*, which characterizes his own pieces particularly, and almost all American poetry, to the shame of many of the writers of Europe, who have corrupted rather than benefitted their species, he will continue to hold the consideration in the esteem of his countrymen, which is now awarded to his productions, and do the greatest justice to himself.

There was an English officer of rank at the table, who spoke of his having been taken prisoner on the northern boundary in the last war. He recurred with pleasure to the gentlemanly conduct of Governor Cass, who was then an officer under General Harrison. There can be no doubt that the English nation duly appreciate the prowess of the young America. And the two rencounters which the two nations have had with each other, have contributed to induce great respect, on the part of both, for each other. The battle of New-Orleans was alluded to at the mess-dinners by the British officers, as an intentional compliment to our arms. And however much General Jackson's administration, at home, may have excited the opposition of

the respectable minority of the people, it is no less true that the eclat of his military fame has added reputation, with himself at the head of it, to the American government, abroad.

It is a circumstance which developes another secret motive which induced an attack on New-Orleans, that the eye of Lord Cochrane was on the cotton-bags and hogsheads of tobacco, which at this time were supposed to be, and were in reality, deposited there. Lord Cochrane thought of *the prize-money*, or the price of plunder. And we have the word of one who must have known, as he was then high in rank as an English officer, that "the attack on New-Orleans had never been made, had it not been to gratify Lord C.'s desire for enriching himself. For this the blood was shed, and it mattered not how many lives of English soldiers should be sacrificed for it."

If such a motive could actuate, almost exclusively, a commanding officer, we should think that whatever may be the fact as to what has been denounced as calumny, by the surviving officers who were at the battle of New-Orleans, it yet might be true of such a Commander in Chief, that *he* promised to his army the privileges of plunder and rapine, as rewards of victory.

But those things are past: and English and American hearts can now, and do now, respond to each other when they meet, as descendants of a common parentage, and as mutual admirers and friends of each other. And at Colombo, where the largest number of its European inhabitants are British officers, our Commodore and his officers have received an unbounded, and generous, and frank hospitality and courtesy, which, while it evinces the noble heart of the Briton, declares also the partiality of the two nations for each other. May it long continue in their

mutual prosperity, as is their interests, and in unitedly carrying forward the noble enterprises of the age, in the improvements in science and the cultivation of letters, and in the efforts of philanthropy and Christian benevolence, for bringing a world to the participation of the blessings proffered in the gospel of Jesus Christ. Such, surely, is the becoming and wise course to be pursued by two nations deriving their being from a common ancestry, of the same language, domestic associations, sympathies and religion.

When we rose from the table, near ten o'clock, the carriages were at the door, to take most of the party to the Governor's, as it had been understood that the officers at the different dinners would attend Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie's ball for the evening. I had engaged to ride back as far as the Governor's in Sir John's carriage, on the evening of accepting the invitation to dine with him, without giving it to be understood that I should stop at the ball during the evening.

We drove back from Sir John's enchanting residence, through his beautiful grounds, along the road of the ever surf-sounding beach, with the sea on our left, which is the avenue for the fashionable drives at the hour a little before sunset. And a most delightful drive it is. Having re-entered the gate, and approached the Governor's, the music soon reached the ear on the balmy air of the evening, as it came from the well-lighted halls of the Governor's mansion.

Here I said adieu to numbers of the company, who were gathering for the dance; and having lingered one moment at the carriage door, as the fine strains of music from the full band came to the ear, I walked with Dr. H. to our boat; and erelong we reached the ship, after an

agreeable entertainment at the courteous and amiable Sir John's.

I had now visited the shore at Colombo four times, but *in the evening* of each day, since our arrival. And therefore my views of the city, thus far, had been entirely by moonlight; and of the *elite* among its inhabitants, in the gleam of the mellow light of the chandelier and lamp, and lesser tapers. But I had hoped for a number of days in the coming week, both for the purpose of making a very desirable excursion into the interior, to Candy, which place the Commodore had almost made up his mind to visit, and also for examining some objects of curiosity in Colombo; and more particularly to re-visit the places where I had already called. I was quite desirous of again seeing the beautiful grounds of Sir John Wilson, who had obligingly pressed me to do so. But all these calculations were destined to be frustrated, by our more speedy departure from the Roads of Colombo than was the Commodore's first design.

The following document appeared in the Colombo Observer, purporting to be extracted from a Penang paper, of Prince of Wales' Island. It determined Commodore Read, without delay, again to put to sea, for the purpose of gaining all the information in connection with the alleged outrage possible, and if the particulars affirmed should be substantiated, and render action on the part of the squadron, in connection of the case, justifiable and obligatory, to pursue the course which circumstances should require. The Observer thus prefaces the document which he quotes :

"From a number of the Penang Gazette, of the 13th of October, we extract a description of the murder of the captain and some of the crew of the American ship Eclipse,

by the natives of the west coast of Sumatra, published at the request of the Consular Agent of the United Statcs, at Penang. Perhaps COMMODORE READ may be induced to bend his course, with the Columbia and the John Adams, now in our Roads, to Sumatra, to avenge the death of his countrymen."

"To the Printer and Publisher of the Penang Gazette.

SIR,—I will thank you to insert the accompanying letter, addressed to me, in your next paper.

Yours, obediently,

J. REVELY,

Consular Agent of the United States of America, at Prince of Wales' Island.

Penang, October 12, 1838."

"WEST COAST DISASTER.

"SIR,—Agreeably to your request, with the greatest pleasure, I send you an official narrative of the murder of Captain Wilkins, of the American ship *Eclipse*.

"From the 24th June, the day of my arrival at Tulloy Pow and Muckie, and also the day I spoke with the *Eclipse*, to the 26th August, I know very little about her operations; however I was informed that Captain W. was many days trading at a village called Trabangan, a distance of about twelve miles from Muckie. On the night of the 26th August, at about two o'clock, a man from a jolly-boat hailed the ship in French, and begged for hospitality, saying they were from the barque *Eclipse*, that the captain was murdered by the Malays; and the second mate, who was then in the boat, severely wounded in the loins, who, with two sailors wounded in several parts of their bodies, with great difficulty got on board. After dressing their wounds, they communicated to me the following narrative.

"On the evening of the 26th August, two sampans with twelve men in each, having a small quantity of pepper, came alongside the ship and offered it for sale, as it frequently happens. The second mate, whose watch it was, being particularly acquainted with Lebbey Ousso, juratoolis of Muckie, and knowing that he had assisted Captain W. in his former voyages, thought it no harm to allow him and his people to come up, as they were very good friends, notwithstanding it was then night-time. When they came up, he told them the captain was asleep, and had been indisposed many days, and that they would be obliged to wait until he awoke to weigh their pepper and settle the price. He also told them that the custom of the ship was, by way of precaution, to ask for their weapons, which they without any objection immediately gave up, and he got these secured under lock and key. After which they feigned to sleep in different parts of the deck, awaiting the appearance of the captain, who came up about ten o'clock, when they asked him to weigh their pepper. Lebbey Ousso, feigning friendship for the captain, complained of the distrust of the second mate, and requested to have his own and his friends' daggers given back to them, which was accordingly complied with. From his long acquaintance with the man, the captain did not think that he was doing an act of imprudence in giving their daggers. During this interval, the second mate and two sailors were busy in getting ready the scales for weighing the pepper that was on deck. As the second draught was being weighed, the captain, who was seated by a light near the binnacle, cried out, "I am stabbed." The second mate, who was stooping to take up the bags, was stabbed in the loins. At the same time the apprentice, who was near the captain, was killed by the very same hand that

slew his commander. The second mate jumped overboard, notwithstanding his wound. Part of the crew followed his example, and the rest went up the masts and yards. The mate, and those who followed him, afterwards returned to the ship, by the ropes that were hanging from the quarter-deck, and went up on the masts to join the others. Several among them were wounded. During this time, the murderers were looking out for other victims. They found the cook in irons for insubordination. He begged for his life, promising to show them the place where the *dollars* and *opium* were deposited. They immediately broke his fetters and set him free, and took four cases of opium and eighteen casks containing $18,000 Spanish dollars, and left the ship in company with their good friend the cook. The second mate and four sailors who were on board, armed a boat and came to us, leaving the ship without any guardian to take care of her. The carpenter and two sailors went on shore to join the chief mate and four sailors, who were left there, for the purpose of procuring pepper.

"On the morning of the 27th, we unanimously agreed that the sailors should return to their ship and hoist the signal of distress, to call the chief mate, and if he did not come, to fire a gun, which they did on their arrival on board.

"The second mate and sailor that had two severe wounds in their bodies, and another wounded in the foot, remained on board of my ship for four days, after which we took them on board of an American brig, that was trading at Assahan.

"On the 27th, at two in the afternoon, Tunkoo Datoraga of Nunpat Tuan, sent his schooner in quest of the robbers; she returned the next day without being able to discover any thing.

"I was afterwards informed, that the ship *Eclipse*, under the command of the chief mate, sailed for Muckie, to take one of the chiefs of that place to Soosoo, to recover his losses and part of the opium, which the Rajah of that country got from the robbers. These he refused to give up.

"This statement contains all that I know, and which I give as authentic.

"I have the honour to be, sir,

"Your most obedient servant,

"A. VAN ISEGHEN,

Captain of the barque l'Aglee of Nantes.

Penang, October 12, 1838."

"A true copy,

J. REVELY,

Consular Agent of the United States of America, at Prince of Wales' Island."

It may be a fortunate circumstance that our arrival at Colombo occurred just at this time, for the accomplishment of some part of the purposes for which our ships have been sent into these seas. We have, by the coincidence of our arrival and the publication of the preceding paper, obtained this intelligence four days after our reaching this port; and there seems so much probability of the truth of the statement, that it becomes a matter of interest that the squadron should be prepared for the exigencies that may occur, and that the ships should hasten to the ground where this outrage is said to have occurred. And although it would be most grateful to linger here, where the hospitality of the people is so unbounded and cordial, and at a moment when acquaintances have been formed of so much interest as to make us greatly wish to prolong that acquaintance, and in some good degree to reciprocate the courtesies which have been received from the residents on shore, yet pleasure always should yield to duty, or rather

our chief pleasure should be in doing our duty, whatever temporary sacrifices it may cost.

On Friday, the day after the preceding document appeared in the Colombo paper, I took tiffin, as an early unceremonious dinner is called, at three o'clock P. M., with the Rev. Mr. Bailey, and met the Rev. Mr. Marsh, and one of the Wesleyan missionaries, with a Mr. S., and a Lieutenant in the English navy. I had purposed to spend the evening in riding, as it was understood that we would sail on the morrow; and expecting a longer delay at Colombo, I had willingly postponed my intended rides and some additional visits on shore for the succeeding week.

After partaking of this no unsubstantial meal, which here corresponds more with the southern snack rather than the northern lunch, Mr. M. proffered to take me in his carriage on the drive, while the one I had ordered was directed to follow.

We nearly encircled the lake, passing through the cinnamon groves which lie adjacent to the suburbs of the city, and finally reached a prominent position occupied by the Rev. Mr. M. Here we gained a view, which on a clearer day must be peculiarly fine. And far across on the lake, as seen on this showery evening, my eye rested with pleasure on the lovely mansion of Sir John Wilson.

Returning to the town with my cinnamon boughs, and various leaves of various plants, I drove at a late hour to a Moor-man's shop, to complete a collection of superb and curious shells, which a good fortune had given me to find, in Colombo. I sat for some time with Corin, the shell merchant, who has his shells in baskets, piled up in a miserable hut, like almost all the native shops of the bazaars of the East. This said Corin, the Moorish shell-merchant, might be of some convenience to those who may follow us, with

like desires of my own to make a collection in conchology. At the same time, it will always be advisable for the purchaser to be careful in the prices he offers. Generally the venders in shells, and in all other things in the East, will take half, and often less than half of what they originally ask. It is a confirmed habit with them, to ask double the value of the article they would dispose of, and were you to give their price, at once, you probably would very much astonish them, and do injustice to yourself.

I purchased a large number of shells from Corin. Two boxes packed with taste, and others in baskets. Ceylon is evidently the best place in the East for making a collection in conchology.

Several men took my boxes and baskets, forming a little cavalcade, to the custom house, for the night, whence they were to be taken off to the ship the next morning. They made their appearance accordingly; and I think they will gratify the eye of the common gazer on their reaching the United States; while the duplicates may form an acceptable acquisition to any cabinet that may so far secure the complacency of the possessor, as to induce him to make half the collection a donation to it.

On Saturday morning, December 1st, agreeably to invitation, his Excellency, lady and daughters, and others of the powers that are of the Ceylon-Isle, of whose hospitality the Commodore and his officers had been the recipients, came off to the Columbia, to breakfast. It would have gratified Commodore Read, to have given a very general entertainment before he left the Roads of Colombo, and in that style, which would have evinced, at least, the desire to please the generous people whom he had met; and more creditably, than was now in his power, in consequence of his sudden departure, to have reciprocated on board his

ship, the courtesies which he had received on shore. And a like feeling prompted the desires of the officers of the ward-room. But the only practicable thing, in the time that was left, was to manifest to his Excellency and the authorities, his sense of their politeness, by an invitation to breakfast—a popular meal, according to the custom prevailing through the East, and borrowed from the mother country; and of late somewhat introduced into our own country.

The Columbia's boats were sent to the shore between the hours of 9 and 10 o'clock, and a salute in compliment to his Excellency, erelong, announced his arrival on board. The breakfast passed off with apparent pleasantness to the party—his Excellency, in an apt and pretty speech complimenting our nation and expressing his happiness to have enjoyed the opportunity of meeting with our Commodore and his officers, and desiring prosperity to themselves individually, and to the nation, in the accomplishment of whose commissions we were sailing.

Commodore Read, deeming himself called upon by the national allusion in the Governor's remarks, replied in equally complimentary terms to the British nation, a people, whom we not only more than respected, but to whom we gave our preference among the nations of the globe. The courtesies which we had received were acknowledged; and with cordial sincerity it was believed, that the interest and the happiness of England and America lay in the perpetuity of that good-will and friendship which he knew, so far as the feelings of Americans were concerned, now to exist between the two nations.

The ladies seemed pleased with the ship; and it would have been a pretty compliment to have weighed anchor, and put to sea for a few miles, favoured with their com-

pany, and then to have tacked ship, stood in, giving them our last adieus, as the ship was lying aback and the boats took them to the shore, and then filled away again, on our bounding track of the boundless seas. As it was, the party left the ship at about twelve o'clock—the yards being manned as his Excellency left the deck; and the crew, in their three cheers, bearing to his ear what the pulses of our own hearts would have conveyed to his, that we left him with cordial feelings of interest for his welfare, and due appreciation of the courtesies we had received during our short delay at the spicy isle.

The shades of the night-fall were on the sea ere many hours more, and the moonbeam fell again upon our spread canvass, bearing us on our course to the yet farther East.

SECTION XI.

General preparations for an attack on the Malays. Ships anchor off Annalaboo, island of Sumatra. Sunset. Ships at anchor off Kwala Batu. A Malay comes on board the frigate. Po Adam follows him. His statement of the murder of Captain Wilkins and the distribution of the property found on board the Eclipse. Landing of the first boat at Kwala Batu, for a talk with the Rajah. Instructions to Captain Wyman. Second interview and talk. Po Nyah-heit. A beautiful wild buffalo. Malay wit. The ships prepare for action. Cannonading of Kwala Batu. Christmas in the tropics. Ships sail for Muckie. Boat goes ashore for a talk with the Rajahs of Muckie. News from home. Things are valuable for their association. Destruction of Muckie. Captain Wyman's Report. Soo-Soo. Po Chute Abdullah's obligation to pay two thousand dollars. Commodore Read's paper to the Rajah. Talk with the Rajahs of Soo-Soo. Pledge of the Rajahs. A stroll. Interview at Pulau Kayu, with Po Kwala. Pedir Rajah of Kwala Batu. Agreement, and the scene of affixing the seal to the instrument. Po Kwala's visit to the frigate.

We have now been out from Colombo for five days. In view of the possibility and probability that we shall have something to do, erelong, with the Malays, the ship's crew, in their different divisions, have been grinding their cutlasses, battle-axes, pikes, and putting their guns and pistols in order, for immediate use.

The men are deemed to be well drilled for sailors; and, as sailor-soldiers, doubtless will accomplish any thing on ship-board or on shore, which can be reasonably expected from them. The increased probability, however, that the services of a detachment from the ship will be required, has led to more practicular exercise with the small arms since we left Colombo. The target has been rigged out at the yard-arm, for the men to practice at, with their fire-

arms; and another, in the gangway, for improving them in pistol-shooting. Every preparation is made, and the ship is now in perfect readiness to act with promptness, when information shall have been obtained in connection with the affirmed murder and robbery, which shall render action justifiable and obligatory.

We are now nearing the ground of the murder of the crew of the ship Friendship, some few years since; and where the late additional scene of perfidy, murder and robbery, is affirmed to have taken place. Erelong, at least, all suspense will be relieved by the reality, which must soon present itself; it is to be hoped, however, not at the expense of the lives of any of the officers of the Columbia or the Adams. But no one on board, when necessity and propriety direct, will be found one moment to hesitate, even critically to expose his life in the accomplishment of duty and orders. And the expedition, if it land, will, no doubt, be conducted with judgment, and most certainly with no lack of recklessness and courage. Bravery is never wanting in the young gentlemen, or older ones, of our navy, whenever an order is to be executed; prudence and maturity of judgment may be frequently. In all that relates to the circumstances of these miserable people, and the safety of our own officers and men, in the event of a landing from our ships, may a *merciful* as well as a *just* God direct.

The John Adams, ahead of us, signalized to the Columbia, at meridian to-day, Dec. 19th, that she saw two vessels anchored in shore, which we soon made out to be on our larboard beam. We are now off Annalaboo, island of Sumatra. The Commodore gave an order for the ships to stand in shore; and having done so, we came to anchor within some five or six miles of the land, near which the two brigs are lying, to which a boat, with the first Lieutenant, has been despatched, to gain all the information

possible in connection with the affirmed murder of the captain and part of the crew of the Eclipse, and the taking of her money. The boat, like a speck, was seen, and scarcely seen, in the distance, as I last looked at her, nearing the largest of the two brigs, whose English colours were flying.

I watched the sun as it went down to-night, beneath the rim of the far-out ocean. How often have I thought of home, as I have watched the beautiful illumination in the west, at the sunset hour, which always points out to me where the land of my home lies, in its distance and blessedness. And I never tire in gazing at the sunset scene. It ever awakens feelings that make me happy, often melancholy, and always gathers over me a species of the serene in emotion. How beautiful! how glorious! how devotional! It seems the hour of nature's evening worship. There, in the west, she lights up her temple every eve. How gorgeous are those spacious vestibules, that lead into her garnished inner courts. The sapphire-pillars stretch themselves in endless colonnades, enclosing other massive and gorgeous shafts, supporting their entablatures of mammoth emeralds, with frieze and cornice inlaid of pearl and amethyst, and on which are resting a hundred golden domes. And the lost sun, pouring forth its flood of glory from a central point in the foreground, throws up from the evening's golden censer her oblation in burning incense, as it tinges the fleecy folds of the clouds, that linger over the scene as spirit-worshippers, in saffron, and carmine, and vermilion. Who could not almost become a Parsee at an hour so beautiful, and fall before the setting sun and worship its hallowing glories?

The boat has returned from the brig. She is just from Penang, and arrived here only a few hours before us. She had learned the same particulars there, which we received through the Colombo paper, as extracted from the Penang

Gazette. The captain is acquainted with the consular agent at Penang, who transacts the business both for the French and American vessels at Prince of Wales' Island.

The captain of the trader has been on this coast for fifteen or twenty years, and says that the Malays are treacherous and can never be trusted. He invariably requires that their arms be resigned before they are permitted to come on board his vessel.

We get under weigh at about three o'clock to-night, and stand on our course to Kwala Batu, where we expect to be, at some hour of the day to-morrow. Things look a little more like an expedition on shore. And should it be found that the Muckie people are implicated in these treacherous and murderous proceedings, we learn that our ships can lie close in to the place, and, without ceremony, batter down their town, a thing which the information obtained may require to be done. The distance, nor time, can be very long before our position and action will decide.

We have come to an anchor, in thirty fathoms of water to-night, December 20, in sight of the lights on shore, which we take for Kwala Batu.

"The probabilities seem to augment a little, to-day, as to an expedition on shore, do they not Mr. T. ?" asks one young gentleman, approaching me on the quarter-deck.

"Should think they did, while it yet remains, as I take it, but a perhaps."

"The plot seems to be deepening, Mr. T.," adds another, approaching from another quarter.

"And yet the fifth act may be wanting—at least, it is so to be hoped, so far as it may involve any but the guilty."

The ward-room-mess have gotten nearly out of "fresh grub," as fresh provisions are called on ship-board; and in the length of time we have been out, we are now reduced

to "hard tack," also another phrase for ship-biscuit, which would require a sledge-hammer almost to break, at least that quality of it which was purchased at Bombay, having nearly exhausted our American biscuit, which was quite eatable, even to one who has some regard for his teeth, in comparison with the flinty substance obtained at Bombay.

"What a rush there will be for the hen-roost," adds a third gentleman, with a little spice of an epicurean in his nature, "when we shall have frightened the Malays from their bamboo-palaces."

The mess-table of the ward-room has been well supplied with fresh provisions, nearly the whole time we have been from the U. S., as also with soft bread, newly baked, for each day. And the deprivation of fare so respectable and acceptable to voyagers so many days at sea, makes a small interruption to such things observable, even if they should never lead to unamiableness.

The tea-table had been cleared, when one of the Lieutenants called for a glass of water, and had spent some time in vain endeavour to take, with his silver trap, three skippers, which were sailing deep down in the sea of his tumbler.

"Well my nimble fellows, if you will not resign yourselves complacently, to be removed to other quarters, you must enter on a traverse of unknown but not unfrequented coast for the like of ye," said the Lieutenant, with a very considerable threat that the three skippers should, without much farther ceremony, be submitted to the chemical alternative of the gastric laboratory.

"And there, then," continued the officer, on re-examining the glass after a moderate sip of the fluid, "one of your triad seems to have trailed on a new path of wilderness to him."

"Thanks, Mr. skipper-destroyer," added the Lieutenant's neighbour, "for your benevolent consideration of the public good. I take it, that same small draft of yours will save me from the serenades of at least one nearly-to-be-born musqueto, as his chrysalis took his gauge of the vasty deep."

"There is still one way more of securing the remaining duet," continued the same gentleman as he dipped his spoon into the clear water, minus the two remaining skippers.

"That is what one may call running them aground, I suppose," added another neighbour, at his end of the table, seeing the water diminishing by spoonfuls.

A silence of some three minutes, (a long and profound, for a ward-room table,) now prevailed, while the First Lieutenant was examining the external coat of an insect, which, by some presumptuous intrusion had presented himself as a self-invited guest, or had boarded us, with unknown malicious intent, for the Malay coast. "Shall we have mercy for him or not?" asked the tender hearted officer.

"No mercy," seemed to be the sentence of the majority. All kinds of insects on board of ships have no quarters appropriated to them, and, therefore he was denied both "light and air."

Another silence of three minutes! "It is my deliberate opinion," abruptly added the surgeon, "that they are holding a *town-meeting* on shore to-night."

The doctor's supposition seemed to be a very sensible one, to which all assented, with the expectation of hearing the subjects of their discussions on the morrow. And this sketch is given here, merely to show how devoid of all sense of danger or feelings of solicitude possess any of the officers of the Columbia on this eve, preceding, perhaps, a morrow which shall find them on shore, receiving the shot of an enemy. And this, too, after the discussion of the

Dutch expeditions, the first and second of which were cut off, and another was sent to engage the people, whose town is now lying near us, with the loss of sixty or seventy of their number, within a few years back.

The probability, however, of an expedition going to the shore, I deem to be involved in considerable uncertainty, and from this cause, doubtless, those who are included in the detatchment from the ship, in case the exigency requires their going to the shore, may feel differently from what might be the case, were their landing a certainty. But were the shore expedition fixed upon, as a thing certainly to take place, no particular anxiety, even then, would be manifested. So profound is the habit of military life and of naval action, where duty and orders lead. It is with them, no more than the labouring man going to his daily work, and the professional one to his speech, with the agreeable excitement of interest, rather than fear or anxiety.

We wait until daylight, when the ships again get under weigh, to stand nearer to the shore. Ignorant of the soundings, it would be imprudent to put further in for the night. The further action of the ships will depend on the information that may be obtained.

Our ships were not under weigh so early the succeeding morning as was anticipated, owing to the want of a sufficient breeze to drive our vessels through the water. Erelong a canoe, however, was espied in the distance, making its way towards the Columbia. On reaching our ship, the principal Malay came over her side and reported that he had been sent by Po Adam, who, it seems, has made out our vessels aright. The Malay stated that Po Adam was ready to come on board if the Commodore desired it. He also confirmed the truth of the reported murder of Captain Wilkins and one of the crew of the American barque

Eclipse, and the plundering of the vessel. One of the murderers, he affirmed, was now at Kwala Batu, and two thousand dollars of the money taken from the ship, was in the hands of the Rajah there; others of the murderers are at Soo-Soo, and others at Muckie, and the rest of the money had been distributed among the Rajahs of Muckie and Soo-Soo.

Our ships having stood in some distance with the freshening breeze, another canoe was seen in the distance, and in a short time Po Adam's self, big as life, came over the

gangway, with a cordial expression of countenance, as if he had gotten among friends. He greeted the officers, and was re-greeted by them. The name of this man has been very favourably heard of, as one who rendered effective assistance to Captain Endicott and others of the crew of the Friendship, when a number of her men had been cut off, and to whose kindness and assistance Captain E. thought he owed, in no inconsiderable degree, his safety. His assistance contributed to his support and comfort after they had put off from the shore, and for several days were in the small boat along the shore. The story is told in the narrative of the voyage of the Potomac, so as to produce a favourable impression of this trusty Malay, if this word, in any one instance, can be applied, with propriety, to one of a notoriously treacherous people.

Po Adam repeated what he had directed his man to communicate, and added many other particulars, and represented things with so much apparent fidelity, that it was decided that a boat should be sent ashore for the purpose of gaining an interview with the Rajah.

The officer was instructed to make known to the Rajah that we had received information of the robbery committed on board of the Eclipse, and the murder of her captain and one of her crew—that we were informed that one of the murderers was at Kwala Batu—that we had come with friendly intentions, and wished to know if the Rajah will give up the murderer, which it is expected that he will do, if he valued and would continue to value the friendship of the Government of the United States.

Po Adam had assured Commodore Read that the persons of the officers who should go on shore, would be safe, and run no risk in visiting the Rajah with him. But as all the Malays are treacherous, implicit confidence could

not judiciously be placed in this man, although he had given so conclusive an evidence of his former honesty. Still, as the probabilities were so preponderating in favour of Po Adam's statements and trusty character, the Commodore deemed the risk to be small, in sending a boat in, and did so accordingly.

The boat started from the ship with Lieutenants Parmer and Pennock, and Lieutenant Baker of the marines, accompanied by Po Adam and one of our sailors, who has some familiarity with the Malay language, as an interpreter.

The hour had already advanced towards evening, and the boat neared the beach only a short time before sundown. If there had been doubt as to the propriety of sending a boat ashore before it left the ship, the officers' suspicions were now but little allayed, as they saw the shore lined by more than a hundred armed Malays, who had unsheathed their weapons and wielded them above their heads as the officers supposed with an attitude of defiance. It was the same movement among these treacherous natives which had prevented the boat's crew of the Potomac from landing, when that frigate was on the coast to punish these same people for their treachery towards the crew of the Friendship. But, notwithstanding every dark-skinned, and frowning-faced Sumatrian raised each his kris, a weapon of fearful association in connection with their treachery, to the number of a hundred glaring blades, with nearly as many more small daggers in their girdles, the boat was driven boldly upon the beach, and the three officers jumped, without hesitation, into the midst of this wild and armed multitude, who immediately surrounded them as they walked up the beach, and entered the pass to the Rajah's fort. As they were moving on with the armed

crowd, Po Adam seemed not unfrequently to laugh unnaturally loud, as he talked with the crowd, who pressed on even against his apparent remonstrance. And when they passed the farthest stockade, through a gate that opened into another, which contained the bamboo-palace of the Rajah, they found the chief upon an elevated stand, presenting a person of a larger frame and finer proportions than had been seen among his retainers, or the mob upon whom the gate had now been shut, while numbers had managed to throw themselves into the enclosure before the passage had been closed.

The greeting passed, and Po Adam manifested great respect and considerable ceremony towards the Rajah; when it was indicated that a talk with the Chief was desired, to communicate the Commodore's sentiments through the officers from the Columbia. The Rajah, unwilling that this talk should proceed in so open a position, led the way to his adjacent council-chamber, into which only one of his friends was admitted, while the conversation was carried on in a whisper.

"It would be something of a difficult matter for them to board us here," said Moses, with a slight squinting of his eye, which at once took in the bearings and defences of the room.

Moses, one of the quarter-masters, had followed the officers, with two pistols in his belt and a cutlass at his side, giving him, in spite of his amiable phiz, something of a Buccaneer-rake, in the favouring shades of the night, which had now advanced upon them.

The party seated themselves for the talk, some with the apprehension of receiving a slight piece of steel through their ribs before they were done with it; and that no such inconvenient weapon might reach them through

the bamboo-floor, which their imagination had constructed for them, some of their number, by a species of intuition, placed themselves above a sleeper, or leaned against a stanchion, or other more solid piece of material than a bamboo matting. They had heard of the Malays finding the life-blood of their enemies through the slight partitions of bamboo, or matted walls of cane, or other light material, of which they construct their buildings.

But the talk was over, and with all the excitement of awakened imaginations, and the known treachery of these people, and the scene through which they had moved from the beach full before them, the officers left the Rajah, and made their way back again for the boat, anticipating the same crowd to be around their path. But they wound through the several passes, and finally reached the open beach, and to their own surprise, and with the certainty that their heads were on, and their sides unriddled, they reached the boat, but not without a drenching from the high breakers which were rolling in, through which they had to pass to reach the cutter, which was lying moored a short distance from the shore, to save her from thumping in the surf. The party reached the ship, and expressed themselves as having passed through one of the most exciting scenes, in view of the known treachery of the Malay character, their own helpless situation, and the unknown disposition of the mass of the Malays who surrounded them. But the Rajah was sufficiently courteous to them, and the result of the conference was, that he would, during the night, send his men and take and confine the murderer, now at Kwala Batu, and he should be delivered up to-morrow.

Po Adam returned with the officers, and seemed to think that the Rajah was sincere in his intentions to take the man who was now at Kwala Batu, who had been

concerned in the robbery and murder committed on board the ship Eclipse. The Rajah denied nothing in connection with this man and the transaction; but consented to the truth of the occurrence and the fact of one of the murdererers being in his town, by affirming that he would use every effort during the night to take him, that he might, on the morrow be delivered up as demanded.

As Po Adam was going over the side of the ship to enter the Columbia's boat, he was in considerable good cheer; and left as hostages to assure us of his fidelity the men who had come off with him in his canoe. When he had mounted to the top of the steps of the gangway, he turned round, seeming to catch the spirit of the officers and the crew, who were looking upon him; and with a cunning laugh and shake of his little hand, he added, in his broken English,—"Nebber you fear—me come again —*look sharp!*" The last expression had reference to the four Malays he left on board; and Po Adam's whole expression of face and person, and significant and broken English, caused the officers and men, for once, to forget their gravity; and to Po's no little delight, a general smile passed over the countenances of the more than a hundred faces which were, at the moment, gazing upon him.

It was believed, notwithstanding the professions of the Rajah, that he would not make any particular effort during the night to take the murderer whom he had protected, and with whom we have every reason to suppose he shared the money, to the amount of two thousand dollars.

It was therefore the wish of the Commodore to let this Rajah know at once what was expected of him, and on what he should insist. He accordingly made out the following instructions to Captain Wyman, of the John Adams, now lying near us.

"SIR,—

"YOU will call upon the Rajah of Kwala Batu, and inform him what we have learned at Ceylon and other places respecting the attack and plunder of the ship Eclipse, and the murder of Captain Wilkins and one of his crew.

"You will make known to him that it is the desire of the Government of the United States to remain at peace and on terms of friendship with the chiefs and people of Sumatra; that we have come to the island as friends, and hope that we shall be enabled to leave Kwala Batu in the continuance of the same sentiments. But this must depend upon the readiness which shall be evinced by the Rajah to give up one of the murderers of Captain Wilkins, who, having taken refuge in Kwala Batu, has been protected by the Rajah.

"You are also instructed to demand all the money and any other property which the murderer brought with him to this place, and is known to be part of the plunder of the ship Eclipse.

"You will endeavour to make the Rajah explicit, by inquiring of him what course he means to take; whether that of a friend or an enemy. If a friend, he will at once give up this murderer; and cause the money and other property taken from the ship Eclipse and may now be found at Kwala Batu, immediately to be returned, through me, to the proper owners.

"I am, sir, very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"GEORGE C. READ,

"Commanding the U. S. Naval Force in the Indian Seas.

"To Commander THOMAS W. WYMAN,

U. S. Ship John Adams."

Captain Wyman was accompanied to the shore by two or three of his officers, and three from our own ship. It was yet a matter of doubt what might be the reception of our boats. The threatening appearances of the preceding evening, and the possibility that the Rajah was using a finesse for delaying our action; and the possibility, too, that even Po Adam might be playing his game, and be implicated in the transactions which related to the money, rendered many things suspicious; for Po Adam seemed hand and glove with the people on shore, and yet, when away from them, was obviously concerting their overthrow and destruction. There was, however, but little solicitude felt by those officers who were conveyed to the shore.

The boats nearly reached the beach, when the grapnels were dropped, and the officers conveyed through the breakers to the shore, on the trusty shoulders of the ever-obedient and ever-ready tar. The Malays, to the apparent number of fifty or sixty, were on the beach as before, while their weapons now were mostly in their sheaths. We advanced, however, without solicitude, through a narrow passage-way, stockaded on either side, leading to an area lined, like itself, by a stockade of bamboo. Passing through this enclosure, we entered a gate-way that opened into yet another stockaded enclosure, which contained the bamboo dwelling of the Malay Chief. We found the Rajah, as he was found the evening before, elevated upon his bamboo throne of state. He welcomed us by rising, and with a shake of the hand—the latter action requiring his chieftainship to bend forward and downward, to receive the proffered emblem of friendship—while his position was such, that it would have been difficult for an enemy to have reached his bosom unobserved (à la Malay) with one of their stealthy weapons. I further remarked, at the moment,

that a gate-way leading directly to the Rajah's fort, was behind the elevated position on which the chieftain had placed himself, affording him a retreat, in case of necessity, to his fortress; as in olden times the Baron, when endangered in his castle, escaped for his safety through some secret trap-door, giving him access to some concealed passage-way, by which to elude his enemies.

So soon as the greeting was over, Captain Wyman signified that he had been instructed by the Commodore to wait on the Rajah, to have a talk with him; and signified that he would proceed to make known his instructions if the Rajah was ready to hear him.

The Rajah motioned that he would adjourn to the verandah of his house, which serves as his council-chamber. We ascended to this apartment by a flight of steps, constructed as a common ladder, with the exception of the rounds, which in this instance gave place for wider materials for the cross-pieces. We entered this balcony-kind of a room, the floor of which was carpeted with matting. A few considerably-worn Persian rugs, with some fresher-made mats, had been placed for the guests to sit upon. Two seats also were arranged in the verandah, one a backless chair, the other a chair with a back, which Captain W. and myself occupied; while others placed themselves, à la Turk, upon the mats, or sat on the balustrade—the open side of the room looking directly over the Rajah's fort, towards the sea. The Rajah placed himself upon a mat farthest possible in a corner, to which spot the chairs were drawn, and around sat the officers, with Po Adam and the sailor, who served as our interpreters, on their haunches near the Rajah.

But previous to the entrance upon the subjects which Captain Wyman was instructed definitely to bring before

the Rajah, a silence of a considerable length continued; while twenty men, more or less, of the Rajah's retainers, were collecting cocoa-nuts, fresh from the surrounding trees. These they brought to the foot of the ladder below, and with their krises, a long-bladed weapon, they cut off the outer part of each end, and opened a small vent through the soft material with the point of the instrument, and presented one to each of the officers, to drink of the delicious beverage. This is apparently the universal custom of the Rajahs here, as a prelude to the commencement of a council talk.

The Rajah now untied his knotted handkerchief, in which he carried several small cases, filled with various articles which contribute to the luxury of his taste; and to each corner of the handkerchief was attached a gold nob, both for ornament and that the tie might more conveniently be made. The Rajah first opened a silver case, from which he took a bundle of green bettel-leaves, put up in a convenient form for him to make a selection. He next opened a golden box, from which he took a substance of the consistency of cream, being a mixture of lime, and spread it entirely over the leaf. He then placed within the leaf thus prepared, a compound made up of various materials, spice, opium, aracca-nut, a little tobacco, etc.; and seemed, like his kindred skins about him of similar tastes, to be much delighted with his cud—quite as respectable at least, in its appearance, as those which often grace to the disgrace of the mouths of many American gentlemen.

The cocoa-nut beverage having been drank, to the content of all, the council was deemed to be regularly opened according to custom. Captain Wyman stated that we had heard of the robbery and murder committed, and

desired to know if the murderer had been taken, as the Rajah had given us to suppose would be the case, last night.

The Rajah replied that he had been unable to take the Malay—that he had endeavoured to seize him—had sent fifty men to accomplish it—but he had not been apprehended, as it was hoped would be the case. He had, however, despatched his men, with letters, around the country, with the intention of yet taking him; and he should be delivered up as soon as he could be found.

This was all as we had anticipated.

The Rajah was then told, that it had been reported that two thousand dollars of the money, taken from the Eclipse, had been brought to Kwala Batu; and that it was expected that this, with any other property known to have been taken from the Eclipse, should be returned.

The Rajah said that the money had been distributed, in small quantities, to the people—he never had any thing to do with it—he had refused to receive any of it—and he knew nothing about it—and was unable to do any thing about it.

Here, one of the sub-men suggested that some of it had been buried, and could not be found. The statement was entirely unsatisfactory and somewhat contradictory; but even on the statement of the Rajah himself, the people of his town were responsible, and therefore Kwala Batu has become implicated in the outrage.

Nothing being gained at all satisfactory in the continuance of the talk, the Rajah was again assured that the Government of the United States was desirous of preserving a friendly intercourse with Kwala Batu, but that it would depend upon the Rajah's action whether the United States and himself were to continue friends. If the mur-

derer and the property were brought on board the Columbia, by sundown that evening, the good feeling which the United States desired to preserve towards the Rajah would continue. But if the murderer could not be taken by that time, a deputation from the Rajah of one or more men, (to whom Captain Wyman gave the assurances of safety,) would be expected to make known to the Commodore the reason of the delay; and the Rajah's good or ill will would be judged of accordingly.

The Rajah himself had been invited to visit the Columbia, to talk with the Commodore, but he declined visiting the ship, giving an implied assurance, though hesitatingly expressed, that a message should be sent off by night, if the murderer was not taken.

The interview was here concluded. Gaining the consent of the Rajah, we walked through the town, hastily, and along the beach. I had been left some distance behind the party, while examining some of the houses, and was repeatedly among twenty or thirty of these armed and treacherous men, asking questions of some of them, and giving others a brief reply, which several of them, at different times, caught up and repeated, as a word of a language peculiar in its sound to their ears. They rung their changes on the word "yes," "yes," to the considerable amusement of the crowd, which was gathering around me as I passed along the bazaar, and without waiting for many moments to pass while out of sight of the other officers, I hastened along the little winding river on the east side of the town, and then wound to the right along the beach. Captain Wyman and two of the officers had already wandered along the shore, to gain a view of the fort which flanks the town on the west; and as I was advancing along the same course, far behind them and near to

the edge of the jungle, I came upon thirty or forty men, gathered under a tree by themselves. The chief came towards me as I approached. He was the best dressed man I had seen.

"Come," said he, "let you and me have a talk;" his men gathering around me at the same time.

"Very well," I replied, "and what would you say?"

I had observed this same man in the council, but he did not appear to share the confidence of the Rajah. And before the interview in the council was over, this same chief rose, with a number of his followers with him, and left the verandah.

"Me belong to another king," he continued. "This one king here—there, (pointing to the interior,) another king. *Me* no fraid to go board ship. Me done nothing—me no fight when Potomac here. Me want to make present of buffalo to Commodore and be friends."

I told this Malay, who is the son-in-law of a rich Rajah, said to have more men than any other chief of the island, in this region, that I presumed the Commodore could not receive his buffalo, but that he must come on board and see him.

"Me want to give him a buffalo and be friends. Me take you to my house and show you buffalo."

I followed the chief, whose name is Po Nyah-heit, with his men attending him, with their weapons; and soon we entered his fort, some distance in the jungle, which includes an area of some extent, with the tall bamboos and other trees embowering the romantic spot. The gate was firmer and in better repair than I had elsewhere seen. And there stood the beautiful, and young, and wild buffalo, with a string through his nostrils, and a rope around his horns and his legs, tying him to three or four trees before and

behind him. I saw, from his eye, that he was wild, and requested that one of Po Nyah-heit's men should approach him. As the man advanced, the young and sleek animal snorted and shook his head and rolled his brilliant eye, and bounded up and down as far as the ropes would allow him. He was a beautiful creature, as fat as a well-stalled ox, but like a sleek-limbed, two year old heifer, petted and rendered a prize specimen for the city market. I should like to have owned that beast, could it have remained as beautiful a thing as I then saw it, and would have tamely coursed the fields as a petted animal.

I did not choose longer to delay in so wild a place, surrounded by so wild a multitude, out of sight, and removed from any communication with our party. I therefore again invited Po Nyah-heit to come off to the Columbia, and tender his buffalo himself to the Commodore, and talk with him.

On communicating this interview to Captain Wyman, he proposed to take Po Nyah-heit off in the boats with us, if he would go. The principal Rajah himself had refused to visit our ship, and hesitated about promising to send any communication; and it was in view of this timidity andhesitation which Po Nyah-heit had marked in the council, that he said *he* was not afraid to go—he was innocent—and on being asked by Captain W. if he would like to accompany us to the ship, immediately consented, while, at the same time, I secured the assurance, that his person should be safe, and himself allowed to return to the shore at his pleasure.

After having reached the ship I had a conversation with this Malay. He assured us that the present Rajah of Kwala Batu had received the two thousand dollars, and that he would never take the murderer. He also added,

that, in case of difficulties, he wished to come on board with his family and property.

"And what would you do with yourself, after we shall have destroyed the town," he was asked, "should that be our final purpose?"

"I return, then, and be the Rajah," replied the wily Malay; "I get my men around me—I new Rajah—I be friend to America."

From what Po Adam said of this Malay, after he had returned to the shore, there is great probability that his scheme might succeed, if he could get but a little assistance from us. He offered his fort for our forces, and said he would come down to the beach and meet our men, and we could go up and defend his house, and fight from his fort.

But, unlike the policy of other nations, ours is not to interfere with the petty contentions, or larger broils of a different people. It would be an easy thing for the Americans to set up a Rajah here, and maintain him, at a little expense, in his position, for our advantage. But such a course would deviate from our fixed policy as a nation, and eventuate as a deviation from our independent and neutral course, to the injury of the greatest good of our Government. And yet, when one looks upon this beautiful island, as it now lies before us in its luxurious green, the mountain-side entirely embowered in beautiful and full foliage of the trees and vegetation, without a barren spot, one could wish it were in the hands of an American colony, and its resources developed by American industry. But our home and land are far beyond the waters, and there are happiness and riches enough for us, if we will but husband them, with gratitude to the God who has given us so goodly a heritage. Po Nyah-heit was assured, that if he came aboard the Columbia with his family, he would be

permitted to remain in safety during any difficulties that were being adjusted between our ships and the town of Kwala Batu, without any promise of protection or discrimination as to localities or persons on shore. No other course could have been pursued well with this man, as he was no further known than he had made himself to be during the day; and while there appeared to be honesty and certainly *ambition* in his make and purposes, there might, for all we knew, be deep treachery, though I believed otherwise.

Po Nyah-heit left the ship, as he had been promised he should, at the hour he wished, which was near sunset.

In the evening Po Adam was at the mess-table, while one of the Lieutenants read the account given of his generous action towards the part of the crew of the Friendship who were not massacred. To him they gave the credit of contributing to their safety, if he was not the means of preserving their lives.

Po seems to be desirous of having all the towns along the coast blown sky high. He has lost his own fort by some crook of a mightier hand, or by mightier men than he. And, doubtless, he would be very grateful to the Commodore, would he restore it to him again. And were it a consistent movement of our ships, perhaps Po Adam deserves this, and much more, at our hands. His house is at Soo-Soo, which is in sight of our ships, some four or six miles east of Kwala Batu.

"Do you like the Soo-Soo people, Po?"

"Me like them here," answered the wily Malay, putting his finger upon his lips, "but no like them here," laying his spread hands upon his breast.

"But, Po, if there is much property in Kwala Batu, and the Rajah would preserve his houses, do you think he

would rather pay up the two thousand dollars than have his place knocked down ?"

" Rajah is fool. He give up murderer—he give money —then he save pepper-trade. What can Rajah do with pepper—no ships come and buy ? He no eat pepper. He give up murderer, he have plenty friends in America—they come and buy pepper. But he will no give up Malayu—he fool—he d—n rascal—he buffalo !"

" Why, Po, we think the Rajah a very bad man, but do not call him by one of those names you have used."

Po understood the allusion, and repeated, " He bad man—he no give up money—me thought he sincere yesterday, no sincere to-day—he no send fifty men after Malayu. I Rajah, I catch the man—Rajah no sincere—he fool—he d—, he one buffalo."

Po now had more than one to join him in a round laugh, at the flow of his Malay wit.

I say *Malay* wit. Po, however, says that he was born at Achin, and has spent twenty-five years on the coast in this region. He is now about fifty years of age, has a very good face, an aquiline nose, and, at times, has a great deal of vivacity in speech, and with his mimic attitudes, to render himself more readily understood in English, he often becomes quite amusing.

All expectation of gaining any satisfactory action from the Rajah of Kwala Batu being given up, the Columbia weighed anchor to take a nearer position to the town, that her guns might be brought to bear upon the forts and houses with the greatest effect. Having reached the desired position, a spring hawser brought our broadside to bear, at discretion, upon the forts and town.

The John Adams was now seen standing in to take

her place yet nearer to the shore, and a little on our larboard quarter.

All things were now ready for cannonading the forts and town. We had been moored in this threatening position for two or three hours. But no boat was seen putting off from the shore, or any sign made by the Rajah that he intended to offer any satisfaction for the injuries he had sanctioned, or farther explanation for his delay. It was a moment of intensest interest on board. I am sure there was no one who did not wish that the Rajah should pursue the course of justice, and yield the murderer and the property, which was deemed to be altogether within his power to do, and thus save himself from the demonstration of our just displeasure, which could not long be delayed, to the expected demolishing of his forts and town.

And I am sure that no one more intensely desired this course to be pursued than our Commodore, who had now used every means to induce the Rajah to act the part of a just chief, and what was believed to be the wishes of many of his men. The moment, however, had arrived when farther delay on our part would have been treachery to the lives of our own countrymen, and a conniving at the crimes of robbery and murder.

Three taps upon the drum started every man in the ship, as if the wing of some unseen spirit had suddenly swept over each one's face; and the music, for which the three taps on the drum was the call, the next instant beat the thrilling summons to quarters. Each man, before the moment ended, was in his place, ready to do his superior's bidding, to throw destruction and devastation into the forts and town, which lay but a few cables' length in the distance from us. The thrilling excitement now felt was not

from fear, for there was nothing to be apprehended, though it was expected that the Rajah's forts might open upon us. But it was the idea that our own shot would be sending these miserable people into another world, and crumbling upon their heads the dwellings they inhabited.

The guns in a moment were cleared for action—the tompions out, the shot, grape, canister, and wadding, arranged, the matches in readiness—and now, the men, in profoundest silence, stood waiting the order to fire! But a few rolls of the music now beat the retreat; and all, save the excited hearts of the crew, and the guns in readiness for an engagement, were again as if we had never dreamed of treacherous falsehood, infamous robbery, and murderous Malays.

An hour or more had passed. The officers were nearly finishing their dessert when the beat to quarters again rolled through the ship. It was known that now there would be no longer delay. The different forts had been pointed out as objects towards which the guns were to be directed; and the firing commenced. It was an interesting sight. The first shot from the Columbia boomed over the water, and shivered to pieces one of the trees which embowered the fortification, and, in their thick and distinct cluster, entirely concealed the fort. A second shot, directed from another division towards another fortification, scattered every Malay who had come to the beach, and in a cluster, and beneath a number of bamboo-houses, had trusted to the display of a white handkerchief, waving low in the gentle breeze, for their protection. The Rajah's most western fort now opened upon the Columbia, the shot striking a few fathoms from the ship. The divisions continued their fire, riddling the thick foliage in which the fortifications were concealed, and silenced the Rajah's fort

after it had sent three shot, one of which fell just beneath our dolphin-striker.

The John Adams, at the same time, opened upon a fort on the east of the town, and beyond the little river that separates it from the principal bazaars; and the clouds of smoke curled from her side, as the thunder of her cannonades, in the repeated concussions on the vibrating air, roared loud and long; while the shot now buried themselves in the fort, or occasionally, by a ricochet upon the water, struck again upon the beach, and threw up in mid-air their clouds of sand, and uprooted shrubs and trees.

The cannonading continued from both ships for nearly a half hour, when the order was given to cease firing.

Christmas in the Tropics.

There are periods in time, that come upon us, on their annual occurrence, with an irresistible power of association. And they are happy or grievous, as has been our experience, as these periods have rolled around in their yearly returns. To-day is Christmas. And how immediately is the inquiry raised, "Where was I last Christmas? and whom was I with?" And how much there is in the answer, as the mind runs over the objects and their associations, which are recalled in connection with that day. To me, as I go back to the Christmas-day, one year from this, all things come back with a freshness, as if I were again standing amid those scenes, so far over the sea, and among friends rendered yet more dear by the distance which intervenes, and the time we have measured since we parted. I remember the clear day that sent forth its beams from a clear sun, but with little warmth in his rays. I remember

the church wreathed and festooned, and inly embowered with evergreens; and the pulpit where I stood, and the fixed eyes of the people as they listened to the word of God, and the altar around which they gathered. And I remember the young and endeared sister, so lately attired in her dress of deep mourning, and like a dove whose companion had been smitten by an arrow, seemed an object of lonely loveliness amid a congregation of lighter robes and lighter hearts; and beside her sat a man of years, who had but a few days before put his lip upon the cold and marble brow of the child he cherished and loved as but few fathers love, ere that child was borne to her cold grave, to come no more, at the Christmas gathering, around the family table, and to mingle in the family's domestic circle. And I remember the letter which, on that day and at that place, was handed me, which invited me to visit scenes in other nations, and which determined me to start on the course that has brought me to spend this Christmas-day nearly half way around the world from the spot where I then was standing, and the friends with whom I then communed.

And to-day, instead of that neat temple, so tastefully festooned and decorated in evergreens, on the joyous birth-day of the Redeemer of the world, and in a clime where the December gale bears on its wing a freezing and bracing air, and the snow-storm spreads the wide folds of its gorgeous ermine mantle over mountain and meadow, forest and fern, and ice-bridges span the rivers in their flow, I now look abroad from an ocean-temple, floating in the warm seas of a torrid clime. And before me lies one of nature's sublimest, loveliest ever-green mountains, curving its beautiful outline of embowering trees on a horizon that smiles blandly and serene, as the warmer than the summer

gale sweeps along the thick foliage of the green mountain-side of the pepper Isle. And to-day our still ship slumbers on the smooth bosom of the lovely bay, over which our guns yesterday were throwing their intonations of displeasure and rebuke, into the ears of the abettors and protectors of the robber and the murderer. But the eternal roar of the surf ceases not, as the undulating wave breaks, in its perpetual rim of cascading foam, along the extended beach of gold. I have always loved this roar of ocean-wave—this loud murmur of the sea-surge, breaking on the golden beach. It ever reminds me of the voice of Niagara, in her perpetual worship of the Eternal. And though the voice of man were lost, were he to join in the loud chant, yet the one emotion that swells the bosom of the worshipper, as he stands upon the sea-shore, is sublimer far than the loudest roar of mighty waters.

But, ye friends, who to-day are more than 10,000 miles away, in the happy land of the west, "a merry, happy Christmas to ye all." And O, that I could hear your response, and greet you for one hour on this hallowed day, at your festive and happy board. I know that your thoughts this day are often with me, and that for me your prayers in kindness as certainly ascend. And I —— but may God bless ye all.

As the light began to stream upon the mountain this morning, the 28th, our anchors had been weighed and we were starting off from Kwala Batu, for Muckie.

Yesterday, while flags were flying on shore, and some communications passed between the Commodore and the Rajahs, Po Kwala, at whose fort the John Adams particularly directed her shot, sued for peace: "He no have the money—he no have any thing to do with the robbery—he wish to be friends." Po Kwala is a near connection, by

marriage, of Po Nyah-heit, at whose fort, also, a white flag was flying. Po Nyah-heit has previously been alluded to; and was desirous of joining his men with ours and Po Kwala's, the Pedir Rajah of Kawla Batu, to fight Po Chute-Abdullah, the principal or Achin Rajah of Kwala Batu.* But while no confidence, it was thought, should be placed in these professions, Po Nyah-heit's course saved his fort from being fired into, unless one of the first shots may have reached it by mistake.

The Achin Rajah, it is said, sent, as his last communication, that "he had endeavoured to take the murderer, but was unable—he had not gotten the money—we had fired into his town and killed his men—their relations had called upon him for vengeance;—and if we wanted to have his life also, we must come on shore and take it." The sequel will show that he was a little more modest at a later hour.

After stretching along down the coast from Kwala Batu, we have come to anchor within a few cables' length of the town of Muckie. While the mountain-scenery was deemed exquisite at Kwala Batu—blending the beautiful of the thick foliage of the embowered mountain-side with the sublimity of its height, and the graceful clouds laying their soft folds here and there upon its tops—the scenery now before us is additionally picturesque, and equally sublime, and even yet more beautiful. There is a greater space of cultivated field on the mountain-slant, which exhibits every variety of green, from the lightest yellow, through every shade of sea and bottle and emerald, and yet deeper green. Then comes the wide and high-up slant of the

* There are two Rajahs at Kwala Batu—one having the rule over the men from Achin; the other, called the Pedir Rajah, holding the power over the Pedir men. They divide the revenue of the port between them, and are not always good friends of each other.

original forest, spreading from the top of the high mountain, until its rim meets the edge of the cultivated fields on the hill-side, where the green pepper vines are seen growing in their richness and beauty.

The town of Muckie, itself, is spread out on a little peninsula or point, with groves of cocoa-nut trees embowering the houses; and the fort farthest out on the point, for the defence of the town, is equally shaded by these trees in Asiatic costume, deep, and spreading, and peculiar.

A boat from the Columbia is now shoving off from the ship, bearing Captain Wyman of the John Adams, to hold a communication with the Rajah of the town. Two hundred natives are lining the shores, at the landing-place of the town, waiting this boat, which is attended by two of the cutters, whose crews are armed with cutlasses and pistols, that in case of manifestations of enmity or treachery they may form a force sufficient to defend the boats and the persons of the officers.

The Rajahs manifested great frankness in the interview; and the next morning Lieutenant Turner was sent on shore, at an early hour of the morning, for the purpose of bringing off the Rajahs to the ship, agreeably to the expectation they had raised in the minds of those officers who had held the talk with them, that they would willingly come. But the Commodore's invitation to them to visit she ship was finally declined, after a long talk among themselves, and evidently on the ground that they feared, if once on board, they would be retained until the restitution of the money and the surrender of the murderers supposed to be at Muckie. And in their way of estimating things, they doubtless also considered that their lives would be endangered. They therefore declined, altogether, a visit to the ships; and Lieutenant Turner expressed himself, on his re-

turn, fully persuaded that no satisfaction could be derived from these people; and that the finesse of yesterday was to gain delay in any attack that might be designed upon the place. It was further believed, and affirmed positively by Po Adam, that Lubby Sammon, a man of considerable influence here and a particular friend of the chief Rajah of Muckie, was the instigator of the attack upon the Eclipse; that he induced Lubby Yusuf to select his men, and shared a great part of the booty. This same man is now at Muckie, and will not be given up by the Rajah. The whole testimony, that can be relied on, goes to implicate the Rajah, here, as one of the chief abettors of the murder and the robbery. But as he refuses to make any satisfaction, further than denying any participation in the crime, in the face of evidence which is supposed to be against him, all further hope of getting the murderers or the money is resigned. The infliction of what is believed to be a just retribution, therefore, only remains for the action of our ships, in their attack upon the town, by which our power may be demonstrated,—and the natives be further assured that we have a force to protect our commerce; and that it is our purpose to inflict a punishment upon those who shield the murderers of our citizens abroad, or who share in the plunder from our ships.

For making this demonstration of our ability and determinations, the two ships are to be hauled nearer in to the town. And if no deputation shall be sent off during the morning of to-morrow, the last die will have been thrown, to decide the course of our ships. The intention of the squadron is entirely understood by the Malays on shore, with the motives of its threatened action.

While the negotiations with the natives were being carried on during the preceding day, and our ships were

resting in inaction, with the ever-green mountain-scene before us and the wide ocean extending far away to the south and west, I spent the hours in reading newspapers from the homes we have left so many degrees behind us. A large roll of papers has been kindly forwarded to us from Captain Silver, of the ship Sumatra, which arrived on the coast a few days since; and presuming that we were yet at Kwala Batu, he despatched a native, in his boat, to convey this rich treat to us. The boat found us at Muckie, having reached Kwala Batu just as we were standing out from that place. We record this act of Captain S., with many thanks for the pleasure he contributed thus to give us. The news brought us intelligence four months later than our leaving the United States. Besides the papers from New York, the residence of most of my friends, one came from a neighbourhood within a few miles of my country residence. It seemed as if some mystic hand, unseen but ever ready to serve me with acts of kindness, had put this sheet, nicely folded, only for myself, among the medley-papers of the large bundle which was conveyed to us. And could all the secrets be told by which that same folio sheet came to me, on the western coast of the isle of Sumatra, perhaps we should be more ready to believe in the agencies of unseen powers than the credulities of most of us usually will allow.

And how powerful is association however awakened. It is a beautiful anecdote, told of a boat's crew of those who attended Captain Cook around the world. They had landed upon an island, and entered a log-cabin. A relic of a spoon, with half its handle gone, met their eye, with the word LONDON stamped on the remaining part of it. This single word so affected them, in their distance and long wanderings from their native land, that it threw them

all into tears, as the floods of associations crowded into their minds.

Similar is the effect of a letter, even before the seal has been broken, if we recognise, in its address, the hand-writing of one we love. And how we cherish a braid of hair, which has been given us, with the smiles of a friend, as a thing that shall revive agreeable remembrances. And who has not in his choice repository of trifles a thousand and one mementoes of emotions and kind words and loved recollections of persons and things? It is this element of our being affected by the force of association, which makes us civilized and kind beings, and life capable of being lived over more than once. I have a little essence-bottle—will one of my readers remember it—which I would not part with for the choicest pearl that ever came from the waters of Bahrien. I have a little painting, representing two placid lambs, and called "*peace.*" For what would I part with this? She is dead who gave it. And they have told me that she died with bright and consistent hopes of entering, and for ever ranging the fields, where no discord comes, where perpetual peace reigns. And I have a gold pencil case,—there is a strange power in that inanimate token,—but I will not speak of that. And I have—it is not a *lock* of hair, it is *a single thread,* which, by itself, I saw floating on the pure brow of a young friend, who did not think me impertinent as I wound it around my finger and plucked it from among its associates as a truant thing that was playing in the breeze, as if it alone were entitled to the favour of the evening zeyhyr, as that zephyr swept, with the refreshing purity of a country air, through the piazza. And she afterwards wound it around her own delicate fingers, as a plaything; and in the leisure, and luxury, and listlessness of the calm and lovely summer-

evening hour, we took a pencil and marked the date of the day on a blank paper; and she scribbled her name upon it; and the little coil was placed within the envelope, laughingly, as if it were all a trifling thing, amusing two happy idlers, at the moment. And now, how at this moment that sweet face comes up in my vision, and seems again to gaze in my own, confidingly, as then she looked; her speaking eye, laughing and floating in its soft light; her cheek tinged with a loveliness of carnation which cannot be imitated, and which nature gives to whom she wills, varying ever, now fading and now deepening with every emotion expressed or felt; and then her lip, inimitable, whether an hour of excitement deepened its carmine, or a calmer hour left it in its rim of highly polished coral. *Once, I saw that lip as pale, as if the wing of the angel of death had swept it.* Should this page happen to meet that eye, which even now I see in all its colours of blended softness and tell-tale emotion, I wonder if she will remember that little coil of hair—the envelope—its date—and the enchanting scene and scenery of that summer-evening hour? And I have—what have I not? I have at least a heart, that bounds over the sea to friends, when incident or circumstance awakens the train of association, that flies fleeter than on the wings of dove, or other bird, to the land of tne west. Thanks again to thee, Captain Silver, for thy roll of newspapers.

Destruction of Muckie.

New-year day, January 1, 1838. The first morn of the new year has dawned upon us with a clear and pure sky. The sea this morning is sleeping around us, with a bosom bright as a silver mirror, and the roll of the sea-surge has lulled, as if, like the calm before the tremblings

of the earthquake, it would smile on the purposes of destruction, which our ships this day seem designing to bear into the town, which now lies almost within gun-shot of our thirty-two and forty-two pounders. Both ships have been kedged into their near positions this morning, it being the purpose of the Commodore to cannonade the town, as the only alternative of showing our displeasure, and to inflict due punishment upon a people whose Rajah refuses to make any overtures, and against whom the evidence is deemed to be conclusive, of his being culpable in the murderous affair and robbery of the barque Eclipse.

The John Adams had early placed herself far into the little bay, near the beach, and taken her position, with her broadside sprung to bear upon the town. The Columbia soon reached her place opposite the principal fort of the town, from which it was expected that there would be some guns fired, but which the Columbia would soon silence. The ships were so placed that their guns would rake at pleasure the whole town, in its length and breadth.

No boat having reached the ship with any overture during the morning, and the ships being in readiness to execute their purposes of destruction, the order was passed to fire. Our first shot was a signal for the John Adams to open upon the town; and the smoke and the flames issued from her side the instant the report of our own long thirty-two pounder broke the quiet still-calm of the surrounding scene.

Every gun from the beautiful corvette seemed to know its errand, as it sent its report distinctly back to the ear when the bolt had struck, with its tremendous concussion, and sent up its cloud of dust as it riddled the bamboo-houses, or evolved a column of smoke, as if a hundred hot irons had been applied to the external surface of the trees,

as the cannon-ball rived their trunks, or, like a pruning-hook, lopped their branches to the ground.

The Columbia continued her fire in an almost unbroken succession of shots, directed particularly at the fort, which was embowered in a grove of cocoa-nut and other trees; and the long thirty-two and forty-two pound cannonades spoke loud and long, and rebukingly, as their thunder rolled over the bay, and the echoes repeated their voice from the mountain-side, and died away in deeper and later tones, far back in the defile of mountains, which raise their double tier inwalling an almost concealed ravine, as their ranges stretch south and west. The quick reports of the raking shot came back distinct and clear, as they drove their way into the fort, or sent up the clouds of dust as they riddled the bamboo-houses, and scattered the splinters of buildings of firmer materials, or, point-blank, drove against the cocoa-nut tree, riving it in pieces, and sending up a spiral column of smoke, as if it were curling in a pure blue cloud above the green foliage from a newly lighted fire of some mountain-side cabin.

The cannonading from both ships now continued, by successions of round, and canister, and grape-shot—the heavy balls at times striking the water near the shore, and by ricochet, apparently doing the greater destruction, as crash succeeded crash, while the missile, in its lower passage, felt its way across the little peninsula through the town, and finally went on its course of dalliance over the sheet of water which washes the opposite side of the point. Again, some of the shot passing higher than the rest, reached quite beyond the peninsula, to the mountain-side; and their concussion with the hills sent back a reverberating crash, which told the desperate rencounter; and throughout the embowered town, as I gazed from the

mizzen-top, the falling bough and felled tree, and cracking and smoking roof, were seen, now together and now separately, tumbling in their destruction, while, at other times, a straggling shot sent up its cloud of sand, as it bored its way into the beach, which throws its lip of gold around the edge of the little bay, dividing the rim of the light-blue of the sea-water from the deep-green of the ever-verdant and luxuriant foliage of the trees that embower the whole line of the beautiful shore. And the rolling volumes of smoke, driving from the heated mouths of the cannon, were borne away by the sea-breeze, which was now beginning to set gently in, and curled its piles against the mountain-side, which stood in all its beauty, untarnished and lovely, and smiling while all was devastation and anger, and frowning displeasure, on the level below.

A silence for a moment succeeded. The divisions for landing were now called away. A few blasts upon the clear bugle summoned the boats to be manned. A like order was conveyed to the Adams; while the large guns of both ships were continuing their fire, as often as the remaining men could load and discharge their pieces. The starboard sides of the ships had been sprung to bear upon the shore, and the boats were soon manned, as they lay along the opposite side of the ships, unseen by any enemy that might be awaiting the landing of any force from the two vessels. The single guns continued to open their fire upon the forts and town during the manning of the boats. The launch and four cutters, crowded with two hundred and fifty men, were now ready to shove off from the frigate. They lingered a moment, with their oars pointed ready to fall, while silence once more, and profound, prevailed. The Commodore, from the side-steps, contem-

plated the heroic little force, ready and eager to peril life if dangers were to be encountered by the expedition.

"You have been desirous," he said, "to have an opportunity to land, on an expedition like the one which is now offered to you. I have the fullest confidence in your success. Burn and destroy the town, and put to death all men whom you may find bearing arms, and by no means injure the unarmed and the yielding. Gentlemen," he added to the officers, "I wish you success, and shall expect your return to the ship in one hour and a half."

The boats now pulled for the Adams, whose five boats were as instantly directing their way to the beach, the moment they saw our own put off from the side of the Columbia.

It was a beautiful sight, those ten boats, crowded by armed sailors and marines, their guns pointed with bayonets, or their hands bristling with pikes, with pistols in their belts and cutlasses at their sides. It would have been no small force which could have successfully met that gallant little band, flushed as they now were on their virgin adventure in arms. Not one of those officers now in those boats had engaged in the discharge of hostile guns with destructive intent till within these few days, at Kwala Batu, and now at Muckie. And the young pulse of every officer was beating for the occasion, (however much and deeply they regretted the necessity of the present action,) to show their daring on an expedition, which none could divine should not prove destructive to many of their number. Yet, the silence of death which had prevailed throughout the doomed town—no gun having been fired from the fort, nor man nor living soul been seen during the bombardment, save one solitary being, venturing beyond his fellows to gaze from his nook—gave encouragement that

the thousand and probably more inhabitants of the town had retired to the mountain; and the devastating shot—the round, and canister, and grape, which whistled in vengeance through the groves and dwellings throughout the town, would have made it madness for one to have remained. And yet there might be an ambush, although the ground was unfavourable, and every thing contributing to favour the operation of our forces. The guns of the two ships continued to throw their shot to the left of the boats while pulling to the shore, rendering it destructive for any foe to attempt to oppose their landing. It was a wide strand on which the divisions immediately formed, and without delay advanced, in order, to the nearest point, to fire the buildings of the town.

I had watched with excited interest the cannonading, from the mizzen-top, looking far into the town, and over it, to the adjacent bay, marking the falling of the boughs, the dust rising in clouds as the shot riddled the roofs and sides of the buildings, or chafing the trunks of the cocoa-nut and other trees, or riving them from their stems. But the interest had now deepened in increased intensity. The divisions were on their advance; and if resistance were to be made, the moment had arrived. All was distinctly seen from the ship, left like a deserted hall, where no step nor voice was longer heard, but where half a thousand a moment before were moving. I could distinguish the officers of the different divisions on the beach; and the well-known voices of the First and Third Lieutenants occasionally came over the little sheet of water, and their order distinctly understood.

Captain Wyman, of the Adams, commanded the expedition. The divisions had advanced to the range of buildings stretching along the beach, with a diverging angle

from the water-side; and the "pioneers," under Acting-Master Jenkins, attached to the first division, were seen making a wider breach in the nearest range of the bazaar-houses; while the marines, under Lieutenant Baker, advanced to the neighbouring fort, to examine and carry it. It had already been deserted. The guns were spiked, and Lieutenant Pennock ordered temporarily to hold it. In a moment more a smoke was seen curling up from the adjacent building on the right of the effected passage-way, now in its thin blue layers, then yet more dense, and now the flame streamed high above the thatched roof, declaring that the town was fired. Three or four more buildings in the same line, ranged with interlocking roofs, and forming a regular street in front, in a moment more sent up their separate sheets of flame; and the resistless element, kindled by port-fires and torches, under the direction of Lieutenant Magruder, gave forth the glare of lurid volumes, rising high and spreading wide, and blending together their expanding sheet, which now extended in rapid and destructive volumes down the line of the bazaar.

Each division had been amply supplied with torches and port-fires. From this point they took their different courses to carry the remaining forts, and to fire the remaining sections of the town. Lieutenant Turk led on his division through the northwestern range of houses, applying the torch and the port-fire as he advanced, till he reached a considerable stream of water, where a number of valuable proas, of larger and smaller dimensions, were found moored and grounded. These and lesser craft, in considerable numbers, and with their contents, were soon sending up their complement of flames to mingle in the general conflagration. The division was in time, on its return, to assist in case of necessity in carrying the fort on

the point, to which the second division, under Lieutenant Turner, after effecting the firing of its portion of the town, with the other forces, had collected. The fort, like the rest, had been deserted; its guns were soon spiked, thrown from their position, and the flames were soon enveloping it.

The town now exhibited one scene of extended and extending ruins. The light and dry bamboo buildings burned like stubble; and the better houses added intensity and continuance to the devouring element. Flame mingled with flame, as the opposite currents converged. The dark columns of smoke rolled high in the rarefied air, and the long and scared leaf of the cocoa-nut, and the crimped foliage of other thickly embowering trees added to the general mass of fuel; while the spiral sheet of fire wound up the stem and shot through the branches and overtopped the highest trees. The very heat seemed to reach me in the mizzen-top, while the loud cracking of the green foliage, and the splitting of the tall and thick bamboo, in the general roar and loud cracking of a vast and extending conflagration, came distinctly and clear to the ear. The forked and ambient and towering flames, mingling with the dark and floating columns of smoke, now possessed the entire town, and all was within the full view of our ships. It was a scene of grandeur in destruction to be looked at with profound interest, while pity, blended with a sense of just displeasure rose in the bosom, as the eye contemplated the extended devastation. It was a spectacle of grandeur as beheld in the day-time—its magnificence and sublimity could not be described as it would have gleamed, in its terror and illumination in the night.

Such was the scene of the burning town, when the different divisions had all gathered upon the point, in open view of our frigate. The destruction was complete. The

bamboo-bazaars were melting fast to the ground—the better houses crumbling slower but surely, and with intenser heat. The five forts were in flames. Their guns, twenty-one in number, had been spiked, and thrown from their positions. The flames were yet in the tops of the tall cocoa-nut, the towering and thick bamboo, and other trees. It was a moment of triumph to this little host, having completed their work without the firing of a gun. And it showed the daring and the determination of a gallant band of American sailors on a foreign strand, ten thousand miles from their home. And well they might exult, at the moment, in view of the horrors which might have awaited them. But hark! the report of a cannon now boomed loud on the air. It was one of the guns of the forts, which had been spiked, and was discharged by the burning element which was now raging over it. Again, three cheers came over the water, clear and distinct, as their huzza and the swinging of their hats declared their complete success. The bugle now sounded the retreat in the tune of "Yankee Doodle," of olden and revolutionary associations; and "Hail Columbia" attended their disembarkation.

The divisions reached their separate ships in safety; and their return was greeted with a cordial welcome. The heart of the Commodore unbent itself in generous feelings, as his solicitude was relieved by the return of every man to the ship who had left it.

Captain Wyman, of the John Adams, an officer of great coolness, judgment, and gallantry, led the expedition; whose report to the Commodore, entering into the particulars of the action of the divisions, and specifying the names of the officers from both ships, is here given.

"United States Ship John Adams,
off Muckie, Island of Sumatra, Jan. 1st, 1839.

"SIR,—

"In execution of your order to me, for the entire destruction of the town of Muckie, I this day landed on the beach at the head of the harbour, and about one hundred and fifty yards from the town, with six divisions of small-arms men and marines, consisting of three hundred and twenty men, detailed for the service from the squadron under your command.

"Upon getting on shore, the different divisions were, together with the marines, immediately formed by their respective commanding officers, when all moved forward for Muckie, which was entered about half past twelve, in the afternoon; and by two o'clock the town was in our possession. Five forts were taken without opposition, and the guns found therein, to the number of twenty-one, spiked and thrown over the parapet into the ditch—the forts set fire to and entirely demolished. The town, at the same time, was set on fire in numerous places, which was entirely consumed, together with all the property in and near the place—consisting of proas, coasting craft, and boats of various sizes and descriptions, and the rigging, yards, &c., &c., found on shore, belonging thereto, were destroyed in the general conflagration; and upon embarking, nothing remained visible to the eye but the ashes covering the smoking ruins, upon the site on which the town of Muckie and the forts once stood.

"The zealous and gallant bearing of the officers, and the efficient discipline manifested in the men by the prompt and firm manner with which every order was obeyed, met my unqualified approbation; and I am certain, that, had there been more for them to accomplish, more would have been done; and, in my opinion, it only required a steady

opposition on the part of our enemies, for which they had ample resources, to have rendered this, to us, a brilliant little affair.

"I am much gratified, however, to inform you, that the object of our landing was completely attained, and the several divisions, including the marines, returned on board their respective ships without the loss of a man.

"I enclose herewith a list of the names of the officers of the squadron, who landed with and belonged to the expedition, and those who had charge of the boats on that service.

"I have the honour to remain, sir, very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"T. W. WYMAN,

"Commander, and commanding officer of the expedition.

To Commodore GEORGE C. READ,
Commanding East India Squadron, off Muckie."

Commander T. WYMAN, *commanding the expedition.*

Purser D. FAUNTLEROY,
Passed Mid. E. C. WARD,
Midshipman JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,
Midshipman J. M. WAINWRIGHT,
Midshipman ROBERT S. MORRIS,
} *Aids to the Commander.*

(*From the Columbia.*)

Lieutenant GEORGE A. MAGRUDER, First Lieutenant of the U. S. Frigate Columbia, commanding the first division.

Lieutenant JOHN W. TURK, commanding the second division.

Lieutenant THOMAS TURNER, commanding the third division.

Acting Lieutenant A. M. PENNOCK, commanding the fourth division.

Acting Master E. JENKINS,
Passed Mid. D. Ross CRAWFORD,
Midshipmen C. St. G. NOLAND, BARNEY, C. R. SMITH, C. SINCLER, W. W. GREEN, J. L. TOOMER, and FAUNTLEROY, } *Attached to Divisions.*

Passed Midshipmen JAMES McCORMICK, Midshipman EDWARD DONALDSON, Midshipman FITZGERALD, } *In charge of the boats.*
J. HENSHAW BELCHER, Prof. of Math. BENJAMIN CROW, Sail-maker, } *Acting as marines.*

(*From the John Adams.*)

FIRST DIVISION.

Lieutenant E. R. THOMPSON,
Acting Lieutenant JOSEPH W. REVERE,
Midshipman JOHN N. HIXON.

SECOND DIVISION.

Lieutenant GEORGE MINOR,
Acting Master ROBERT B. PEGRAM,
Midshipman ROBERT H. WYMAN.

In charge of boats.

Midshipman JAMES H. SPOTTS,
Midshipman CHARLES T. CROCKER,
Midshipman WILLIAM K. THOMPSON.

Soo-Soo.

The ships warped out during the evening after the burning of Muckie farther into the offing, and at daylight in the morning, weighed anchors for Soo-Soo.

The ships reached Soo-Soo towards evening of the same day of their sailing from the harbour of Muckie. The boats commenced watering the next morning, and hundreds of the natives gathered on the banks of the little

river, where our boats were filling their breakers all armed with their peculiar weapons. Our own men wear a cutlass, and the boats' crews have their pistols and muskets in readiness in case of any treachery. The marines are stationed to keep a space sufficiently clear for the convenience of the watering party, and to prevent any sudden attack upon our men.

While our ships have been thus engaged for the two last days, within sight of Kwala Batu and surrounded by the natives of Soo-Soo, the priests of Soo-Soo have been engaged with the Achin Rajah of Kwala Batu, and have come from him with overtures to the Commodore. The Rajah dreads a further bombardment of his town, after we shall have filled up our water. The amount of the overture is, to give Commodore Read a written obligation to pay to the owners of the ship Eclipse, one year from this time, two thousand dollars, the amount said to have been conveyed to Kwala Batu, by the pirate residing there, provided the Commodore will make peace with him, and abstain from further annoying his town. Commodore Read accepts this overture of Po Chute Abdullah, and has exchanged with him, for his written obligation, the following document:

"United States Frigate Columbia,
off Soo-Soo, Jan. 5, 1839.

"I hereby certify that Po Chute Abdullah, the Rajah of Kwala Batu, has given me a note of obligation to pay the amount of two thousand dollars, in twelve months from this date, to the commander of any vessel of war or merchantman who may present the same when it becomes due.

"As this may appear to be a transaction of some peculiarity, the following explanation may be necessary. These are the facts: On the 23d of December, 1832, the frigate

Columbia and the sloop of war John Adams were hauled as close in to the forts and town as they could be with safety, for the purpose of compelling, if practicable, the delivering up of one of the pirates, who was residing at Kwala Batu, and known to be one of the twelve men engaged in the murder and robbery committed on board the American ship Eclipse, of Salem. Some time was consumed in negotiation, and the Rajah of Kwala Batu at first promised to deliver up the pirate, but afterwards professed his inability to do so. I therefore deemed it necessary to fire a few broadsides, to bring the Rajah, if possible, to a sense of justice. This, however, at the moment, did not seem to have the desired effect. On my return from Muckie, however, after the destruction of that town, the Rajah of Kwala Batu was induced to pledge himself, that if I would not return to his town for the purpose of annoying him, he would pay the owners of the ship Eclipse two thousand dollars, the amount said to have been conveyed by the pirate to Kwala Batu, on demand, one year from this date.

"GEORGE C. READ,
"Commanding U. S. Naval Force in the Indian Seas."

The Rajah of Kwala Batu has played a politic game; and we have done the best thing practicable for ourselves. Po Chute Abdullah, doubtless, anticipates an increase of trade by the destruction of Muckie, and will be able to meet his engagement by the imposts he will lay upon the pepper exported from his own place; and the people thus reimburse the money which the Rajah declares was distributed generally among them. The trade will continue uninterrupted, and the people have gained the second lesson, demonstrating that the American Government has

the power to punish, and is determined to inflict a chastisement on the towns of this coast, if their dealings henceforth be otherwise than honest and honourable in their intercourse with our merchant vessels.

An interview with the Rajahs of Soo-Soo has been had by the Commodore, on shore, since our arrival this second time off Soo-Soo, and the town generally examined. And though it appears that there can be no doubt that four of the robbers and murderers have taken refuge at Soo-Soo, and brought part of the money here, yet they will not be given up, nor will the Rajahs be able to pay any amount which may be demanded of them. To destroy their town would be a thing practicable, if deemed best in the probable influence upon the people towards the American traders on the coast. They, however, have had a demonstration of the power of our ships, and of our purposes both at Kwala Batu and at Muckie, which are situated one on each side of them; and clemency shown to them must be taken as such, in view of what they have seen inflicted upon others, and what has been fearfully apprehended by themselves. Besides, we owe, as it is supposed, something to Po Adam. Soo-Soo is his place of residence, and it is believed that its destruction would involve him in ruin, and probably expose his life to be taken on our leaving the coast. The Rajahs at first promised fairly. But, finding themselves unable to fulfil their engagements, they retired mostly from the place, expecting it to be attacked after the cannonading of Kwala Batu, notwithstanding their white flags were waving in the tops of the bamboo clusters immediately after our guns began to play upon the forts of Kwala Batu. Contrary to their expectation, however, we left for Muckie—destroyed that place, and returned to our present anchorage ground, nearer in to the

shore than when we first anchored off the neighbouring town of Kwala Batu.

It is known that the Rajahs of Soo-Soo, and most of the people, have again returned to their houses. "The women," Po Adam says, "cry, and the men too when the big ships come again." But the Rajahs professed the continuance of their friendship—have suffered the party to water without molesting them, while one or two hundred of their armed men have been collected on the beach nearly the whole three days during which our boats have been bringing off water to the ships.

To-day, according to previous arrangement, the Commodore and Captain Wyman, whom I accompanied, went to meet the Rajahs. There are four in number, having authority in the town; and they were to be gathered at Po Adam's house.

The Commodore's gig led the way around a reef of coral rocks, over which the breakers dash their white foam; and followed by Captain Wyman's boat, we entered over a sand-bar into the mouth of a beautiful little stream, which empties into the sea, as most of the rivers of the island do, by a curve, when they have nearly reached the beach. The surf of the sea produces an embankment, which forces the rivulet to course for a short distance parallel with the sea-shore; but erelong the stream, gliding obliquely and silverly along, mingles its tide from the green mountains with the deep waters of the blue seas. Our men sprung from the boat as we struck the bar, and bore it steadily forward as a few inrolling breakers swept us over the shoal without delay or danger; and then we glided up the little sylvan way of the narrow stream some yards to a landing point, on the grounds of Po Adam.

Could an American of the north have been conveyed

suddenly from his home and placed where we stood as we stepped from the boat, he would have been in ecstacy, if he had any susceptibility to the beauty of nature. The stream was almost embowered by the leaves of the palm, graceful and fan-like, curving over their half circle of gorgeous foliage in their place, and blending with the tall trunks of the cocoa-nut tree, spreading its top like an umbrella upon a pole, but Asiatic and picturesque beyond description in its effect; while the bay tree, and the banana, and the forest giant, and their lesser and more graceful associates, with the tall and luxurious bamboo every where softening the scene, surrounded us.

As our boat came suddenly to the green bank of this little stream, we surprised one of Po Adam's young wives, with her shawl thrown from off her shoulders, leaving her breast and gracefully curved amber arms uncovered, while she seemed like some water nymph just escaping from the stream where she had been bathing. A small dish of fish nicely dressed declared the errand of the Naiad. She was quite pretty, with the exception of the nose—a feature, which the Malays insist on flattening. A nose as wide as it is long is regarded by them as nearly the perfection of beauty, as it is a perfect square. But nature, in this instance of Po Adam's youngest espoused, resolved not to resign all her rights of sovereignty; and in some other instances I have seen native women of this place who possessed a share of feminine softness, and that species of beauty which consists in the rotund Egyptian style of feature.

A narrow path led us through a beautiful green field of rice, surrounded by a range of banana trees, contrasting with their light yellow green and wide-spreading leaves, with the deeper green of the bay and cocoa-nut and the palm. We

reached the house of Po Adam, surrounded by a bamboo-fence, which included several other buildings occupied by his men and friends.

We drank of the cocoa-nuts, which were brought us; and soon two of the Rajahs, the principal two of the place, were present, with their seals, ready to place their impressions to th efollowing document, which had been previously prepared.

"We the Rajahs of Soo-Soo, for ourselves and the inhabitants of Soo-Soo on the west coast of Sumatra, sensibly affected by the clemency practised towards us, on the late visit of the frigate Columbia and the John Adams, do hereby pledge ourselves to suffer no American vessel to be molested hereafter, and by all means in our power to prevent all wicked designs for annoying or in any way injuring them.

"Should we ever hear of any plan being laid for the capture of an American vessel, we engage, forthwith, to give notice of the same to the commander or whoever may be on board said vessel, in time for them to prepare themselves for the defence of their lives and the protection of their property.

"And we do further pledge ourselves, that in case any piratical expedition should at any time hereafter be attempted, or successful plunder be committed upon any American vessel, and the plunderers should take refuge amongst us, we will secure their persons and the property taken, in the best manner we can, and keep them until they can be delivered to the first vessel of war of the United States of America which shall arrive on the coast, or to any merchantman who shall be willing to take them to the United States for their trial. But we profess our utter inability to comply with the demand for the delivering up of the

pirates, and the property belonging to the ship Eclipse—the pirates having fled from the place the moment it was known that the United States ships of war had come to Soo-Soo, for the purpose of securing them.

"In short, we promise to do all that lies in our power to cultivate the friendship of the United States, which we know to be our interest to preserve, and which we here solemnly pledge ourselves, henceforth, in every way, to endeavour to maintain.

"In testimony of these our desires and our solemn pledges, we hereto affix our several signatures and seals.

"DATU BUGAH,
"DATU BUGENAH,
"DATU MODAH,
"DATU UMPATE.

"To Commodore George C. Read, commanding the American ships of war, off Soo-Soo, January 8th, 1839."

The seals of the Rajahs were made of brass, cut with Arabic characters. The surface of the stamp, for such was its character, being an engraved brass plate, attached to a wooden handle, was now held over the flame of a cocoa-nut oil lamp, until the lamp-black, or the smoke of the lamp had well coated the surface of the seal, and the flame had heated it for the impression. One of the Rajahs, with a small weapon from his girdle, split a green beetel-nut; and with a half of it the paper was moistened for the impression of the heated and blackened stamp. The seal was then applied, and left its dark ground on the sheet, with the Arabic letters containing the name of the Rajah in a relief of white.

The Rajahs, at the time, seemed to be impressed with the solemnity of the transaction; but whether it will result in any restraint upon themselves or people, after our depar-

ture from the coast, remains a problem which a short time only can evolve.

Two of the four Rajahs of Soo-Soo not being present when the principal ones affixed their seals to the preceding paper, it was proposed that the names of the other two should be appended to the instrument the succeeding day, in the presence of the Rajahs who had already signed it; and, accordingly, another interview for this purpose was fixed upon, to take place the succeeding morning.

I took a stroll from Po Adam's residence, embowered in all the variety of Asiatic fruit trees, through several adjacent bamboo gates and bamboo enclosures, inwalling a cluster of some four or five houses in each area, alike shaded by the clustering trees. There are no streets through the town, but by-paths, to be threaded only by foot passengers—neither horses nor other animals being used here, either for the purpose of burden or tillage. While passing through one of these enclosures, I suddenly came upon a very respectable looking Malay, who was dandling in his arms an infant of two or three months of age, with its mother near. I felt that I had a secret to the hearts, even of savages, if such were before me, where they felt as much pleasure as these Malays exhibited in their countenances as they petted this rather interesting little urchin. They were parents, and this was their child. I approached them by surprise, and taking a vest button, with an eagle stamped upon it, I placed it to the neck of the little child, indicating that the mother, with a string, should make a necklace of it for the *piccaninny*. The mother received it with a mother's smile; and whistling kindly myself, as well as I knew how, (I have always abominated whistlers as invariably ill-bred men,) to please the little chubby, I passed on. But that would not do. The next moment

I was seized by the arm, and I must wait a moment, as my captor indicated; and I had only turned, when I perceived this Malay mother waving from the verandah of the house, into which she had suddenly ascended by a step-ladder, a bundle of white grass, and I was begged by the movement to accept it. I declined taking it, when the disappointed woman, in an instant, waved another and larger bundle from above me, with a kind smile that said, I would give you a more valuable present did we possess it. I at once recollected myself, and took two threads from the bundle, and winding it carefully, put it into my pocket, assuring them that this was enough as a specimen, and I would keep it, as a remembrance of the little Malayu and his parents. As I made another attempt to leave the grounds, they still insisted that I must delay, to take some cocoa-nuts. I had seen one of their slaves rush from the gate a moment before, and he now had returned with a large monkey; a line of great length being, in a small coil, attached to him. The monkey knew his business better than I could conjecture it, as the next moment he was seen ascending an immensely tall cocoa-nut tree, on the stem of which, fifty feet up, not a branch put out, and from the top of which the gracefully bending leaves, with their long stems, together formed an umbrella, as it were, to keep the water of the cocoa-nuts, which were clustering about the top of the trunk, from boiling in the hot sun, and preserving it cool and refreshing, to quench the thirst of the heated native.

Jacko was directed on which long stem of the branching leaf he should place himself, and the six cocoa-nuts he must select. The animal accomplished the whole of the command in a few moments, and the cocoa-nuts fell from the top. These were opened for me, and I partook of the acceptable beverage.

"Good-by—good-by, Malayu," I said, and again attempted to make my escape, but the kind hearts of this Malay couple begged that I would let the sailor who was accompanying me take for me a handsome game-cock, which had been caught in these few minutes, and which a slave was now holding for my acceptance. I begged that I might be excused, as the hour was already passed when I was to be with the Rajahs, and I would come and see them again to-morrow.

"Come, true," said the Malay, "and I will have a chinam shell for you."

The succeeding morning, agreeably to the appointment, the four Rajahs were assembled, and the names of the other two were affixed to the letter of obligation, which they had mutually entered into, and addressed, as already copied, to Commodore Read. I accompanied Captain Wyman to the shore to witness the completion of this instrument. We then wandered through the town, the inhabitants having partially recovered from their apprehensions, though the women and the young children generally made the quickest speed possible to reach the verandahs of their bamboo-houses, as we passed. The Rajahs expressed a desire to visit the ship, and were invited to do so.

"Soo-Soo safe now;" was added in their own style of a mongrel English; "we no fight now—we friends;" and, with an amicable shake of the hand and the drinking of the delicious water from the fresh cocoa-nuts, ended the interview.

Pulau Káyu is a fort which is situated on the point intermediate between Kwala Batu and Soo-Soo, little less than three miles distant from each, and the nearest point of land to our ships, as they are now moored a mile distant from the shore.

Po Adam formerly resided here, and gave us to suppose that he had the best right to the fort still, and is quite desirous that the Commodore shall restore it to him. There would be no hesitation on the subject could it be ascertained that his claims are just. But the representations of others declared that Po Adam always held Pulau Káyu as a tenant at will, and was displaced by the present Rajah or his father, in consequence of some commercial misunderstanding between him and Po Adam. The present Rajah of the place is Taku Yah-Housin, and a relative of Po Kwala, the Pedir Rajah of Kwala Batu.

Since our return from Muckie, Po Kwala has manifested the greatest desire to make peace with the Commodore. His fort at Kwala Batu was fired into by the John Adams, at the cannonading of that town, riddled and battered. He displayed during the whole time a white flag, and several messages to the Commodore were sent on board. But it was the purpose of Commodore Read to hold no definite communication with this Rajah unless he came on board the Columbia. His fort was the one which opened on the boats of the Potomac as they were disembarking, after their landing and fight, when she was on this coast.

It was evident however that Po Kwala was unwilling to trust his person in the hands of the Americans until some treaty had been made, and presents of buffaloes and other testimonies of friendship had been accepted.

To-day, however, accompanied by Captain Silver of the ship Sumatra, which has been lying outside of us for a day or two, I went on shore with Lieutenant Pennock to meet Po Kwala at Palau Káyu, the fort occupied by his kinsman. Captain S. has seen this Rajah, and had from him every assurance of a favourable contract, and

that his ship should speedily be loaded with pepper, if Commodore Read could be induced to make a treaty of peace with him.

We landed amidst a large number of men, bearing as usual their long blades and kríses. Po Nyah-heit met us and conducted us to the verandah, constituting the council hall. It was a covered portico, elevated some feet from the ground, and open on its three sides, and extending the whole length of the bamboo-house. Cocoa-nuts, as usual, were brought fresh from the trees, which were now embowering us; and with their blades, always very sharp weapons, several of the men soon chipped off one end of the cocoa-nuts, and having laid the inner-shell bare, they applied the point of their keen daggers to the soft part of the bowl containing the milk, and passed the refreshing goblet, nature's unperverted gift, to our acceptance. We drank of the cooling liquid, while the brother of Po Kwala, Po Nyah-heit, and the Rajah of Pulau Káyu occupied their conspicuous places on the council-mats, as their men surrounded the verandah.

"Why Po Kwala no come?" asked the Captain, after the cocoa-nuts had been passed, in that style of language which the Malays use when attempting English.

"Po Kwala come soon—four men gone for Po Kwala," was the reply. Captain S. had seen the Rajah the evening previous, who assured him that he would meet any proposition that might be made the next morning, and would be at the point to attend the council which he desired. But there is always great ceremony on the part of these Malay Rajahs, when they are to appear in council. Two or three sets of men are despatched, to let the Rajah know that his presence is desired, and his delay is generally

measured for its length by the greater or less consideration with which he is held by his followers.

"Po Kwala no come yet—how much longer Po Kwala make, and Po Kwala come?" was again asked by Captain S., after another interval had passed, during which Po Nyah-heit had informed the Captain that he esteemed me as his particular friend, thinking that I had served him in some two or three instances; and in a few moments more a small buffalo pranced along the end of the verandah, with a rope affixed to his head, by which it was tied to a cocoa-nut tree in front of the verandah. It was to be a present from Taku Yyah-Housin, the chief of Palau Káyu, who was now sitting in the council.

Po Kwala not yet having reached the point, we took a stroll over the grounds and through the forts which constitute the location of Palau Káyu. The point is crowded with trees bearing a great variety of fruits, and magnificent in their size and beautiful in their every variety of green foliage. The cocoa-nut tree is the first that attracts the eye; its stem rising boughless, high up, and terminating with long branching leaves, which curve over gracefully like an umbrella, at the junction of which with the stem the fruit clusters at the head of the trunk of this peculiar tree. It would look too stiff and naked were it standing alone; but they stand in groves, and their naked stems are concealed more or less by the graceful palm, which serves this people as a building material in constructing their light houses, and entirely for their roofs. But the yet more graceful bamboo waves everywhere, blending its deep green and feathery top wherever nature would soften this otherwise harsh scenery of the East. The tamarind tree, and the mango, and the wide-leaf plantain, and banana,

and nameless other trees are seen yielding to the hands of these indolent Malays the necessaries of life, and giving a luxuriance to the appearance of the country, which assures one what it might be in the hands of an intelligent and industrious people.

The principal fort is stronger than any other which I have seen on the coast, while they all seem to have but one model. An area is enclosed by a bamboo-stockade, the bamboo often still growing, and thus lasting for a long period. Around this stockade a thick cluster of trees and briers soon form themselves, rendering a passage through the jungle or hedge thus formed almost impracticable to the native. On one corner of this area, or at the part where the best defence can be made, an outwork is raised, being the positions of the guns upon the mole. Between this elevation and the first enclosure is a space, and the passage from the first area over the stockade to the outwork, is by ascending a flight of steps to a plank, leading from the large enclosure to the raised abutment, on which the guns are placed; and the plank is so disposed that in case a force should make their way into the stockaded enclosure, the plank can be raised like a drawbridge, and still impede the advancing party in their approach to the strong-hold, the passage-way to which is usually defended by one of the mounted cannon.

It is wholly constructed for self-defence against any attacking party on land, and would afford a place of some security in the perpetually occurring feuds between the different clans and big-men of the coast. They are of little consequence however in an attack made by an European or American force. The torch would soon render the place intolerable, and a few axes would open a passage in any part of it, while the gate itself would give

way to a few blows from the sledge-hammer wielded by an arm of the muscular power of our blacksmith.

The guns of the forts are miserably mounted six-pounders. In the farthermost fort on the point, the guns had been buried; the Rajah fearing that we might land and spike them, or take them from their place. We were shown the spot where they had been covered for their preservation.

We returned to the verandah, but Po Kwala had not yet made his appearance though we had been ashore for nearly two hours, and it was now nearly twelve o'clock.

"Tell Po Nyah-heit and the others," I said to the interpreter, "that we wait no longer. If Po Kwala wants to make talk he must come soon or not at all. To-day we are willing to talk with him, and we have no more talk after to-day."

"He come"—"he coming," added two or three voices, as they stretched their eye along the beach, to which they had before turned, marking out the point from which they expected him.

"Po Kwala wants to bring buffaloes—Po Kwala come some distance—Po Kwala come soon—true."

Po Nyah-heit had only listened to the interpretation of what was addressed to them, and marked the air of impatience and determination with which it had been spoken. He rose from his mat, retiring from the council, and put his head through a door, which led from the verandah. His call being replied to from within, he immediately entered. In a few moments he reappeared with seven followers, each having a cleaver in his right hand, a kris in his girdle, and a blunderbuss upon his left shoulder; and in a moment after was threading his way with his followers, in Indian file, along the beach.

"Po Nyah-heit make fight?" asked the Captain.

"Po Nyah-heit go for Po Kwala," was the reply.

A few moments more and they were lost around a neighbouring point of land. One of his seven retainers who now followed him was a striking contrast to the rest. He was a tall Caffre, with high cheek-bones but long face, with a skin darker than the blackest night, and large lips that showed his black teeth in contrast with the colour of their inner surface, which glowed deeper than the reddest enamel of a sea-conch. He wore a scarlet jacket, and a light turban twisted around a red scull-cap. One would pause and look three times before he advanced to meet such a figure should he happen to cross his path; but his third look would assure him that his confronter was a coward, and would retreat after the first discharge of his blunderbuss, and postpone his murderous deeds to be done by stealth. This dark Caffre is evidently a favourite slave of Po Nyah-heit's, and once seen would always be remembered as one of Po Nyah-heit's train of followers.

"Po Kwala come," said one of the chiefs, as his eye rested on two figures, winding their way back, though in the distance, on the beach.

"True?" asked the Captain, as he seemed himself to begin to fear that the Rajah's heart would fail him, having apprehended that some train might be laid for securing his person. In another moment a hundred more men doubled around the point, and left it certain that the two in advance were Po Nyah-heit and Po Kwala.

A single Malay entered the verandah and placed himself behind Captain S., apparently unobserved, and whispered low: "Captain Silverheart and Po Kwala heart one —the same. Po Kwala safe?" asked the solicitous Malay,

who, with others, had evidently been sent ahead to make their observations and to report, if necessary.

It was evident that Po Kwala was now near; and in a moment more *two magnificent bullocks*, with their heads up and their horns sloping back almost to their hips, were led around the verandah, and exhibited themselves with a step that seemed to indicate that they were conscious of their superior blood and royal ownership.

"Beautiful creatures!" involuntarily escaped me, as I gazed on these sleek animals, round and plump as the finest prize ox that ever ribbon ornamented, and shining with as clean a coat of glossy hair as the finest groomed horse of a nobleman.

"Beautiful!" was re-echoed on the left; and the snuffing and gentle creatures in their jet and fawn beauty, surpassing any thing I ever before saw of the bovine genus of animals, now passed by the verandah to the shade of the cocoa-nut trees, as Po Kwala came up from the beach and entered the council-chamber.

He was not that cut-throat looking individual which he had been represented to be. His person was rather small, his deportment more gentlemanly than any other Rajah's I have met with, with an unaffected air, which declared him to be of a family above the mass who surrounded him, though a little solicitude could occasionally be detected in the roll of his eye. His dark jacket was edged with lace, and a gold chinam box and nobs ornamented the silk handkerchief containing his beetel-nut and thrown carelessly over his shoulders; while a richly mounted poniard with a highly ornamental hilt and gold scabbard, studded his girdle.

He took his seat at the head of the verandah, and after

the cocoa-nuts had passed around, the interpreter was directed to say that the Rajah had been expected on board last evening, but having delayed to visit the ship and yet expressed his earnest desire to make peace with the Commodore, we had come ashore to hold a talk with him. Was he ready to commence it?

The Rajah expressed his desire to hear what the Commodore had directed to be communicated.

"Tell the Rajah, Jones, (the name of our interpreter,) that the Americans desire to be on friendly terms with the Rajahs and their people on the coast—that we do not desire to injure them, but to further the interests of both themselves and our people—that we desire a peaceful intercourse, but that we have come on the coast again to show that we have the power to protect our commerce, and that we not only have the power but the determination to inflict chastisement upon those who commit acts of piracy against our traders, and on all who shelter them. We had now done so. Other vessels of war would be on the coast in due time, and if similar occurrences should take place to those which had befallen the Eclipse, the murderers and the robbers would be punished. It was expected by the Commodore, from all with whom he entered into an agreement of peace on the part of the United States, that they should engage most solemnly that they would do all in their power to prevent any further piracies on the coast—that in case any attack should be projected (it was hoped that there would never be another, but if there should be) and the Rajah should hear of it, he must at once give information to the captain and the hands on board the vessel, and if any of the pirates should take refuge in any Rajah's particular jurisdiction, he will apprehend them and retain them for the first man-of-war that afterwards comes on the

coast. Would the Rajah solemnly pledge himself in these particulars, if the Commodore would treat with him ?"

"The Rajah will pledge," was the reply.

Then tell the Rajah that we have here a paper which embraces these particulars and pledges, to which it is required that he will affix his seal,—himself to retain a duplicate of the paper, as evidence of the pledges made. If any of his men understand English, they will be good enough to attend, and mark that the sentences are correctly interpreted.

The following paper was then interpreted, sentence by sentence, to the Rajah, a number of those around assenting audibly to the correspondence of the English with the sense of each sentence, as given in Malayu to the Rajah. The date of it was explained to him, as it had been prepared the last evening, in expectation of his coming off to the Columbia to sign the paper.

"United States Frigate Columbia, off So-Soo,
"January 11th, 1839."

"Po Kwala, Pedir Rajah at Kwala Batu, having come on board of the Columbia with desires to make peace with the Government of the United States,

"HEREBY DECLARES, that henceforth he will use every effort, on his part, to assist the American ships which may be trading on the west coast of Sumatra, and bring all means in his power to suppress all piracies on the coast. And in case any designed robbery or attack upon any American vessel should be known to him, he will use his power to stop it, and give immediate information to the captain and all who may be on board, for their defence and protection.

"And should any of his men be guilty of the crime of piracy against an American vessel; or, should any pirates

take refuge among his people, he pledges himself that they shall be punished by death, or given up to the Government of the United States for trial, on the demand of the commander of any armed United States vessel, or to the captain of any merchantman who may be willing to take them to the United States of America.

"In testimony of these feelings, Po Kwala hereto affixes his signature and seal."

Every word of this document was listened to with great attention, as it was interpreted sufficiently loud for the large number of Po Kwala's men to hear, who had now crowded into the verandah and around its balustrade.

The Rajah took his seal to apply it to the instrument.

"We speak true—we have but one tongue, tell the Rajah—and ask him if he fully understands the paper as it has been interpreted."

"True—we understand," was the reply from the Rajah and several of his chief men; while a peal of thunder suddenly rolled loud and long above the verandah, telling the nearer approach of a gathering shower. The profound calm of a death-scene reigned, while the Rajah still held his seal.

"Tell the Rajah that he hears the voice of Allah speaking above us. We do all in Allah's name. Ask if he pledges himself with equal solemnity and truth."

"True—in Allah's name I pledge," was the reply; and his seal was on the paper.

It was a striking coincidence—that solemn roll of thunder through the heavens at this moment, and every Malay suppressed his breath in the stillness that reigned. They are said to be greatly timid in a thunder-storm; and while witnessing the present scene, in their present circumstances, there must have been deepness added to the emo-

tion of profound veneration that comes over the spirit as the voice of God is heard so audibly in his works.

The seal of the Rajah having been affixed, the instrument was witnessed by

TUKU NYAH-OUSSIN,
PO NYAH-HEIT,
TUKU NYAH-AHLEE,
FITCH W TAYLOR, Chaplain U. S. Frigate Columbia;
ALEXANDER PENNOCK, Act. Lieut. U. S. Frigate Columbia;
PETER SILVER, Commander ship Sumatra;
J. HENSHAW BELCHER, Prof. of Math. U. S. Fr. Columbia.

"We are now at peace, and hope we shall long be friends," it was said as the two parties shook the hand of the other, in token of their future friendly purposes.

"Stay a moment," was the request of the Rajah, while he offered to the acceptance of the Commodore the two magnificent bullocks that had been led by the verandah, and tendered another to Captain Silver.

They were accepted, and the Rajah invited to visit the ship. He placed himself in the boat with his brother, and Po Nyah-heit and the Rajah of Pulau Káyu, and the boat pulled for the Columbia. I had ascended over the gangway, and watched the Rajah as he descended to the deck. His attendants had advanced before him. The Rajah, on reaching the highest step of the gangway, paused hesitatingly an instant, and then came down to the deck.

They visited the cabin, and paid their respects to the Commodore, who now affixed his signature to the instrument which had been signed by the Rajah. Having been shown over the ship, they left her again, doubtless duly impressed with our power—the Rajah expressing his high gratification and surprise, and desire to have an opportunity

further to listen to the music—the bass-drum particularly attracting his attention.

And, should I judge from the Rajah's unwillingness to come on board until after the treaty was signed, and the buffaloes were accepted—and the little reluctance which seemed occasionally to affect him afterwards—and the doubt of security manifesting itself as he came over the gangway—I take it that his Rajahship was greatly happy when he found himself, with his head still on, once more safely on shore. The next day he would have visited the ship, but it rained in torrents; and the second morning after, at daylight, the ships were unmoored and again standing on their course at sea.

From the despatches of Commodore Read to the Secretary of the Navy, containing full accounts of the action of the squadron, on the west coast of Sumatra, I extract the following paragraphs, commendatory of the officers named, when alluding to the expedition at Muckie.

"For the performance and execution of this service, Commander T. W. Wyman exhibited a promptness and energy which could not be surpassed; and had an enemy appeared to oppose the advance of the party, his gallantry would have been conspicuous.

"To Lieutenant Magruder, executive officer of the Columbia, I feel much indebted for the good order and expedition with which the men from the Columbia were landed and led by him, and for the previous training they had received, the advantages of which were now apparent.

"Lieutenants Turk, Turner, and Pennock, merit my warm acknowledgments, as leaders of their separate divisions; and the conduct of Lieutenant Baker, who led the marines, deserves my unqualified approbation. Much was expected from the marines on the occasion, and much no

doubt would have been done, had further proof of their skill and discipline been required.

"Acting Master Jenkins, Midshipmen Crawford, Noland, Barney, Smith, Sincler, Green, Toomer, Fauntleroy, McCormick and Donaldson; Mr. Belcher, Professor of Mathematics, Mr. Martin the Gunner, Mr. Crow the Sailmaker, were all embarked in this enterprise, and are spoken of in terms of praise by Commander Wyman, to whose report, sent herewith, I must refer you for the further particulars of this affair, and for the names of those officers who landed with him from the John Adams. He speaks in high terms of them all, and gives me every reason to believe that they merit my approbation and thanks."

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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